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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

December 7, 1940

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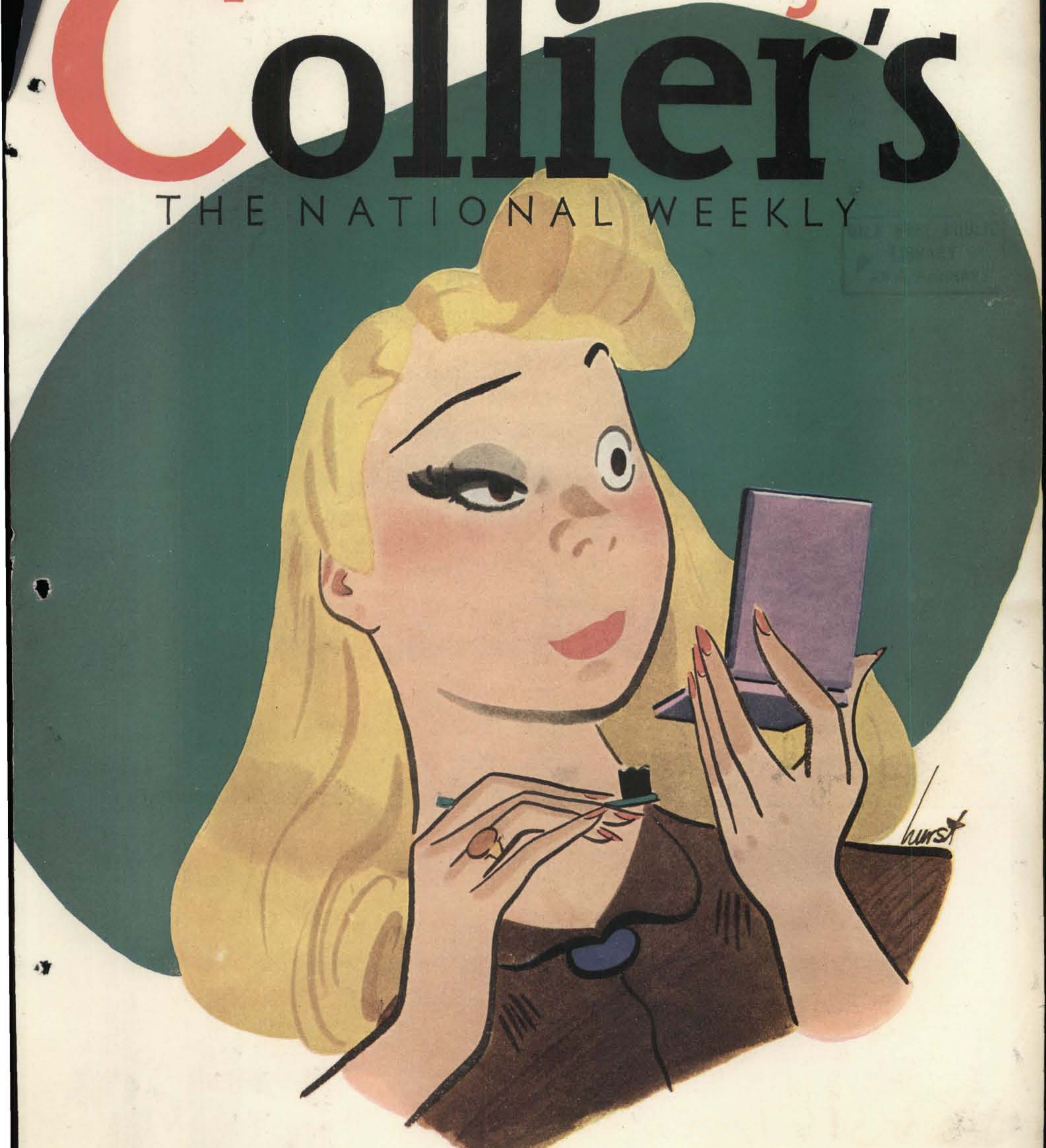

How to Fight in Alaska

By C
ALA

JOHN H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
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Dec. 7, 1940

ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG—Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (Makes 5 pints of Egg-Nog.)

Just one thing—be mighty sure that you make your Christmas Egg-Nog with Four Roses. For Four Roses ... because of its matchless flavor, its mellow richness, and infinite smoothness ... is *the* whiskey that makes an Egg-Nog a gloriously heart-warming Bowl of Merry Christmas! You'll find Four Roses, in its distinguished new bottle, at your nearest package store.

Every drop of Four Roses is whiskey—a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR
ROSES
FOUR ROSES

Do you see Johnny?
No! I see Jack Carter, future All-American Halfback.

What does Jack Carter look like?
He's tall and broad, with a Bright and Sparkling Smile.

What makes his Smile so Sparkling?
For one thing, he started young to use Ipana and Massage!

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Your smile is priceless . . . guard it! Let Ipana and Massage help keep your gums healthier, your teeth and smile more sparkling.

TO MANY A YOUNGSTER "Ask Dad—He Knows" is sound advice. But when it comes to dental care many a parent might well reverse this adage to "Ask Son—He knows!"

For today, thousands of youngsters are taught in their classrooms a dental lesson that too many grown-ups still have to learn—the great importance of *gum massage* to healthy gums and sparkling teeth.

You see, our modern, soft foods require so little chewing that they deny our gums the exercise and stimulation they often need for health. And so our gums tend to become weak, flabby—then flash their warning tinge of "pink."

Heed the Warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

The minute you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* "Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide that. Very likely he may tell you that your gums need exercise and work. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of your gums. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you notice—exclusive with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—means that circulation is being aroused in the gums—helping them to become stronger and firmer.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today. Start now the helpful habit of Ipana and massage—for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

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THIS WEEK

DECEMBER 7, 1940

SHORT STORIES

JACK MACMURRAGH
The Finlander. Young Danny Regan finds a girl worth fighting about. Page 9

GILBERT WRIGHT
Hawaii Rebound. She knew what she wanted, and it wasn't stardom. Page 14

JACLAND MARMUR
Dispatch by Sea. Napoleon might have won if he'd made Marie a commander. Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Eyewitness, by Frederick Skerry. Page 13

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Kid Tinsel. The fourth of eleven parts. First step for the champ. Page 16

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Drifter. Conclusion. Home is where the heart is. Page 19

ARTICLES

GRANTLAND RICE
Backing the All-America. 1940's football heroes begin to emerge. Page 11

KYLE CRICHTON
Great Scott. Little Martha Scott, going over big. Page 12

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
How to Fight in Alaska. The U. S. Army learns from the old sourdoughs. Page 17

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Week End in the Country. Breathing space between bombs. Page 20

ROBERT THOMPSON
Mr. Ball Goes to Washington. Minnesota's new junior senator is really junior. Page 21

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
The Boom Really Begins.
Challenge to Slave Drivers. Page 62

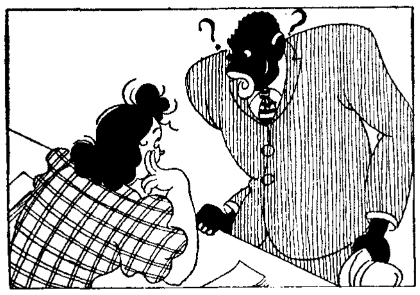
COVER EARL OLIVER HURST

ANY WEEK

NO ONE was more surprised than our own Mr. W. B. Courtney when he read, in his article, "What South America Thinks of Us," in our November 9th issue, that the Associated Press and the United Press were not serving their South American readers as honestly as they do you. Mr. Courtney, of course, intended to tell you exactly the opposite—that they do. A simple error in transcription—one of those diabolical mistakes that leer from every editor's nightmares—eluded us in our haste to tell you what's going on in South America. Mr. Courtney is devastated. And is our face red!

MR. BUD WELCH, of Jeanerette, Louisiana, inventor of Pneumatotactics, bluntly advises that "Oratory had a great deal to do with the outcome of the election." Says he: "Many candidates were defeated simply because they didn't know the first principles of this art of captivating. In many cases a minute flaw in technique proved to be the exact margin by which the candidate bit the dust. It would be well for those who go back into training for 1944 to give the following a great deal of attention: Adjusting of the Pucker Strings, Droll Delivery, Boisterous Effluvium, The Snap and The Roll, Shrapnel, Mob Dispersing, Eggs and Eloquence, Retentiveness."

WE HAD a sort of vague idea of ignoring wisecracks about the draft or, as it is more elegantly called by politicians, selective service. But some time ago we promised Mr. David B. MacMorgan of Morgantown, West Virginia, that we'd publish his next contribution. This is it. George Biddle Hoofstraw, a large, earnest colored boy, having been duly registered, was asked by the large, earnest white lady on the draft board whether he had any questions. "Yassum," said Mr. Hoofstraw. "Which side is I on?"



MR. A. H. KIPPSBERGER of Dallas, Texas, has been on the alert for years for editorials on subjects such as Where Do We Go From Here? Whither Are We Drifting? What of the Future? and variants thereof. And now he catches us at it. "Listen," writes he, "there's a war on every corner of the world. Where there isn't a war the folks are getting ready to make one. And you have to write about Where Do We Go From Here. Who knows? Who cares? And when we get there, so what? You ought to get around more. You ought to have been up in the Panhandle country a couple of weeks ago before Old Ben Duster died. You should have known Old Ben. When he died five or six of his cronies were at his bedside to see him off. 'Well, boys,' said Old Ben just before he pushed off, 'I'm agoin' quick now.' One of the boys (aged about eighty-five) asked: 'Where you agoin', Ben?' And Ben gave them his future address: 'Hell, I reckon. After ninety-two years of livin' in this world I figure I deserve a break.' "

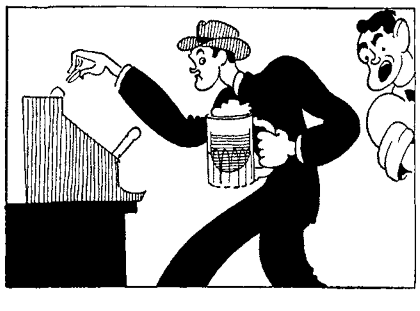
WE HAVE a friend who has just forced us to raise our opinion of his intelligence. We've discovered him reading his newspaper in reverse—that is, starting on the back page and getting tired of it before reaching the front. When he explained we had some difficulty restraining our enthusiasm. He told us that he found himself completely demoralized before halfway through when reading his paper the conventional way, beginning at the front, and was in no condition after page six to digest the sports news, the funnies and the crossword puzzle. "It got so," he explained, "that I developed acidosis, heartburn and griping pains right in the middle of the obituaries and had to douse my head in cold water twice before hitting the editorials. As a result I was away back on Popeye and the baseball outlook. If I'd kept it up I'd have been looking for propaganda in the want ads and suspecting Little Orphan Annie as a Nazi spy. This way I last till page two."

AND here's one from a subscriber who has taken about all he can stand of this. "I am moving so don't send magazine to this address no more." Having signed and read the above and detected an omission, he wrote a postscript: "I didn't give you my new address and please don't try to find out. It won't do you no good."

WE'VE just been visited by an author who showed us a letter he'd received from an editor before the election. The letter accompanied a rejection slip and the rejected manuscript. Anyway, it was brief. "Better luck next time," it read. "Vote for Willkie."

IF MRS. DOTTIE LAMBRETH of Tucson, Arizona, has her way there are going to be fewer columns anyway. She's in favor of a law. "Columnists just can't know so much that they can write every day about everything that happens," says Mrs. Lambreth with, alas, some truth. "And yet these journalistic egg-throwers, male Dorothy Thompsons, female Walter Winchells and all the rest of them solve the toughest problems every twenty-four hours and never have any doubt about who's wrong and who's right. It must be tough to know all the answers like that. I'm glad my husband's dumb. He's often told me that he'd leave me if I got too bright."

NOW that the dust has settled on the domestic scene with everybody normally dissatisfied, we're getting reports from Hollywood from Mr. Richard English, our least handicapped scout. He met Mr. Joe Frisco and asked Mr. Frisco what gave. Mr. Frisco stutters. "N-nothing much," said he. "P-pictures are get-getting b-bigger and b-bigger, b-b-budgets are get-getting heavier and heavier and Errol F-Flynn is get-getting b-braver and b-b-braver."



AND another Hollywood citizen, Mr. Ed Haldeman is reported to have spent the evening in a Washington town where it is necessary to buy a license to buy a drink. Mr. Haldeman got the license and sat down at a bar and ordered beer. There was a bagatelle machine near by and Mr. Haldeman, beer in hand, wandered to it. "Hey, California," yelled the bartender, "sit down here. You can't walk around and drink up here." Mr. Haldeman immediately became patriotic. "In California," said he icily, "you can't walk at all after a drink."

FOR some strange reason quite a number of you have written us demanding that we do something to prevent Carol, the ex-king of Rumania from coming to America. There's nothing we can do. Moreover, we haven't heard that he was coming. We have a minimum of interest in what happens to Carol and agree that it would be best if it didn't happen here where, we suspect, there are enough two-timers to go around, anyway. But we do think it's stretching it rather fine to call Carol a "yellow bum" as does Mr. Mord Lissman of Brooklyn, New York. Nothing seems quite so pathetic these days as an unemployed king. Unless it's a queen. Anyway, we're letting Carol know that if he comes here he must be prepared to fight it out with Mr. Lissman who proposes to meet him at the dock or the airport. "Besides," says Mr. Lissman, "he is guilty of moral turpitude and we want none of that in America."

GOOD gracious, no. . . . W. D.

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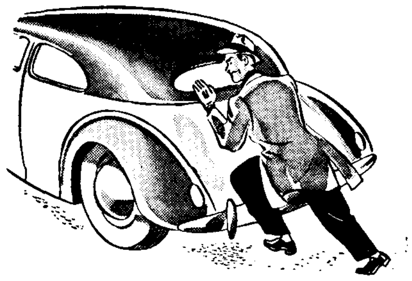
GLASSTEX



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PRICES START AT $4.45* FOR THE BUCKEYE BATTERY

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†Proved by life tests made in accordance with specifications of the Society of Automotive Engineers

Battery Failure's No Fun!

Why take chances? Here's the DOUBLE-LIFE† battery specially built for winter driving. Special mats formed of glass thread actually hold the vital power-producing materials in the plates of this battery *twice as long.* You get double life from your battery—and you get super-power for quick starts in coldest weather. See this popular-priced, *guaranteed* Goodrich GLASSTEX Battery today.

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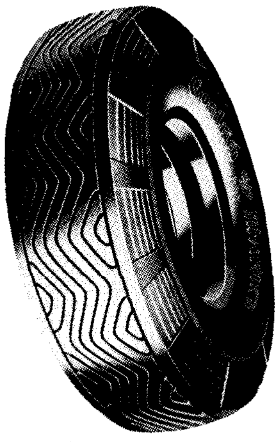
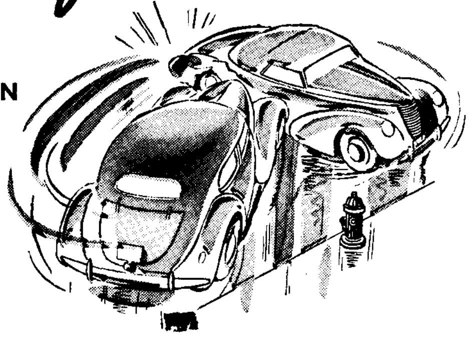




Other Goodrich Tires

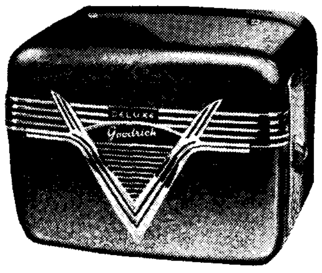
AS LOW AS $6.85* for the popular 6.00-16 size

and old tire

Quit Your Skidding

Imagine a tire that acts on wet roads like a battery of windshield wipers! Then you'll understand why this new Goodrich Safety Silvertown actually sweeps wet roads dry—stops you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before. Furthermore, they're the only tires that give you the blowout-resisting construction pioneered in the famous Golden Ply. For safety's sake get Silvertowns now!

GOODRICH
***Model 401-A* HEATER**

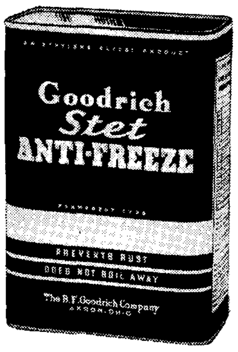


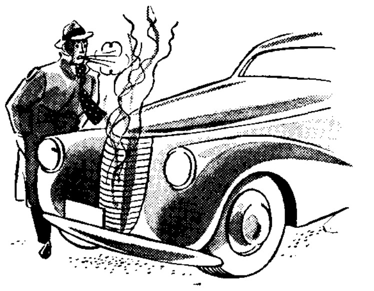
Other Goodrich Heaters

AS LOW AS $9.95*

We've Started a "Heat Wave"

Cold cars make "hot" arguments, so don't take chances. Here at last is a heater that will make your car warmer in *every* nook and corner. Its special high-speed motor, its extra-large heat radiating surface and big, over-size fan all work together to give you steady, even heat at all speeds. Don't shiver. Get a Goodrich model 401-A Heater now.





GET SET WITH *"STET"*
Goodrich Permanent Type
Anti-Freeze

$2.65* PER GAL.

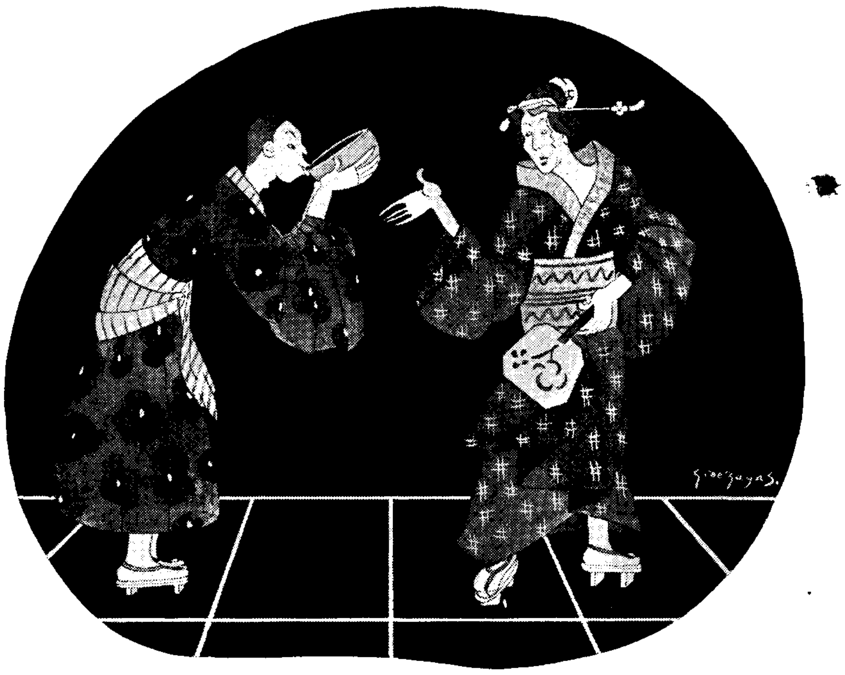
Don't Drive a "Steamer"

Look ahead. One complete filling now with Goodrich *"Stet"* will take a load of radiator worries off your mind. All winter long you'll get maximum protection because this *permanent type* anti-freeze will not evaporate or boil away. Any cooling system that will hold water will hold Stet. *"Stet"* contains materials that prevent rust—and it's odorless. Act now and "get set with *'Stet.'*"

*Prices subject to change without notice

LET YOUR GOODRICH DEALER SERVICE YOUR CAR THIS WINTER

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
OH, DAD, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BLANKET! LET'S GET IT FOR AUNT HATTIE BACK HOME
AUNT HATTIE WOULD HANG THAT IN THE PARLOR. HOW MUCH, CHIEF?
TWO DOLLAR – AND PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO
IN ARIZONA
HA! HA! THAT INDIAN KNOWS A MILD, RICH SMOKE, ALL RIGHT!
I ONCE KNEW AN INDIAN GUIDE WHO CALLED PRINCE ALBERT 'NO-BITEM'
I SHOULD THINK ANOTHER GOOD INDIAN NAME FOR P.A. WOULD BE 'SMOKUM COOL'
HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT. PRINCE ALBERT SURE IS THE COOL-BURNING TOBACCO
THESE ARE THE RUINED CLIFF DWELLINGS OF THE CANYON DE CHELLY. KIT CARSON CORRALLED 8,000 NAVAJOS HERE
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!
JUST THINK OF HOW MUCH MORE PRINCE ALBERT OFFERS PIPE-SMOKERS
YOU BET! BETTER TOBACCO TO START WITH — NO-BITE TREATED AND CRIMP CUT FOR DELIGHTFULLY MILD, TASTY SMOKES FROM MORN TO NIGHT
PUT THE INDIAN SIGN ON TONGUE-BITE
I PUT EXTRA-HOT SMOKES OUT OF MY LIFE. PRINCE ALBERT IS SO EASY ON THE TONGUE — BURNS COOLER. IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!
SURE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES RICHER, TASTIER. THERE'S NOTHING TO SPOIL THE MELLOW GOODNESS OF PRIME TOBACCO
P.A.'S CRIMP CUT BANS ROLLING JITTERS, TOO. 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES SPIN UP EASY, FAST, SMOOTH — NO SPILLING — NO SKINNY ENDS. TASTY? YOU BET!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Copyright, 1940 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.
P.A. IS MILDER
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

An important part of the wedding ceremony among two thirds of the human race consists of the drinking of a liquid from a single cup by the bride and groom. In Japan, a cup of wine must be passed back and forth between the couple eighteen times to complete the marriage ritual.

In the "Facial Dance," seen in Udaipur, India, a large group of "dancers," while seated on the floor, cross-legged and motionless, interpret whole stories of love, hatred, jealousy and despair solely by the movement of their brows, eyes, nostrils and lips.

The Netherlands government has never permitted a missionary to establish himself on the island of Bali, either for the purpose of teaching Christianity or rendering social service, because the native Hindu princes object to proselytism and the government itself furnishes adequate educational and public-health facilities.

The United States Army has had only eleven generals: George Washington, Ulysses S. Grant, William T. Sherman, Philip H. Sheridan, John J. Pershing, Tasker H. Bliss, Peyton C. March, Charles P. Summerall, Douglas MacArthur, Malin Craig and George C. Marshall.—*By J. Marion Latimer, Anderson, South Carolina.*

Phonograph records of the voices of numerous 19th-century celebrities are still in existence, among them being those of P. T. Barnum, Edwin Booth, Johannes Brahms, William E. Gladstone, Benjamin Harrison, Jenny Lind, Florence Nightingale, Lord Tennyson and Queen Victoria.

Not all dew found on the leaves of plants has come from the condensation of moisture in the air or of water vapor from the earth. Often much of it is an imitation or false dew produced by the water exuded by the plant itself, which is unevaporated because of high humidity.

Some of the large American cities that have less population today than they had ten years ago are Akron, Boston, Cleveland, Jersey City, Newark, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rochester, St. Louis and San Francisco.

The Dandie Dinmont is the only breed of dog named for a character in fiction. Dinmont was the farmer who owned six of these terriers in Sir Walter Scott's Guy Mannering, which was published while the breed was still nameless.

Many old households in Sweden still make their own bread and beer from yeast that has been kept growing in one bowl, and used by successive generations of the family, for as long as 180 years.—*By Aatto Annala, Los Angeles, California.*

There are African grasshoppers that capture and eat field mice, South American spiders that catch and devour small birds and Philippine pythons that, although only eight inches thick, kill and swallow good-sized deer whole.

Despite their cheapness, needles *have to be polished for two weeks,* the process requiring their being rolled back and forth on flat tables for this period while wrapped in heavy, moistened canvas packets containing extremely fine abrasive powder.—*By Clifford R. Clark, Lisbon, New Hampshire.*

The strongest fiber in the world is olona, *Touchardia latifolia,* grown only in the Hawaiian Islands. Owing to its remarkable durability and a tensile strength about eight times that of hemp, fishing nets made of olona are so tough that they are passed on to and are used by generation after generation.—*By Hitoshi Kamasaki, Wailuku, Maui, Territory of Hawaii.*

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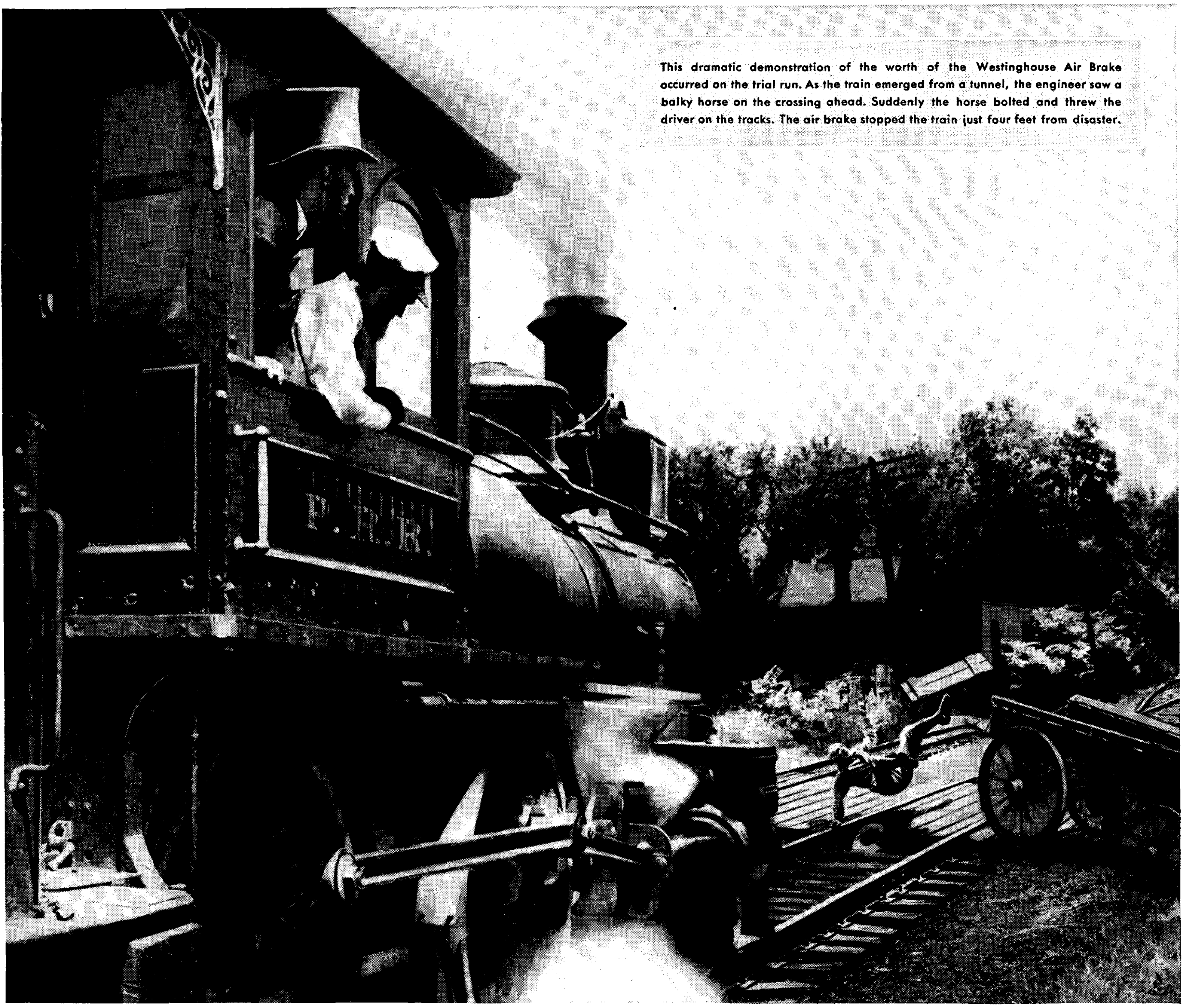


This dramatic demonstration of the worth of the Westinghouse Air Brake occurred on the trial run. As the train emerged from a tunnel, the engineer saw a balky horse on the crossing ahead. Suddenly the horse bolted and threw the driver on the tracks. The air brake stopped the train just four feet from disaster.

When Money Talked In No Uncertain Terms

"You can't stop a train with wind!"

That was the answer George Westinghouse received when he pleaded with railroad men to allow him to test his air brake. He had spent all his money on its manufacture and was unable to finance a test run himself. Finally a friend, Ralph Baggaley, offered to advance the necessary money. With this financing, the trial run was made and the worth of the air brake dramatically proved.

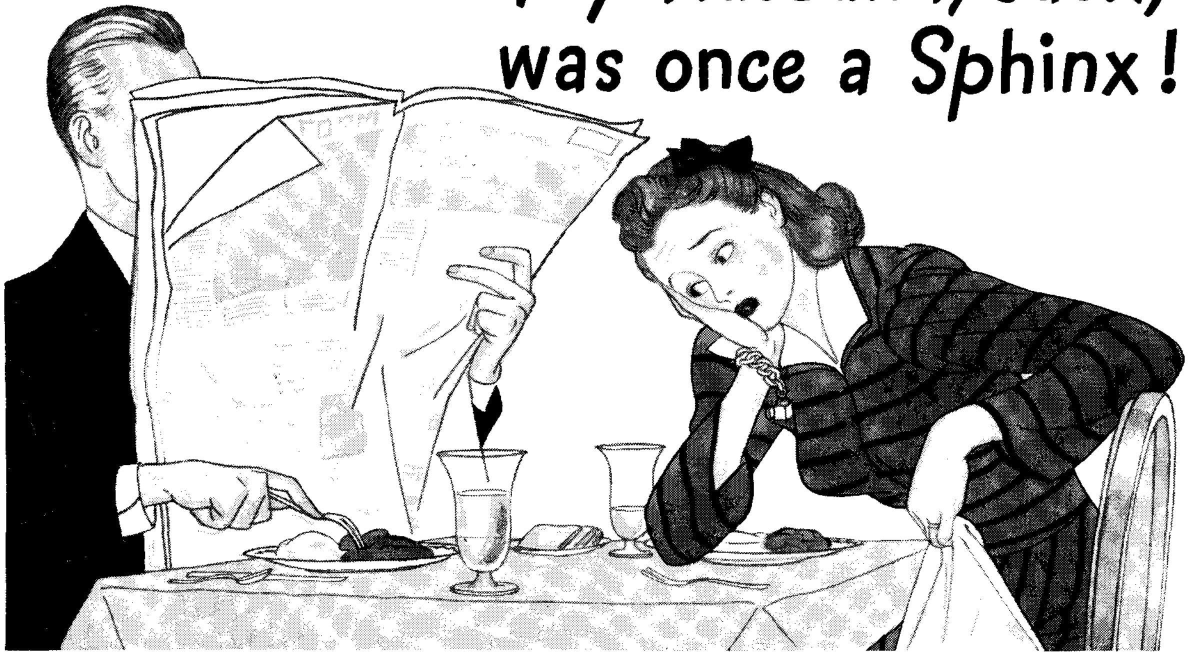
Money Helps To Meet The Test

If your family should ever have to go along without you, they would be put to a severe test. How they would solve the problem of the readjustment period depends largely on your foresight now. Enough income to cover their needs for a year or more can help them meet the test by giving them the "breathing spell" necessary for making clear-headed plans. The John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan is especially designed to provide such an income, payable in equal monthly amounts or on a graduated scale.

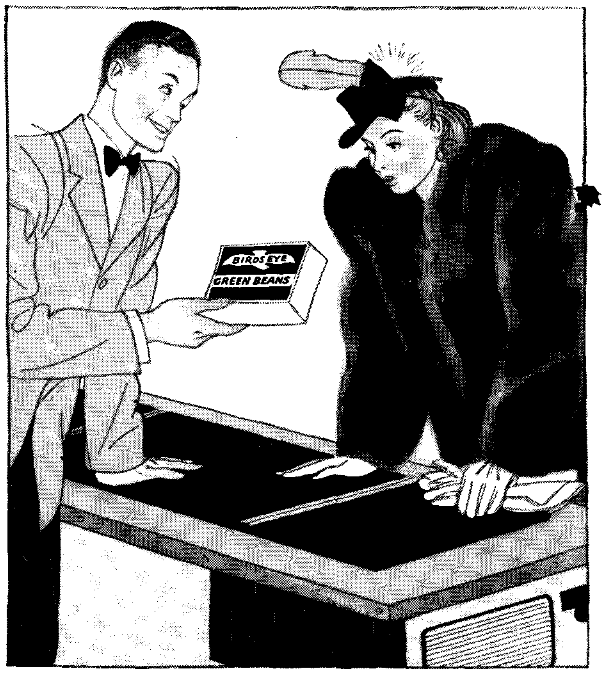
How this plan operates is clearly illustrated in our booklet entitled "Two Lives," which takes but four minutes to read. Write for your copy, addressing Dept. C-9, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

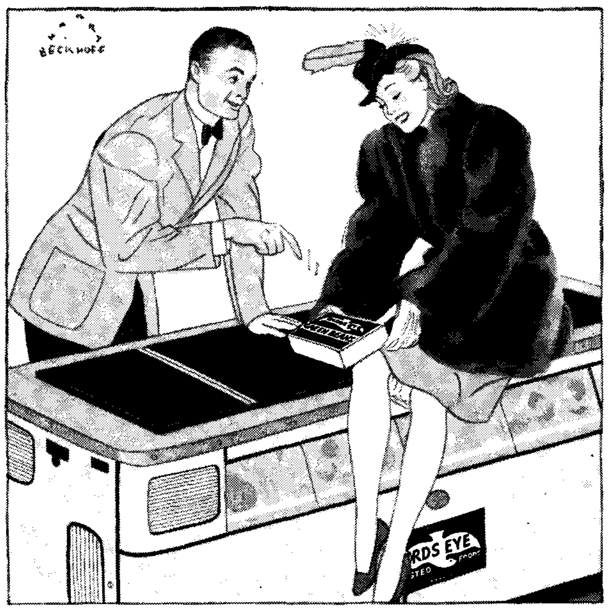
My Husband, Jack, was once a Sphinx!



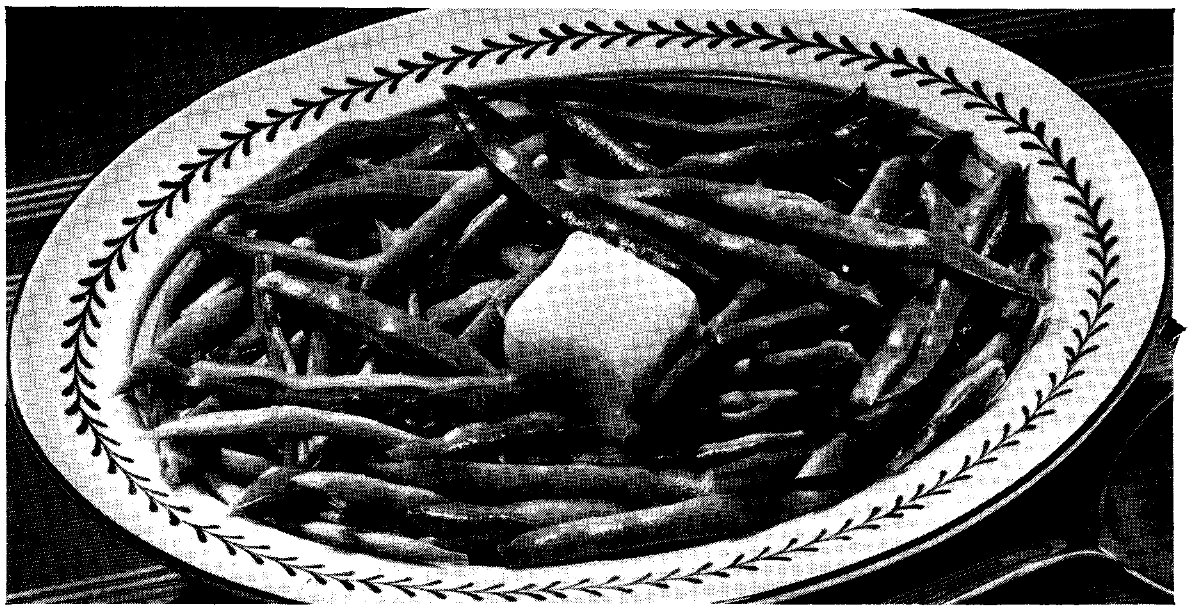
1. I always wanted a strong, silent man. And I *got* one when I married Jack Aldinger! But I used to wish he wasn't such a Sphinx when I set good things to eat in front of him. How I wished he'd *just once* break into a downright *rave* over *something* I fed him! Then I made an amazing discovery . . .



2. French style green beans! Tender, cocky-looking stringless beans I just found at my store! *Really* garden-fresh, too . . . as if they'd been picked that very morning! "They're Birds Eye *Quick-Frozen* Beans!" the clerk said. "And, Lady, wait'll you taste 'em!"

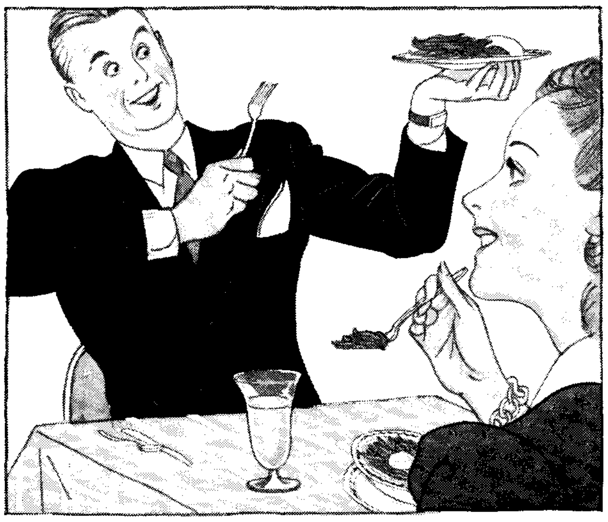


3. He went on to tell me how Birds Eye is so particular about the seeds they plant . . . and *where* they plant them, that they grow about the tastiest, tenderest beans in the country! They Quick-Freeze only the perfect ones, too . . . *just 4 hours after picking!* So, garden-freshness is *sealed in!*

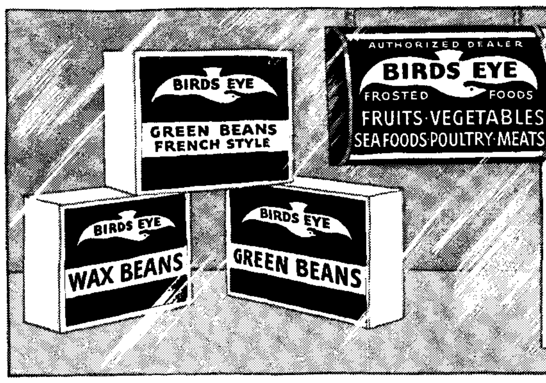


4. "Goodness!" I breathed. "Aren't they expensive?" My grocer boy shook his head. "Shucks, no!" he said. "You're money *ahead* with Birds Eye! See? They're trimmed, washed, ready to cook! There's no waste to them like there is on market beans! And, Lady . . ."

5. "We have three grand-tasting kinds! There's French Style . . . Cut Green . . . and Wax Beans—all so tender they cook in *no* time! And you needn't cut and slice and wash 'em . . . Birds Eye has done all that work for you!" I decided to try a box of each.



6. Well, frankly, those beans tasted so *glorious* they'd have set Jack to raving all by themselves. But the idea of *really garden-fresh* beans to eat . . . *this* time of year, floored my Sphinx completely! "They're wonderful!" he shouted. "Can we have 'em again, soon?" (Can we! Since I started using all the *other* marvelous Birds Eye Foods, we can have farm-fresh vegetables any time! And save money, to boot!)



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The Finlander

By
Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

When young Danny met her he knew trouble would come of it. He was right

IN THOSE days, the Finns were not looked upon with kindness in the upper peninsula of Michigan. They were strangers in a strange land, a proud and clannish people whose hot souls were hidden behind stony faces.

And so it didn't seem in nature that Young Danny Regan and Auni Juhola should move together so simply in that first moment.

It was the day the jacks were to go up to the woods. Young Danny sat on the hitching rack before Lafferty's grocery, listening to the boys in the saloons on their goodby drunks.

He saw her turn the corner. Her dress was of calico, which he thought was strange, and she walked with a long, round swing that was at once free and nonprovocative. Yet in spite of that, in spite of the lack of furbelow and minciness, he knew there was only one sort of woman she could be; no other walked the streets unescorted when the jacks were gathered.

So young Danny grinned when Eli Frechette came bursting from Gallivan's saloon, with that weird, tight-throated wolf-howl of his, and stopped her dead with sudden fright. But when the lumberjack reached out in amorous friendliness to take her hand, her gasp came with a slow flutter through the thick fall air.

"Why," young Danny said, "she's scared!" Then he called, "Let her be, Eli," and got down from the rack.

Eli turned his head but kept his hold. "I kill you, Dannee," he said in cheerful warning.

"You're a mean man when you're drunk, Eli."

Without anger and without haste, Young Danny came close and jolted him short-armed under the heart, and then, when Eli folded, he caught him and propped him, not ungently, against the building.

He turned to the girl with some banter on his lips, and then he stopped with his hand stuck to his hat. For the bonnet had slipped from her head and she was looking up at him, and at him entirely, with eyes deep enough to make a man dizzy. Her white-gold hair flowed soft and heavy on the little round head she held cocked to one side.

"You're a Finlander!" he exclaimed.

He stood looking at her with his hat held in his two hands. "And," he said simply, "you're beautiful."

Her eyes, very slowly and deliberately, went from his dark face over the arch of his chest, and down the length of him, and then her smile took sweetly malicious form over white teeth. "You be-ing beautiful, too," she said.

He gaped at her before he threw back his head. She laughed with him.

"Don't you know better," he asked, "than to walk the streets when the jacks are here?"

"I didn't know. We come-it town for dance, and I didn't know."

"Dance?" he said, and seeing the purpose in his eye, she said quickly, "At Finn Hallila."

"And may I have the first . . . ?"

"No," she said. "No. You make-it trooble."

He grinned at her. "I can always handle the trouble I make."

"My brudder come now," she said. "T'ank you so much. Don't come-it dance, plees, for make-it trooble."

He said, smiling, though there was harshness in his tone, "Let him look out for that, whoever he is."

She was watching the approaching buckboard with its single occupant. "No. Not him. I am t'ink-ing my fadder."

The face of her brother had the stiff, reserved suspicion of the clansman in an alien land of strange and hostile tongue.

Young Danny heard his sharp question and the voweled cadence of the girl's reply, and then, when the brother handed her the lines and walked around behind the buckboard, Young Danny pushed his hat to the back of his head and shifted his stance.

IT WAS with a coldly appreciative eye that he noted the shambling, catlike, self-conscious swing of the shoulders, characteristic of some of the best of the Finns. A good man, he decided.

The Finn stopped in the road without putting foot to the walk, and Young Danny looked into eyes as blue as the girl's; but they were guarded, poised, cold. "T'ank you for help-it my sister."

"Forget it."

"No. T'at's goodt t'ing. T'ank you. My name Toivo Juhola." He turned and went back to the buckboard.

Young Danny relaxed, and shifted his eyes to the face of the girl, and she made a little grimace that was somehow a friendly indication of intimacy, and smiled over her shoulder as the rig moved off.

HIS mother was in her rocker, handy between the range and the woodbox, with a shirt of his father's spread over her lap. She said when she saw him, "What's happened, Daniel?"

Upstairs, thunder rumbled gently against the walls.

Young Danny kissed her somewhere above the eye. "What's he lost now?"

"Heaven knows," she said. "What's happened?"

"Well, if you must know, darlin', I've found her."

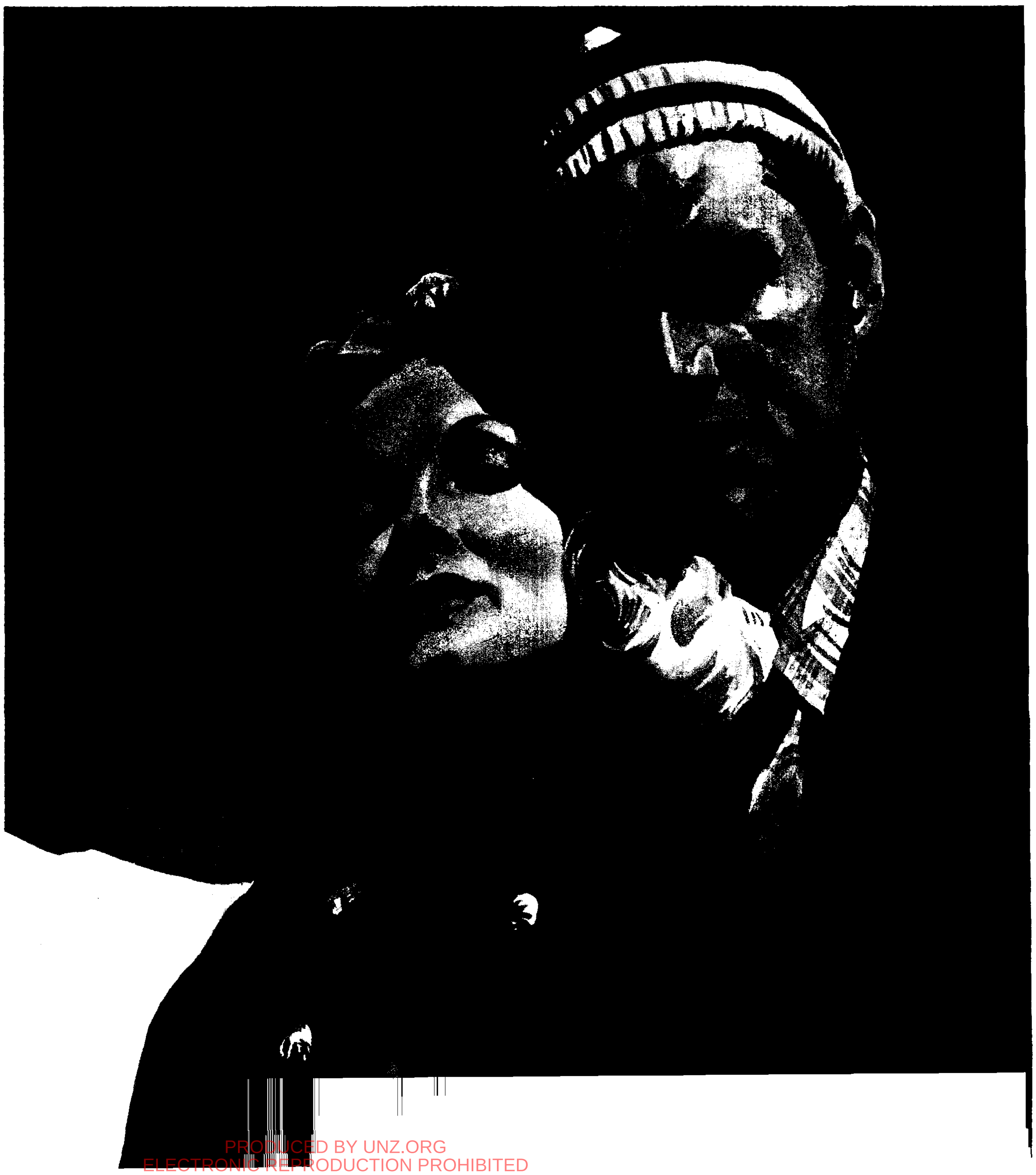
"Oh," she snorted, and picked up the sewing. "A girl, again."

"Darlin'," he said, and putting both hands on the arms of the rocker, he leaned over her. "This is Her. With a big H. Did I ever say that before? Did I ever say anything but that there was another notch in my belt?"

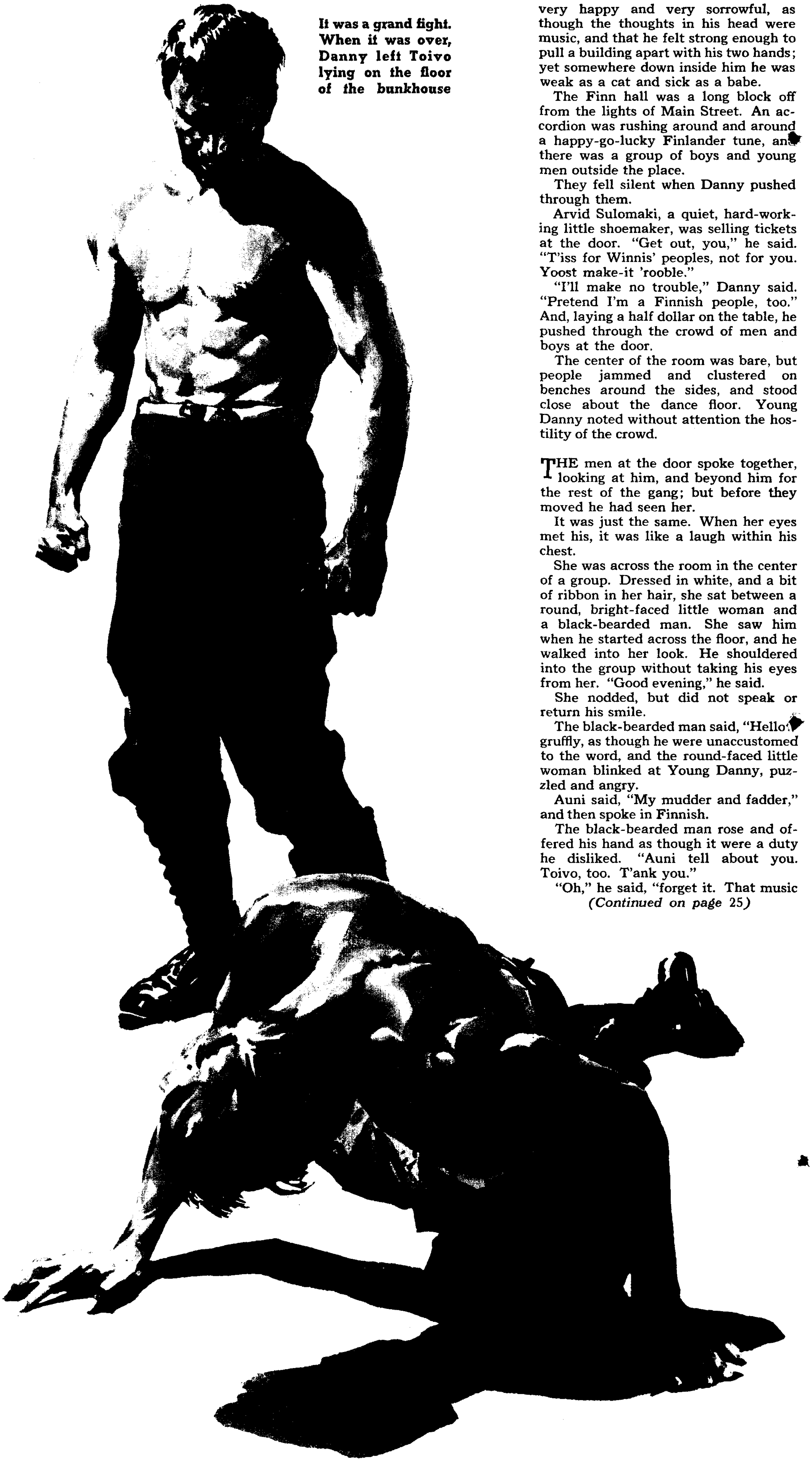
"Daniel!" she said, and looked at him closely. "You're serious."

"I am."

Heavy feet trod firmly and decisively on the stairs and Roarin' Danny said, "Have ye nuthin' to do but moon over your mother, ye milksop? Is your



They stood together for a moment in the doorway, then Danny said, "Darling, this is Auni," and handed her in



It was a grand fight. When it was over, Danny left Toivo lying on the floor of the bunkhouse

turkey packed, and have ye got my Canada-wool shirt in it?"

Molly Regan peered around her son's shoulder. "He says he's found the girl, Danny." Her voice had just the tinge of a strain to it, as though she didn't know whether to let out joy or sorrow. "Who is it, Daniel?"

"Never mind the girls now, me young bucko. It's the woods for us tonight. There's work to be done."

"It'll be done without me, then. I'll walk in tomorrow."

The father filled his big chest, and opened his mouth in astonishment. "Ye'll walk—" he started, but his wife stopped him with her hand. "This is serious, Danny. Who is she, boy? What's she like?"

"You don't know her, but if I was red Irish like that man you married, I'd . . ."

"Ye're black Irish," his father said, and grinned.

"To hell with you! If I was red Irish, I'd tell you her eyes are blue as Smoky Lake—on a bright day, you understand. She's a straight-shouldered little thing, and strong, and her hair is . . . it's . . . Danny, d'ye know the bright color of a well-used saw, almost silver with a bit of bronze? Her hair's like that, but deeper."

"God give me patience," the father prayed, and the windows rattled in the casements. "She sounds like an old lady or a Swede."

"She's a Finlander," Young Danny said, and there was slow silence.

MOLLY REGAN sat very still in her chair. Roarin' Danny stood with his fingers clamping and unclamping. He said finally, "Listen, Danny," and his sorrow and fright at this clash with his only child killed the anger in his voice, "ye're a man grown, and ye can take your way as ye see it. But this I can tell ye, Danny: I want none of my blood in a Finlander. They're second cousin to a Chinaman, and well you know it. I had hopes ye'd marry an Irish girl. It's what I did, an' there's no gettin' around blood, Danny."

"I'll pick a wife for another reason than her father or grandfather was chased out of Kerry for stealin' sheep or bushwhackin' an agent."

"Daniel!" His mother's command stopped him. "This is my house, and I'll have none of that. Now, Danny, say no more to the boy."

Roarin' Danny opened his mouth and then shut it. "I'm sorry," he said then, "but that's the way I feel, and that's the way it'll be. I can't help it, boy."

"You'll feel different when you see her, Danny."

Roarin' Danny said, "I won't ever see her, boy," and walked out of the room.

The thought stayed in the house during supper like the thought of a theft or a dishonor. In those days, it must be remembered, the older residents distinguishingly called themselves "white men" in contradistinction to the supposed Oriental ancestry of the Finns. Since the Finns were almost as close and clannish by nature as the Irish, and since they came in numbers, they tended to settle in their own communities, trade at their own stores, drink in their own saloons and speak their own tongue. Then, they added injury to insult by opposing, with no trace of immigrant humility, fist to fist, and their round-handled knives to rock and club.

IT WAS soft dark when Young Danny stepped along the calk-chewed walk of the main street, and the street lights were like fuzzy yellow flowers on their wooden stems. In the house, empty and strange with his father gone and him still there, he had felt a pain in his chest; but once out, he was glad, very glad that he was walking here. He didn't know how he felt, except that he was at once very happy and very sorrowful, as though the thoughts in his head were music, and that he felt strong enough to pull a building apart with his two hands; yet somewhere down inside him he was weak as a cat and sick as a babe.

The Finn hall was a long block off from the lights of Main Street. An accordion was rushing around and around a happy-go-lucky Finlander tune, and there was a group of boys and young men outside the place.

They fell silent when Danny pushed through them.

Arvid Sulomaki, a quiet, hard-working little shoemaker, was selling tickets at the door. "Get out, you," he said. "T'iss for Winnis' peoples, not for you. Yoost make-it 'rooble."

"I'll make no trouble," Danny said. "Pretend I'm a Finnish people, too." And, laying a half dollar on the table, he pushed through the crowd of men and boys at the door.

The center of the room was bare, but people jammed and clustered on benches around the sides, and stood close about the dance floor. Young Danny noted without attention the hostility of the crowd.

THE men at the door spoke together, looking at him, and beyond him for the rest of the gang; but before they moved he had seen her.

It was just the same. When her eyes met his, it was like a laugh within his chest.

She was across the room in the center of a group. Dressed in white, and a bit of ribbon in her hair, she sat between a round, bright-faced little woman and a black-bearded man. She saw him when he started across the floor, and he walked into her look. He shouldered into the group without taking his eyes from her. "Good evening," he said.

She nodded, but did not speak or return his smile.

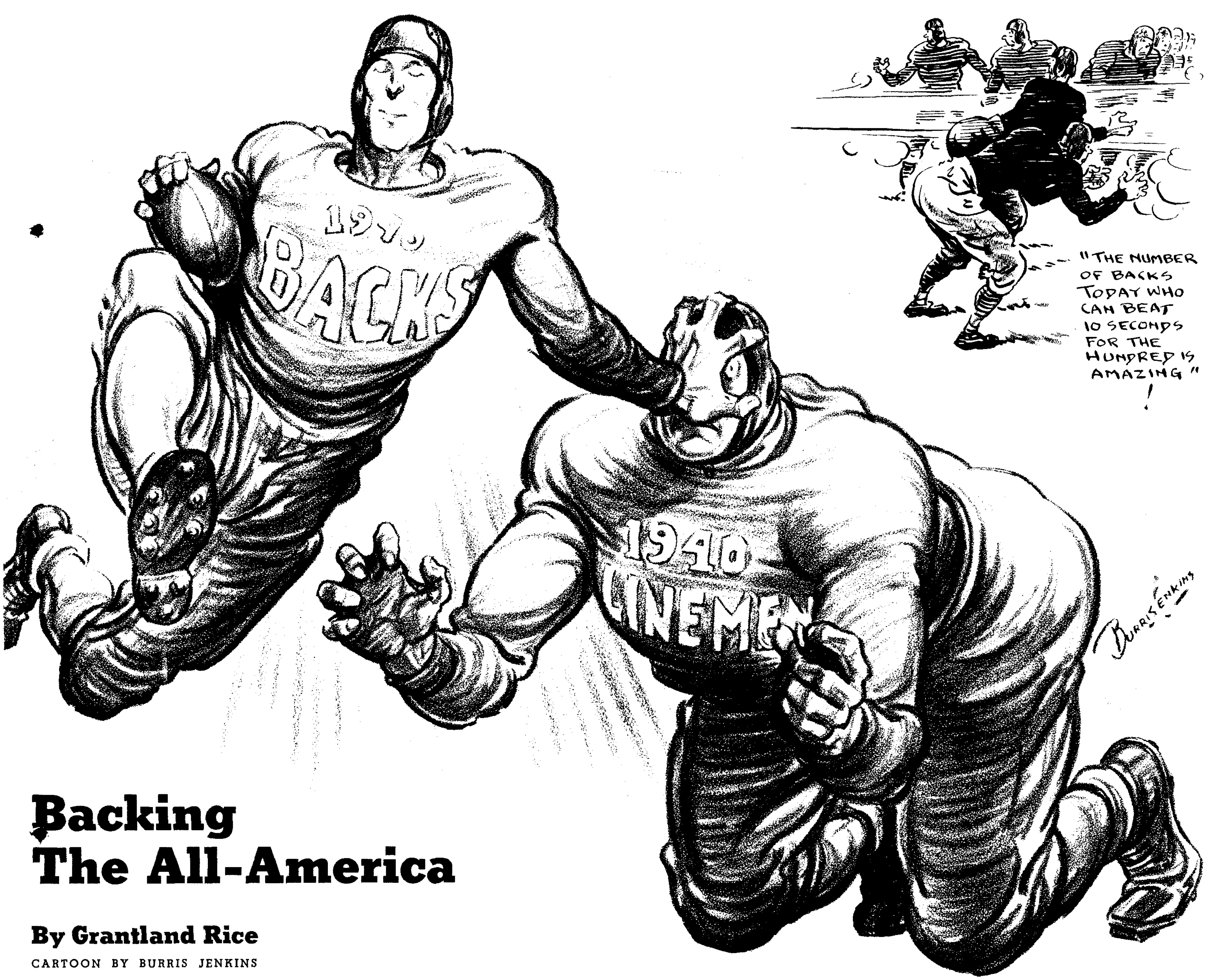
The black-bearded man said, "Hello," gruffly, as though he were unaccustomed to the word, and the round-faced little woman blinked at Young Danny, puzzled and angry.

Auni said, "My mudder and fadder," and then spoke in Finnish.

The black-bearded man rose and offered his hand as though it were a duty he disliked. "Auni tell about you. Toivo, too. T'ank you."

"Oh," he said, "forget it. That music

(*Continued on page* 25)

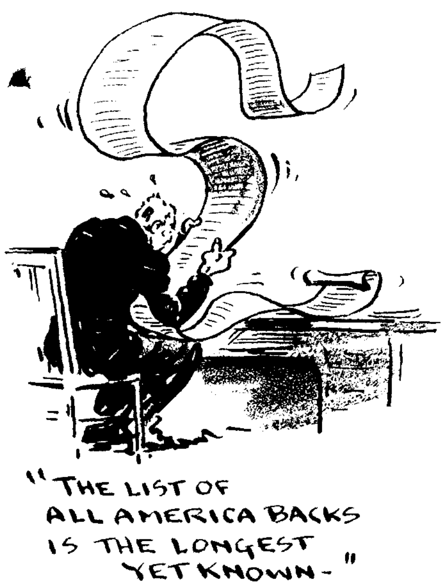

1940 BACKS
1940 LINEMEN
BURRIS JENKINS
"THE NUMBER OF BACKS TODAY WHO CAN BEAT 10 SECONDS FOR THE HUNDRED IS AMAZING"!

Backing The All-America

By Grantland Rice

CARTOON BY BURRIS JENKINS

Last-minute candidates for the All-America team (to be announced in next week's issue) include close to eighty backfield men. Now Mr. Rice and the Advisory Board face the neat task of picking four stars from that impressive list


"THE LIST OF ALL AMERICA BACKS IS THE LONGEST YET KNOWN-"

WE ALL know the importance of the line in football. Centers, guards, tackles and ends are in the front-line trench of offense and defense. They take the opening charge. They are the shock troops.

But the eyes of thirty or forty million spectators each season follow the progress of the ball. Only the scouts and a few coaches and a scattered collection of other experts watch the rest of the playing strategy.

The great majority of fans wants to know who is moving the ball along by land or air. They follow the ball—and therefore the ball carrier. For the past forty years they have been watching backs like Heston, Eckersall, Coy, Thorpe, Mahan, Nevers, the Four Horsemen, Grange, Nagurski, Dutch Clarke, Tryon, McEver, Gipp, Oliphant, Friedman, Battles, Whizzer White, Sammy Baugh, Dave O'Brien, Tommy Harmon—on and on.

They may not have been the shock troops, but they have carried the thrill of battle and theirs are the names that ride the years. And they are the types that football coaches—and the crowds—both want. Stout lines and blocking backs carry a big part of the burden. But what good are they without some fast, alert back who can use what they have given him?

This has been football's greatest season for a brilliant backfield crop. Fullbacks, halfbacks, quarterbacks, tailbacks, blocking backs have spent a busy autumn scurrying into headlines all over the map. The list of promising backs worthy of All-America consideration this fall has been the longest I have yet known.

In digesting the data from over a hundred campus fields you come across two outstanding factors. There is little improvement in forward passing or in kicking but there is in the large number of high-class fullbacks and the blazing speed of so many fast ball carriers.

More Important Than Passers

To the average spectator a good fullback is some burly fellow who can pick up two or three yards when you need a first down. Only that—and nothing more. But that isn't a third of it. "With some fast ball carrier," Mal Stevens of N.Y.U. told me, "I'd rather have a speedy, hard-hitting fullback than a good passer. He can keep the other side from opening or extending the line. If they do open up to stop the faster backs, then the fullback has a field day—and you don't have to take the passing gamble."

I'll give you an example. In the Michigan-Pennsylvania game the Pennsylvania line began to spread a bit in order to stop Tom Harmon's dangerous sweeps. For a while Harmon was held in reasonable check. The Red and Blue forward defense spread just a bit more to be sure as Harmon was still threatening to get away. As the line gaps became wider, Fullback Westfall began driving through holes that had to be closed and, as these holes were closed, Harmon began to move again.

Notre Dame has a flock of fast backs. A spreading line might check their longer runs. But when opposing lines spread, a big, fast fullback named Piepul comes ripping through for eight, ten or fifteen yards.

You get the idea. A plunging fullback might be stopped with a compact line. This gives the fleeter backs their chance. The job of stopping both is a heavy problem.

Backfield action this season has been full of dramatic ups and downs. Spectacular performances and spectacular failures. For example, in the Pittsburgh-Southern Methodist game with the score tied at 7-7, I saw Preston Johnston, the S.M.U. fullback, stand five yards back of his own line against a keen breeze and then kick 103 yards, 93 yards beyond the line of scrimmage, to set a new headwind record. A few moments later I saw Kracum, the Panther fullback, spear a sharp forward pass with one hand and run it back as he saved the game.

In the Pennsylvania-Princeton con-

(Continued on page 54)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Great SCOTT

By KYLE CRICHTON

If you saw Martha Scott in Our Town or The Howards of Virginia you know she's going places in Hollywood—unless she works herself into a coma

PEOPLE have different ways of spending Sunday: The decent ones get up and go to church; the lazy ones sleep until noon. Others pack a box of moldy sandwiches and go on a picnic. Martha Scott, she tries to knock herself out; she works.

What with one thing and another, Martha Scott is somebody in Hollywood. One thing was Our Town and another is The Howards of Virginia. In short, she is entitled to a rest on the Sabbath but instead she goes down to a silly little room at a radio studio and stands in front of a microphone and makes records. She makes five records of fifteen minutes each, and later these are played over the radio to the delight or annoyance of sundry housewives who would be better advised to stick to their sweeping.

Just recently in New York when the Columbia Picture people were working her twenty hours a day with the idea of getting full publicity value out of her in connection with The Howards, she found time to make fifteen such little records, surely an all-high in nonsense by a girl weighing something around a hundred pounds. This put Martha in bed with a slight attack of exhaustion but it didn't explain why she made the records.

"It isn't greed," was all she would say, sinking back under the covers and looking at all interviewers with those bugged-out black eyes that always get men crying into their schnapps at the thought of such a defenseless maiden battling the world alone.

"I'm not alone," she adds from under the covers. "I got married."

"When?"

"Monday."

"But you were making records!"

"Lunch hour," she explains. "We snuck out."

Well, indeed, she did. She got married to Carlton Alsop, who directs the Adventures of Alice Blair, which is the name of the silly series, and they came back after the wedding and did the last three of the fifteen records. This is known as compounding a felony or radio stars get married just to escape from the studio.

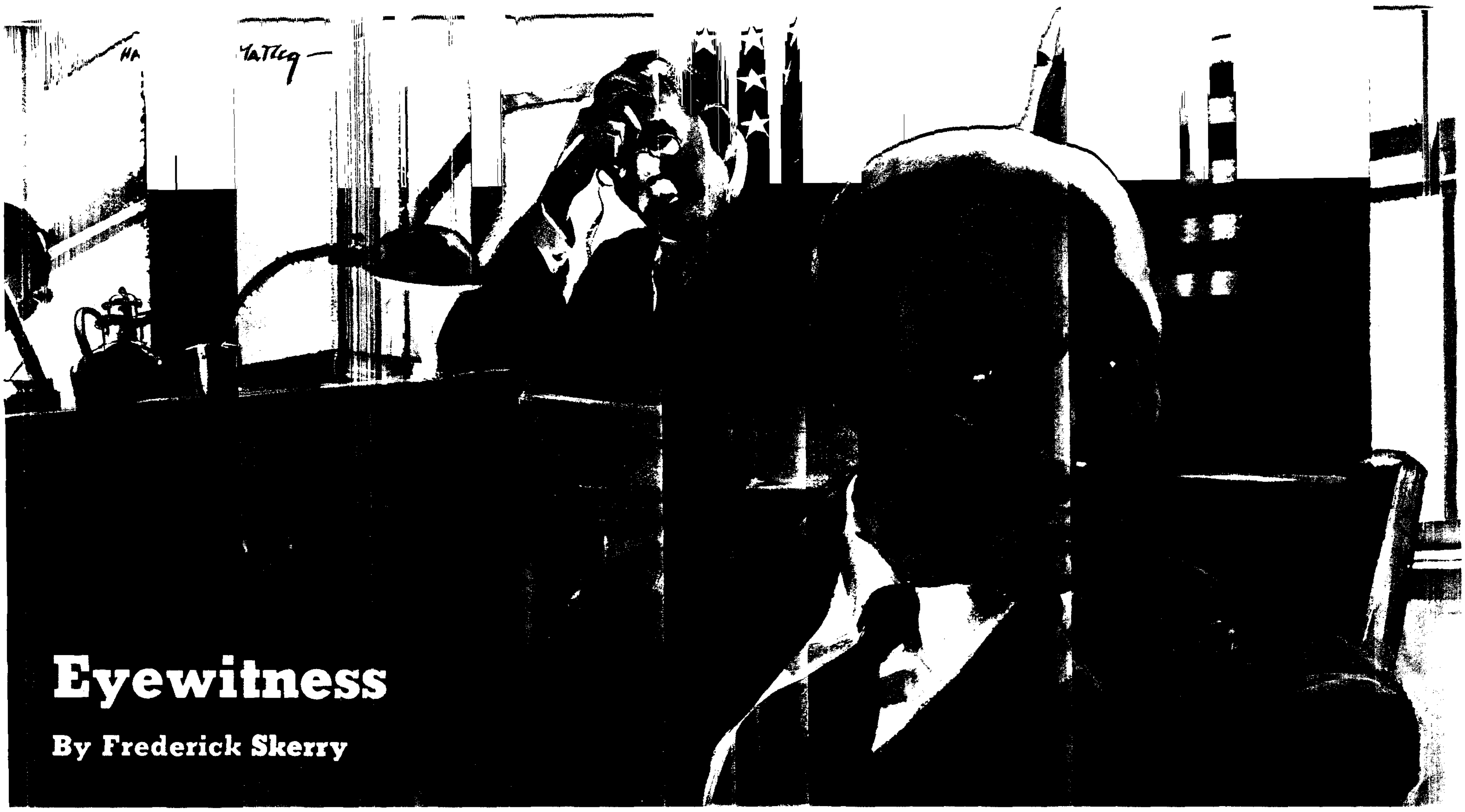
This strange history began in Gee's Creek, Mo., a town with almost no people at all. The only people who dispute this statement are her parents, who say she was born in Jamesport, Mo., pop. 829.

"She just says Gee's Creek because it sounds better," say her parents. "It makes everybody in Jamesport pretty mad when she does that."

Anyhow, it was some place in Missouri, and the family later moved to a big city. It may have been Kansas City; nobody cares a great deal. The point is that they moved later to Detroit, where Papa and Mamma still live. From there she eventually got to the University of Michigan and fell into the hands of Valentine B. Windt, an ex-Russian who had studied at the Moscow Art Theatre or at least had studied the Stanislavsky method under Boleslavsky at the American Laboratory Theatre in New York. She gives Mr. Windt credit. Mr. Windt, she says, made her an actress.

Naturally she had a few summer

(Continued on page 53)



Eyewitness

By Frederick Skerry

DISTRICT ATTORNEY HUGH VEILLE believed he could now write *finis* to the long record of Guido Scalzi. No headliner in the roster of public enemies, Scalzi, apparently immune from punishment, was a recurrent irritation to society, and society—in the shape of Veille's electorate—was beginning to question the ability of its choice for prosecuting officer. And Hugh Veille fretted under carping criticism.

He felt morally certain that Scalzi had done the killing. The evidence at hand was purely circumstantial—but then, so was that in the majority of convictions for murder, and Veille believed he had a case.

Scalzi was known to have been in the back of the saloon at nine-thirty on that night; the saloonkeeper had seen him go in with Krouse, the victim—between whom and Scalzi a lively rivalry existed—and a third man, a stranger. Being busy later, he had not seen anyone from the two back rooms pass through the bar on the way out. An assistant who served drinks in the back rooms when occupants rang knew both Scalzi and Krouse, but not the third man. After ten o'clock he had served no drinks in either room and had seen nobody—until closing time, when only Krouse was in one room, a lifeless Krouse with a head that had been savagely battered.

Scalzi, arrested two hours after discovery of Krouse's body, insisted that he had stayed in the room only half an hour and left Krouse and the strange man who was with him. He could not recall the man's name. But the patrolman on that beat remembered having seen Scalzi, a few minutes after eleven o'clock, hurrying from a narrow street to which, from a short alley, the saloon's rear door gave access. This, Scalzi claimed, was merely because of his having taken a short cut. But he could make no satisfactory accounting of his time between ten and eleven o'clock. Hence he had been remanded for trial.

The district attorney had heard defense cross-examination discredit the testimony of his witnesses. The saloonkeeper admitted that Scalzi and the stranger might have left by the back door—even a stranger might easily find that door; neither he nor his assistant had positive knowledge of the time of the men's departure. The patrolman admitted the right of anyone to pass through that narrow street—even to hurry. And through it all Scalzi sat unperturbed and strangely confident.

As noon of the second day approached the defense recalled both saloonkeeper and his assistant. Asked if they could see a familiar face near by, each pointed out a man whose name was unknown to them but who was a regular customer. On the night of the murder he had been in one back room.

The man they had indicated, one Nicholas Dubruc, was called and sworn. With unwonted solicitude, the witness-bullying defense counsel drew forth Dubruc's story. . . . Yes, on that night he'd been in the other back room. . . . Yes, alone. He disliked the noise at the bar and always drank in the back room. . . . No, he didn't know Guido Scalzi, he'd only heard the name. . . . Yes, he'd read about the murder in the papers and seen Scalzi's picture. The picture was what made him go to tell what he'd seen that night. . . . To you, yes, sir.

A surprise! An eyewitness! Hugh Veille guessed. Between Scalzi's remand and this trial they'd dug up an eyewitness. That would ditch his case.

THE witness continued to answer. . . . He'd heard talking in the other room—sounded like an argument, though he didn't pay much attention; people often get into arguments when they're drinking. But the noise disturbed him, and he decided to go home. . . . Well, he didn't have a watch on him, but he guessed the time was about ten-thirty. He went to the door, but didn't open it then because he looked through a crack in the partition boards—they'd shrunk, he guessed, on account of the radiator. And he could see—

"Just a moment," said the defense counsel. "About how wide was this crack?"

"Oh, more than a quarter of an inch—maybe half an inch."

"You could see the whole room?"

"No, sir, only a piece. But I could see one man sitting at a table. And another man was walking up and down, and I could only see him when he was up my way near the door."

"Then what? Go on and tell the court."

"Well, the man at the table says, 'You'll wait till hell freezes over, then.' When he said that the other man was behind him, and he turned and took a gun out of his pocket and belted the man at the table over the head—and he kept hitting him until I almost got sick, looking. The other man fell off the chair. Then the one with the gun looked himself all over and took a newspaper off the table and folded it around the gun—just as if he had only a paper in his hand. Then he opened the door and went out—very quiet."

"Now, Mr. Dubruc," said the defense counsel, pointing dramatically at Scalzi, "is that the man you saw strike down his unsuspecting victim while you looked through that crack?"

The witness gazed at Scalzi for a moment, and Scalzi, dark and slick, gazed brazenly back. "No, sir. The man I saw was bigger—heavier—and lightish complected. No, that ain't the man I saw."

The judge hushed buzzing comment from the benches.

There were still perfunctory questions by the defense. Veille was downcast. Of course he could question the credibility of Dubruc, but it would be wasted effort. Yet he had both listened and watched, and something about the witness puzzled him. A phlegmatic type, he told a plausible enough story. But Veille was observant, and he noticed that, while the opposing counsel walked before his witness as he questioned, Dubruc turned his head whenever the lawyer went to the left of him. Like a dog, he pointed in the direction of the sound. Why? Deaf in his left ear? Evidently he had heard well enough in that back room. Then why—? And suddenly Veille wondered. What if he had hit it? At any rate, it was a hunch worth playing. He remembered that crack in the partition.

Presently defense counsel turned to Veille. "Your witness," he said.

The judge looked at his watch. "I suggest, Your Honor," said Veille, "that my cross-examination be deferred until after recess." Nodding indifferently, the judge called a recess.

Like a dog, he pointed in the direction of the sound. Why? Deaf in his left ear? But he had heard in that back room

FORGOING luncheon, Veille and an architect friend visited the back room from which the eyewitness had viewed the killing. The cracked partition would be on the right of one leaving the room. This partition was of matchboards three inches wide, and the crack was between the first and second board from the corner by the door, which was hinged on that side. The door casing being against the inner partition, its thickness reduced the width of the first board from three inches to slightly more than two.

When court reconvened Veille had admitted as evidence a full-size drawing which showed existing conditions in the corner of the back room. Then he handed two cards to the judge. "With the court's permission," he explained, "I wish to verify the witness' clearness of vision." The judge nodded.

Handing the witness one of the cards, Veille asked him to read it aloud. Dubruc read, rather stumblingly, a fragment from the Constitution. "Very good," said Veille. "Now, place your hand tightly over your left eye and read it." Dubruc did so. He blinked a little. Veille took the card from him and gave him the second card. "Now, please hold your hand tightly over your right eye and read." But the witness silently handed back the card and looked fearfully at the defense counsel.

"I thought so!" Veille exulted. He described the location of the crack to the court. Then, "Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, it is absolutely impossible for one to look through that crack except with the left eye. *And the left eye of this perjured eyewitness is a glass one!* Your honor, in the name of the State I demand . . ."

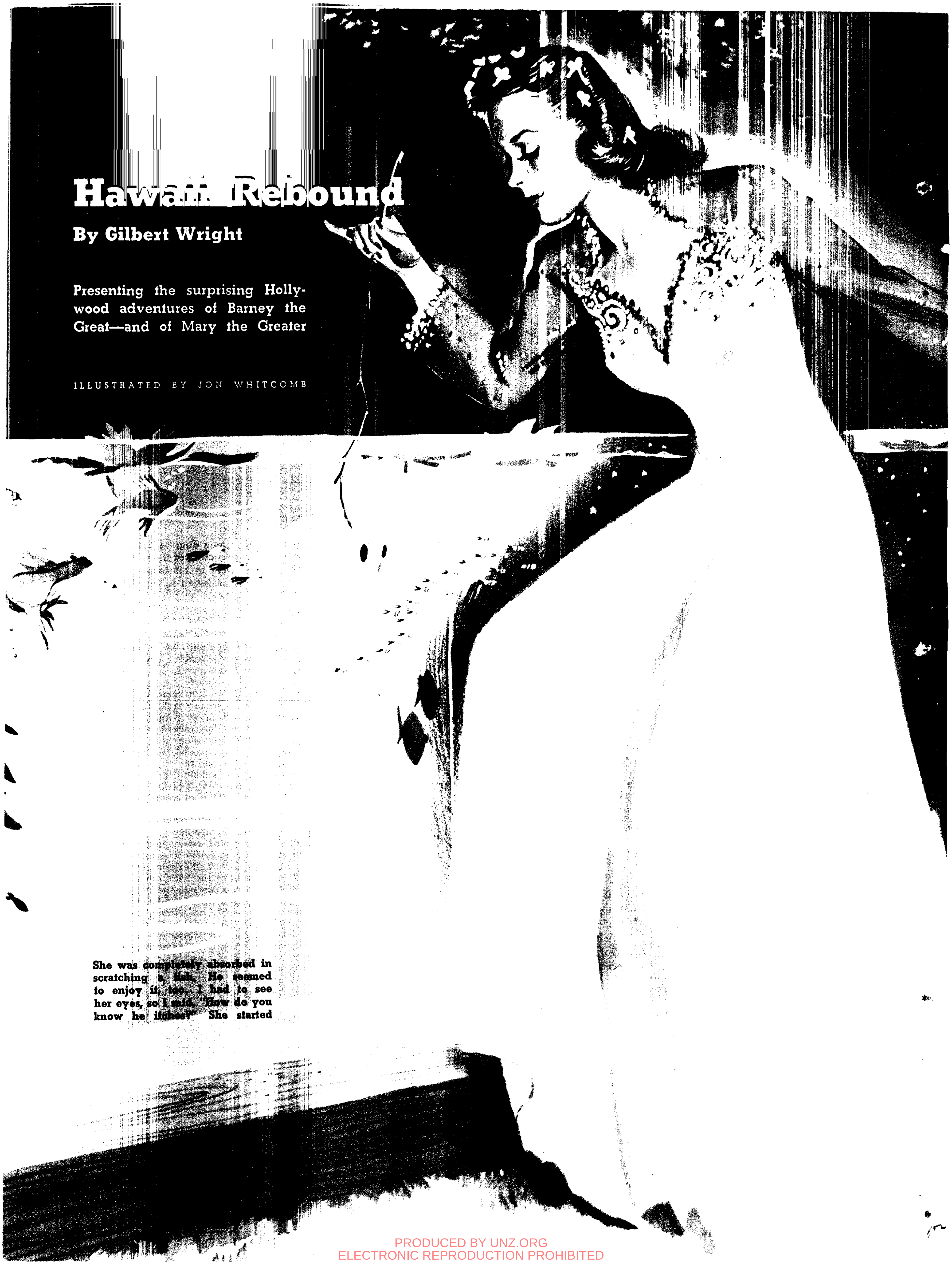
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Hawaii Rebound

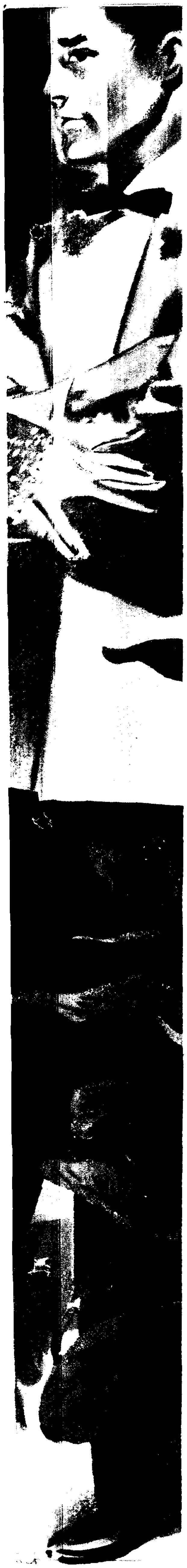
By Gilbert Wright

Presenting the surprising Hollywood adventures of Barney the Great—and of Mary the Greater

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



She was completely absorbed in scratching a fish. He seemed to enjoy it, too. I had to see her eyes, so I said, "How do you know he itches?" She started



AS I got into my clothes I tried to figure why B. J. had called me. It didn't make sense. B. J. is the village biggie of the moment. A month before he had innocently produced a B picture for the Second Feature trade which, for no good reason, had turned into a smash hit. This made B. J. the youngest boy genius over forty-two in the business. I'd done a lot of work for him in the past, but now, of course, he was much too important to hire anybody whose salary was under 2 G's a week. Mine's under that, 'way under.

B. J. had phoned from the Westons' party. It was one of these five-to-seven afternoon affairs and so when I got there at eleven people were beginning to arrive in earnest, though the host and hostess had gone out somewhere.

I walked straight through the open door and was brought up short by a tray of Scotch and sodas in the Deep Sea Room. The party was all outside in the patio and, through an arch, I spotted B. J. standing by the swimming pool. He is a bald little guy built on the architectural style of a winter turnip. A half-dozen beautiful young things of both sexes stood around him industriously buttering their chances for a bit in his next opus. He had his nod-and-smile going but he wasn't listening. He was looking.

Anybody who had ever seen that expression on B. J.'s face would have known what he was looking at. I couldn't see her myself, but from the way he slowly turned his head I knew that she was walking toward the arch.

The instant she stepped into the room I wanted to slip her under my arm and run in whatever direction would get her out of Hollywood the soonest. She made any girl I'd ever seen look like a picture post card of Miss North Clam Beach of 1922.

She crossed the room and I saw that she held a switch against her leg. When she reached the tropical-fish tank she took a quick look around, then poked the switch in at the top and bent down to watch through the glass.

PICKING up another highball to prove that I had just arrived, I walked over and stood about five feet from her. She was completely absorbed in scratching a fish. He seemed to enjoy it, too.

It was a fascinating scene. I could see that what I had thought was a Palm Springs tan wasn't dark enough for that. There was a golden-brown tint to her skin that went with her hair and her nose. It was one of those noses designed especially for outdoor breathing and it was set in a profile that had taken a good many thousand discriminating ancestors to produce.

I had to see her eyes, so I said, "How do you know he itches?"

She started, dropped the switch, and looked confused for a second. Then she smiled, "I have a fish at home like that and he loves it." Her eyes were brown with plenty of spark but no nonsense.

"How's about a drink?" I asked, this being the only sure-fire opening I knew.

She looked at me for a moment, not in a calculating way, but as though she liked what she saw. Her smile was as open and friendly as a bride's. "I'm not sure," she said. "Are you important?"

This set me back on my heels. "How do you mean that?"

"I mean important in pictures. Do you make a lot of money and do you hire and fire expensive people like stars?"

"No," I said. "I'm just a medium-priced writer trying to get along. I never hired anybody but my Filipino boy who lends me money when I go broke, so naturally I've never fired anybody."

"Oh." She seemed disappointed and turned toward the fish.

Suddenly I burned. "Look, sister, you want to be careful not to waste your time." I pointed to the patio. "See that little guy with the magnificent head of scalp? The fat one? That's B. J."

She looked and I'll swear she stopped a shiver. "Oh. Why, he talked to me earlier in the evening. He really is important then?"

"Tops," I answered. "And he will be until he makes another picture."

For a moment she hesitated, her eyes on B. J. Then she thanked me politely and went on out to the patio.

I picked up her switch and thought over it while I finished my drink. When I looked through the arch again she and B. J. were walking toward the swing chairs at the other end of the pool. She had a glass in her hand.

Up in the second-floor bar I ran into Hymie. Hymie was concerned. "Barney, where have you been? Haven't you seen B. J.?"

"Look, Hymie," I said. "You know the starry-eyed bit-part girl; these marvelous little dishes that haven't time for anything or anybody unless they see a chance to barter their birthright for a mess of contract?"

Hymie nodded.

"All right," I said. "You know the type. Now listen—would you say that a girl who really belonged in that class would ever slip quietly into a deserted room in order to scratch a fish?"

Hymie made a quick take at my drink. "I'll get B. J.," he said, and hurried out.

B. J. hustled me into the African Room where we sat under a stuffed Rocky Mountain sheep Weston had picked up in Glendale.

"Barney," said B. J., in his big executive tone, "the one thing that has always impressed me about your work was your terrific imagination."

"Which same you always got cut out of the script before shooting," I said.

He waved this off. "I called you because I want your imagination and because you're practically unknown."

"Why, thanks, B. J.," I said. "However, I will not work for anything less than my established salary."

"This is not a writing job and there's no salary yet," he said. "But if you succeed in putting it over you will have enough on me so's I'll always keep you working."

He leaned forward and blobbed a hand on my knee. "Barney, I've discovered the greatest possibility the world has ever seen. She's unknown, vibrant with personality—young, radiant, naïve, and filled with nature's simplicity. Her grandmother was a full Hawaiian of the royal house. Hawaiian! The most mysterious and beautiful people ever to set foot on this planet."

I counted off on my fingers. "This will make the seventh, and they've all been vibrant with personality. But why bother me? Give her a screen test and a bit part and get it over with."

HE FROWNED. "I don't like this bitterness in you, Barney. Besides, she won't go for a screen test and a bit part. She wants the lead in Hawaii Rebound."

"What!" I jerked up so straight I bumped the sheep's lip. "Don't be a twiddlewit, B. J. You couldn't possibly get away with a thing like that. Why, the script's tailored for La Marca and she's been in the studio sugar bowl ever since Singapore Sue. Do you know what would happen to you if you tried to put an unknown in a part like that? The New York office wouldn't even bother to cut your throat."

"I know it's impossible at the moment," said B. J. slowly.

"At any moment," I said.

He sighed and shook his head. "I'll come clean, Barney: I'm overboard for that girl. I probably love her, even. I know that I am not a striking young man physically, but I am an important producer and that may swing the balance in my favor."

I watched him for a moment. The little guy was sincere. But I had seen him sincere before—seven times, to be exact.

He went big executive again. "Your job, Barney, is to make this girl important. She's got to be a household word. You make her so important that the New York office will demand that I sign her. That's what you've got to do, Barney, so get your imagination to work."

I nodded and stood up. "How about seeing your script of Hawaii Rebound, B. J.?"

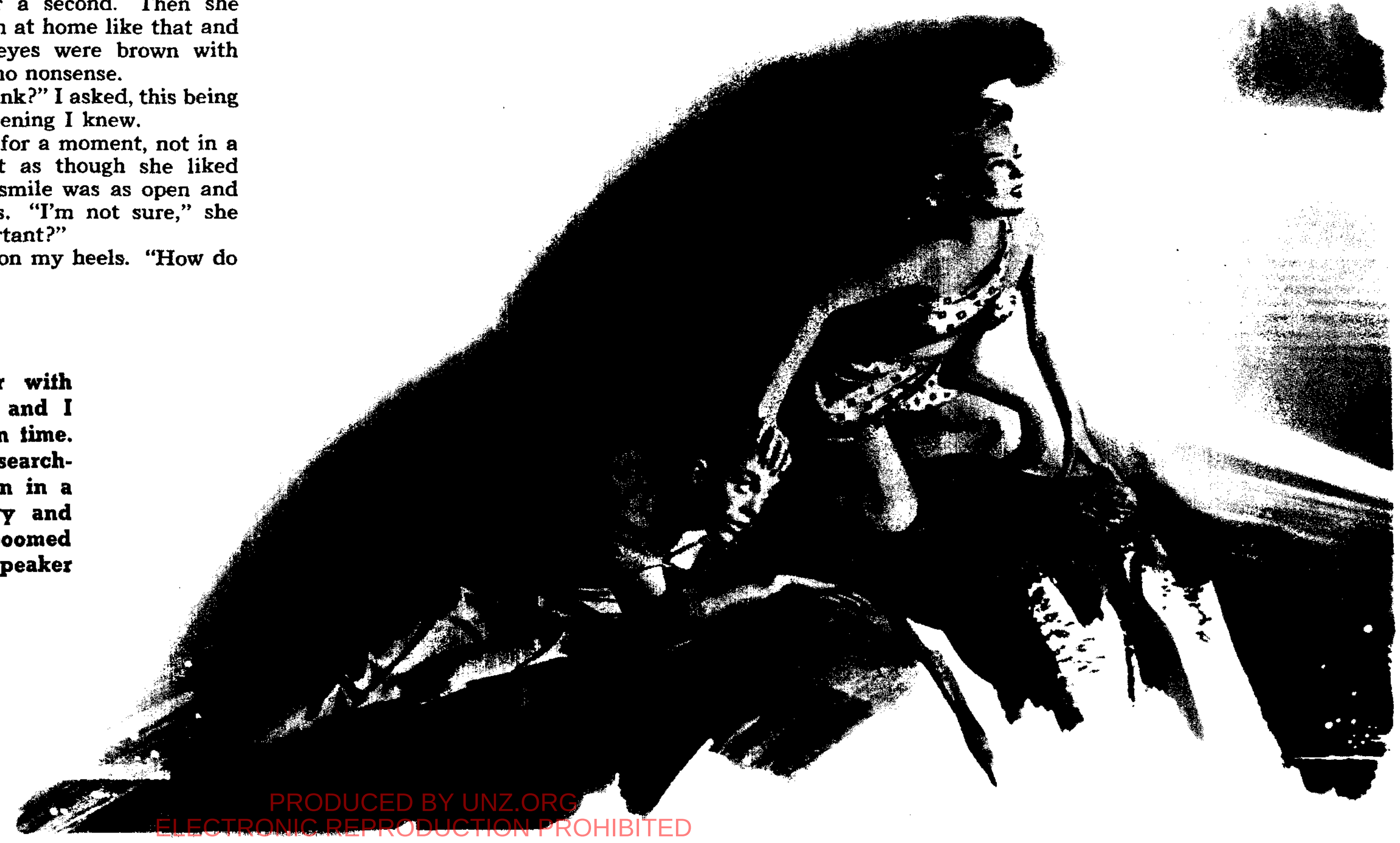
"I've a copy in the car," he said eagerly. "You got an idea, Barney?"

"Well, maybe. I'll see what I can dream up between now and ten tomorrow and phone you."

"It's all got to happen before the end of the week," he warned. "By the way, I won't be seeing her until it's over. People might dope out a connection. Hymie will show you the girl. Find out where she lives and have her moved to the Weverly Biltshire—she's got to have a good address. And, Barney—get her name, will you?"

I found her and explained matters, very businesslike and to the point. She was excited and eager like a kid at a parade. Her name was Mary Dent. "Now, Mary," I concluded, "better

(Continued on page 57)



They hit her with a searchlight and I ducked just in time. Five more searchlights went on in a blaze of glory and B. J.'s voice boomed out of a loud-speaker

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN his manager, Pop Mallory, dies in Birmingham, Alabama, Eddie Gordon, a promising young middleweight, receives the shock of his life: Pop's daughter, Patricia ("Pat"), informs him that, in accordance with the terms of his contract, she is now his manager!

Pat, an attractive girl, is secretly in love with Eddie. But Eddie does not like her. He scoffs at her claims. . . . Joe Barton—sent to Birmingham by Max Ellison, New York's greatest fight manager—calls on Pat and tries to buy the contract. But Pat refuses to sell. Then, while looking for Eddie, Barton motors out to a roadhouse. He does not find the young fighter; and shortly after midnight, he leaves the place with a pickup acquaintance: Nick Bellis.

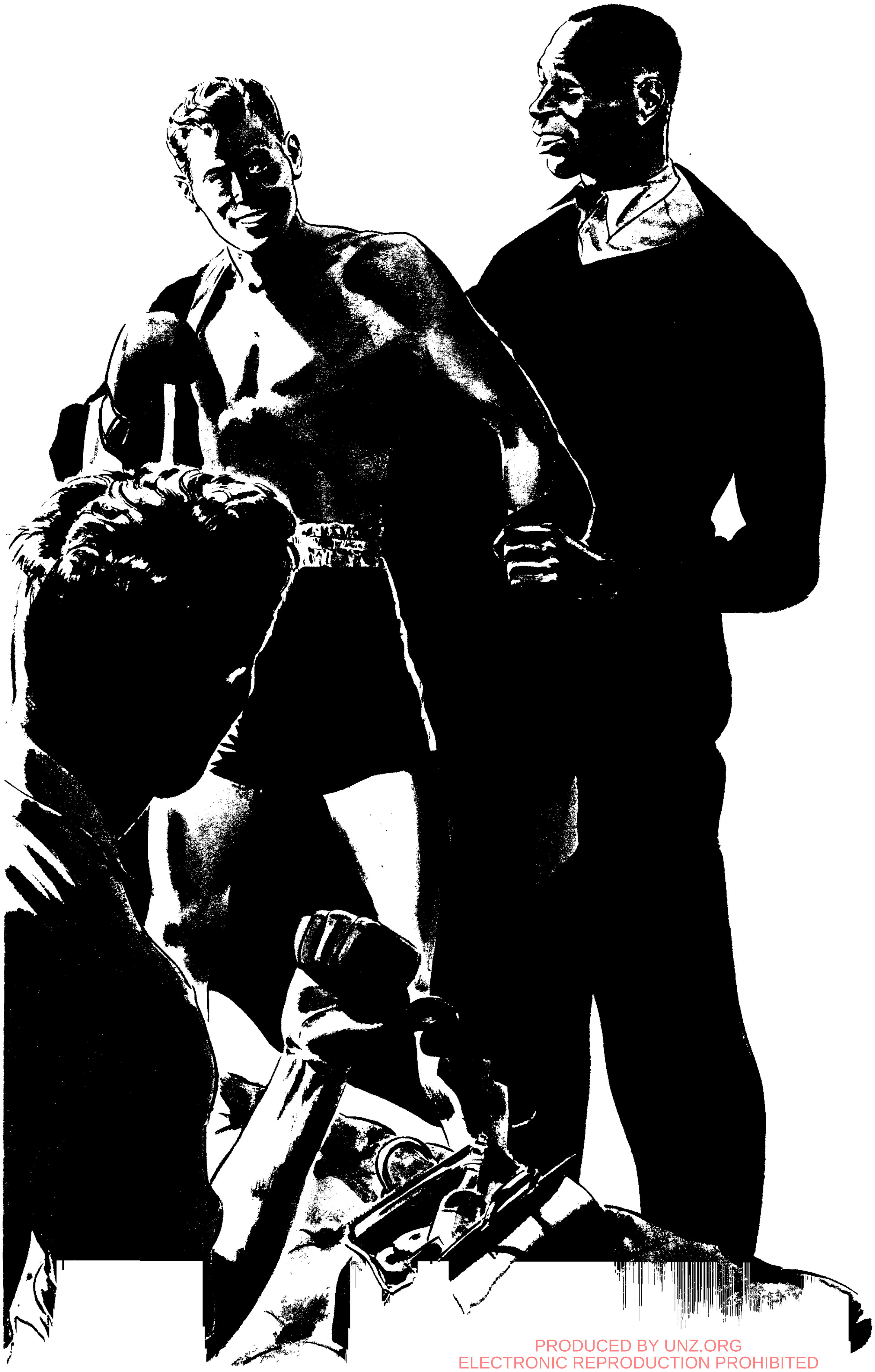
Bellis, starting with twenty-five dollars which the New Yorker had loaned him, has won two hundred dollars in the game room. He had promised to split his winnings "fifty-fifty." Now, the money in his pocket, he refuses to split. Incensed, Barton shoots his companion to death.

A few minutes later, while driving back to Birmingham, Barton has a narrow escape when a car, roaring in the opposite direction, almost crashes into his. When the New Yorker gets a look at the other driver, he realizes that he is in a perilous predicament—the other driver is Eddie Gordon!

Barton attacks him, hoping to knock him unconscious and so eliminate a possible witness. Eddie puts up a good fight, however; and, dropping the revolver (which Eddie later retrieves and keeps), Barton speeds away. . . .

Eddie and Pat Mallory both go to New York City. There, Max Ellison advises Eddie to let Pat manage him; and Eddie follows the advice. . . . Ellison has a daughter: Barbara ("Babs"). Meeting Eddie, in her father's office, she does not try to hide her admiration for him. And presently, Eddie has an enemy—a man who loves Babs Ellison. *Joe Barton!* . . .

Cliff Halliday, a noted sports columnist, decides to see Eddie Gordon in his first important fight. He thinks he may work up an interesting story about a girl manager.



Feets helped him into the robe and said, "Tha's enough. You save the rest fo' Mister Spillane"

IV

PLENTY'S about it," Joe said. "I don't like it."

"And where do you get off saying who I should run around with?"

"I've got a right . . ."

"Oh, be yourself, Joe. You haven't got any right to do anything. Just because we grew up together and because my father and yours are buddies . . ."

"You know I'm nuts about you."

"That's fine. I didn't ask you to be, and I can't do anything about it. But if being crazy about me means I can't do what I want, with whom I want—then I'm not having any."

Barton was definitely annoyed. He prided himself on the fact that he was tough—that he'd been around—that he knew just about all there was to know about the seamy side of life. But Babs Ellison did things to him. Perhaps because she was so frigidly indifferent to his devotion; but whatever it was, she kept him in a state of emotional upset. He said: "Look, I don't care who you go with, Babs—but you're throwing yourself at this guy."

Her laugh was clear and brittle. "You're *really* jealous, aren't you, Joe?"

"Yes. Sure, I'm jealous."

She stopped laughing and asked a direct question: "Is that why you don't like Eddie? Is that the only reason?"

Instantly Joe Barton was wary, alert, on guard. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean. But you've been jealous of lots of other men, and it hasn't been like this. There's something in your eyes I don't like when you talk about him."

"What kind of something?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure out."

"I'm jealous," he said carefully. "Maybe because he's the only guy who hasn't played back at you. When they do, I quit worrying—because then you get bored. I think you're getting in over your depth."

"I'm having fun. Which brings us back to where we started. Do you take me tonight, or do I go with Dad?"

He hesitated, but only briefly. He was an unbalanced lad, this Joe Barton, and he was as much off balance in the intensity of his feeling for Babs as he was about everything else. "I'm taking you," he said shortly. "And I hope Gordon gets his block knocked off."

Again she laughed and again the quality of her laughter infuriated him. He walked out of the house with his thin lips set in a hard, straight line.

He went to a drugstore, stepped into a telephone booth and dialed a number. The voice that came to him from the other end was as flat and expressionless as his own. Barton said, "That you, Morrie?"

"Yeah."

"This is Joe."

"Yeah."

"Know where the Bridge A.C. is in Brooklyn?"

"Sure."

"Be there tonight. I want to see you."

"Something up?"

"You said it."

"I'll be there."

Joe Barton snapped the receiver on the hook and walked out of the store. He said to himself, "Morrie's the guy. He handles things—neat."

AT ONE o'clock Eddie Gordon and Frankie Spillane met at the office of the boxing commission for weighing in: 157½ for Eddie and 159 for his opponent. They shook hands, made a few conventional remarks and walked out. Feets stepped into the taxi with Eddie and said, "Shuh, Mistuh Eddie—he don't look so tough."

(Continued on page 36)

How to Fight in Alaska

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

The Alaska Clipper, Seattle to Juneau, is pioneering a possible emergency route for Army air transport

Freight sleds are an important part of the winter equipment of the Alaska defense force. Army blacksmith, above, is building a training model

The U. S. Army, busily building up our defenses in Alaska, turns to the old sourdough and learns some lessons in survival

CITIZENS of Mobile, noted for their prejudice against cows that fly, would not feel at ease in Alaska at all. Here cows not only fly high, but the fact is an everyday occurrence; as we learned this summer when we landed at the village of McGrath on the Kuskokwim. We noticed an unusual air of activity as we entered the roadhouse at McGrath. The occupant of Room Sixteen, someone explained, was fresh out of hay. Mystified, we followed an armful of hay as it disappeared down the hall, and knocked tentatively at the door of Sixteen. A gentle moo emerged. From Room Fourteen, directly adjoining, the proprietor's wife appeared and shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but that door's locked. We've had to cut a door from the outside instead. You see," she explained matter-of-factly, "we keep the new cow in there. It's warmer." We peered through the keyhole at a brown-eyed bossy, lying on a bed of straw and munching her cud contentedly. "She just flew in from Fairbanks last week," the proprietor's wife added. "It's only a couple of hundred miles." She noticed our slightly glassy look. "Oh, cows fly everywhere up here," she assured us. "Next spring she's taking the plane back to Fairbanks again, just to be bred."

Anything goes in Alaska, it seems, and it usually goes by air. Livestock, medicines, babies, dogs, grand pianos, dredge buckets, an entire grocery store from lumber to stock. Diesel engines weighing up to two tons apiece, all are freighted by plane. Last year commercial planes hauled 5,000,000 pounds of freight, flew the amazing total of ninety-five per cent of the white population of the territory. "And to think it used to take me a full month to make this run by dog sled," an old sourdough beside us remarked, as we sped from Nome to Fairbanks. "Cost a thousand dollars, and I had to pay my own lodging at night and walk most of the way besides. Now I fly it for seventy-four dollars, and get there in four hours. Travel in Alaska," he said, emitting a luxurious cloud of cigar smoke, "ain't what it used to be."

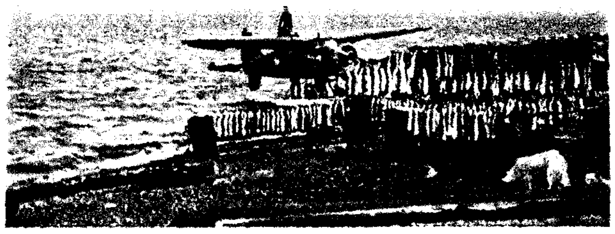
Why Alaska Is Air-Minded

In the interior, the plane is taken as casually as a taxi in New York. Prospectors scout by air for new mining country, jabbing a pencil point into a map: "How much to take me there?" They still tell the story of the cheechako who made a forced landing on a mountainside and struck, among other things, gold. Salmon canneries charter planes to circle back and forth over Bristol Bay, spotting runs of salmon and signaling the fishing fleets. Trappers fly in to the head of their trap lines in the fall—a somewhat laborious process, since they frequently have to guide the pilot by means of landmarks they remember: "Now, let's see, you head up this here canyon till you see where there's a burnt stump, then you sort of folley a little creek that cuts off to the right. . . ." A drift miner scribbles a name on the flap of an old envelope, hands the pilot a leather sack. "Here, give this five thousand dollars' worth of dust to Bob at the bank, tell him to deposit it to my account." That is all: no record, no receipt. The loneliest sourdough cabin shows the effect of Alaska's air-mindedness: empty five-gallon gasoline tins are seized by thrifty wives and ripped up for pails and dustpans, flattened to shingle the woodshed, cut out along one side and racked along a shelf for kitchen drawers. Game wardens have their own ships; mercy pilots rush emergency cases from isolated mines—there is no spot in the territory more than four hours by air from a hospital; even Ladies Known as Lou use planes to rush to the scene of the latest gold stampede. "What we could have done with these in '98," the Oregon Mare remarked to us a little wistfully.

The natives themselves take the plane for granted. Indian children do not bother even to turn their heads when you land. "All same sea gull," they shrug. Native women gather around the plane and casually scribble messages on its tail to friends in the next village. Planes are no novelty to the Eskimos, either. You set down at a remote village in the Arctic, your great white man's bird with its silver wings dropping awesomely out of the skies, and you emerge a little self-consciously and face the silent throng. "Say, mister," a young Eskimo inquires at last, "you get any better performance out of her with that new constant speed propeller?" At Nome, they told us of the Kobuk chief who chartered a special ship to fly him all the way down from the Arctic. Not that the trip was any sensation; but at Nome he was able to satisfy a great ambition. He got the thrill of riding in his first automobile.

You sense the thing as you fly from New York at night and board Pan American's new Alaska Clipper at Seattle the following morning, to drift luxuriously over the unparalleled scenery of the Inland Passage and set down that evening at Juneau, twenty-four hours after

(Continued on page 55)



C.A.A. inspector stops for gas at a remote salmon-drying post. His job is to make Alaskan flying safer. Below, soldiers adjust packs on dogs

Dispatch by Sea

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

In love and in war, it is sometimes good to be captured—only first make sure that your man believes you are running away

CAPTAIN JACQUES LEFEVRE, the long-legged artillerist, was more than annoyed. He was enraged, although his keen eyes under bushy jet brows showed nothing more than a hard glitter. Hesitating at the landward end of the jetty for the portly mayor of Pildon to catch up with him, he tossed aside his campaign cape, snapped open his spyglass, and squinted through it toward the mouth of the gulf. Far out there the English sloop of war was still on patrol. He could plainly see the midshipman, cocked hat, brass buttons and all, one leg arrogantly astride the fore-topsail yard as he carelessly surveyed the Gironde coast.

"Damned English insolence!" the captain growled in a dry voice.

But the red-faced mayor, gasping for breath and mopping his neck, said nothing. Behind their backs the road, deserted except for one faggot-laden bullock cart whose moving wheels dripped dust like water, reached back to the little fishing village, its white, thatch-roof houses gleaming in afternoon sunshine with that bright, clean look they have when the autumn Biscay gales are asleep. Facing them, the land made a semicircular bight, deep blue water of the bay flecked with caps of snowy white; and the weather, holding in the north of west, set all the moored fishing boats dancing, their masts and lateen yards aswing. Toward the seaward edge of the quay itself a dark-haired girl sat cross-legged on the cobbles, calmly toasting marrons over glowing charcoal embers.

There were two young men there, too, fishers in pantaloons, striped jerseys and blue berets. The lean one with the crisp little brown beard gesticulated animatedly where he stood beside the coals, but the other remained quietly seated on a bollard, staring down at his two big hands.

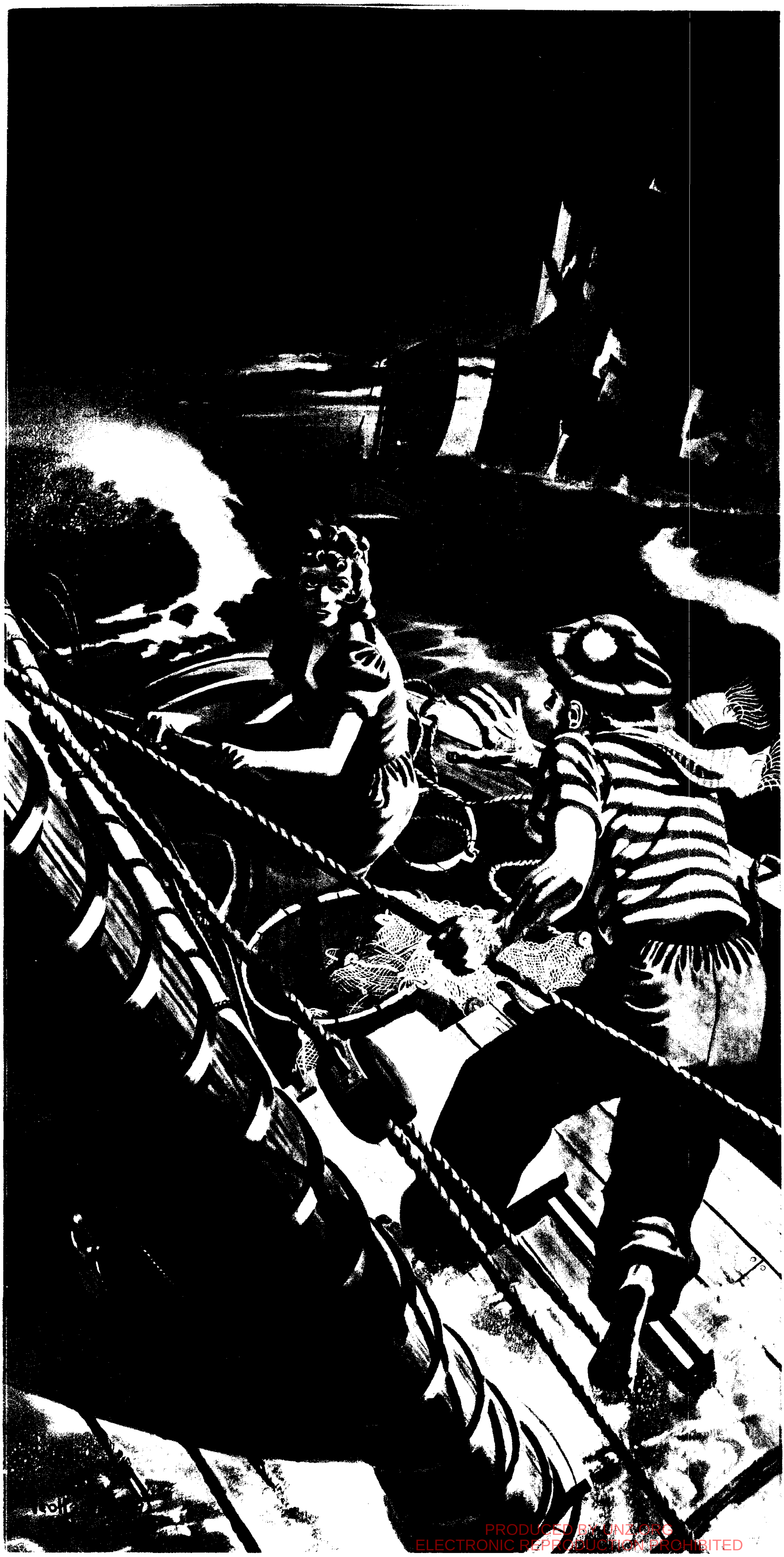
"Oui," said the Mayor Patous, catching his breath at last. "They are here, *mon capitaine*."

Lefevre made a rasping noise in his throat, continuing to sweep the sea with his glass. Far westward his eye rested in fascination on the central cause of his outraged plans—the heaving, ponderous hull of the English Scorpion coming up to join bombardment, her stern and quarter galleries shining, the gilt scrollwork at her massive bows under the heavy sprit brilliant with sunshot spray, the bright white ensign and the flaming cross of St. George at her trucks above enormous pyramids of leaning white.

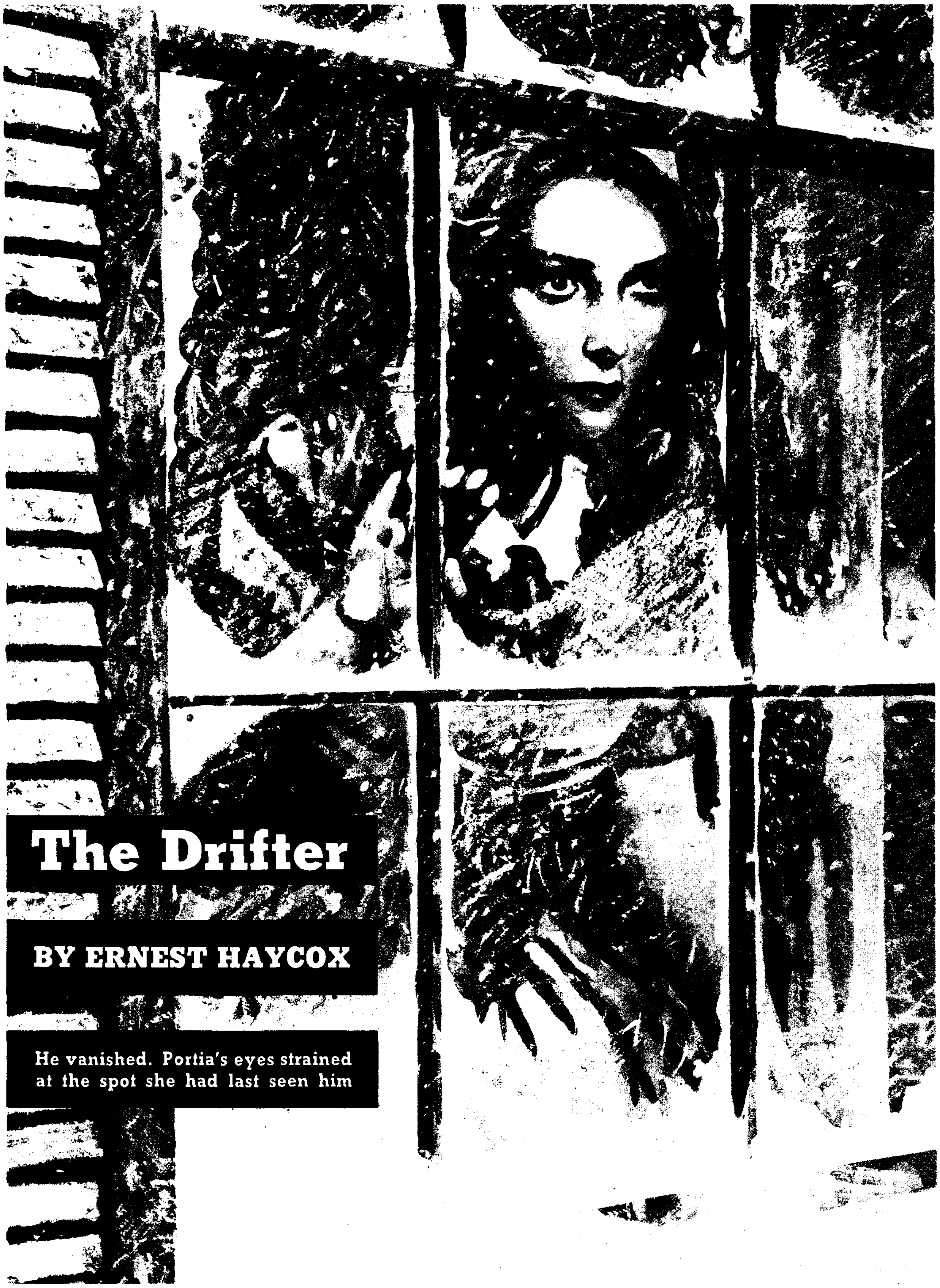
The captain of artillery made a snarling sound as he moved his stare toward the northern headland of the gulf. Behind that promontory he could just see the upper yards of two English sixty-fours taking position to command the road along which Napoleon had been moving a stream of supplies to the army of the south. It was plain that movement was at an end now. Worse than that, there were two French ships of the battle line coming down from Lorient. If they were not warned somehow . . . The captain savagely telescoped his glass.

"Well, well!" he snapped. "Show me these fine Girondists of yours!"

He strode with nervous *(Continued on page* 49)



"Get down!" the girl cried fiercely to him. "You know I can take my chance as well as any man"



The Drifter

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

He vanished. Portia's eyes strained at the spot she had last seen him

DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

REACHING the frontier town of Prairie City, Jim Keene, a rider from Texas, finds that the homesteaders of the region are being persecuted by the cattlemen. Touched by the plight of a girl homesteader—Aurora Brant, who has no one to protect her—he decides to stay and see that she and her friends get fair play.

The sheriff, Ben Borders, is friendly toward the homesteaders. He is murdered. After which, Keene—assisted by Cleve Stewart, a ranchman who is in love with Aurora Brant—begins a long, losing fight against the troublemakers. . . .

Two girls are in love with Keene: Aurora Brant and Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T. Following a series of startling adventures, Keene is captured by Grat DePard (leader of the cattlemen and owner of the Broken Bit outfit). When later he makes his escape Portia leads him to a safe hideaway—a gallery in a deep canyon. But when he finally leaves the canyon and rides to Stewart's ranch, he learns that Aurora has been kidnaped.

Assisted by Stewart and Portia, Keene searches frantically for Aurora. And he succeeds in finding her in an old house, to which Red John, DePard's brutal foreman, who had been left to guard her, had led her.

Realizing that the safest place for her, for the time being, is Portia's home, Keene asks Stewart to take her there; and Stewart does so. Then, well aware that Keene is in peril, he sets forth to find the Texan—and to kill Red John, whom he loathes.

DePard's men are everywhere. All of them are under orders to kill, or capture, Keene. . . . The homesteaders—young Joe Spackman, Comrie, Elijah Patterson and others—band together with the intention of fighting. While making their plans, they encounter Red John. Certain that, because of his many brutalities, he is to be killed, the Broken Bit foreman shoots himself, commits suicide. Then, accompanied by the homesteaders, Stewart rides out to find Keene.

Pursued by his enemies, Keene has succeeded (by chance) in finding the hideaway to which Portia Crews had led him. He waits until the opportune moment, afforded by a snowstorm; then he leaves the canyon. Soon, however, he learns that he is surrounded. True, no one can see him; but presently he hears a shout: *"Here's his trail!"*

Conclusion

BEYOND this area and beyond the sound of these voices Keene heard a shot, as though a detached part of DePard's outfit signaled from another quarter. Close by, a shot answered. He was, he guessed, three quarters across the valley but the long run and the pressure of the wind and the snow underfoot had him dead beat. He took one long stride, lost balance, and went down. Flat against the snow he heard a horse grunt by; he resisted the impulse to lie still, he fought the powerful pull of exhaustion and rose to his knees and faced his back trail. In the distance another gun cracked—and as Keene rose to his feet, still gripping the rifle, he saw a shape break from the wild, millrace run of the storm, head down and shoulders bent.

It was DePard, afoot. DePard had his eyes on the tracks Keene had left behind him; suddenly DePard lifted his face and discovered Keene before him. He took one more onward step and jerked to a complete halt.

He had lost his hat. Snow crusted his black scalp; it was a white rime on his cheeks, a sleeted braiding along his clothes. Without an overcoat, without gloves, he stood tough and impervious to the weather, his cotton shirt thrown open at the neck. This day's cold fanned the rich blood to his face; in his eyes was a bright, self-certain flare. What Keene saw was an expression of supreme pleasure, a long-lipped grimace of satisfaction; the man's will was that fixed.

"Friend," said DePard, "you reached the end of the trail on a damned cold day."

In his mind there was no doubt at all, never a moment's uncertainty. He held a gun at the extended length of his right hand. Keene, slowly freezing in his tracks, called to his muscles and felt them slowly change the tilt of the rifle. It was the longest moment of his life as he watched DePard bring up the revolver. He saw the snout of his own gun tip but he had no control over it; it moved in slow motion, beyond his power to hurry. He heard a shot and he felt the rifle kick against his arm, but this was a faint feeling that came from a great distance. Across the interval, DePard's mouth framed a word; a strange anguish broke in DePard's eyes, an unbelieving shock. DePard bowed his head in one reluctant, bitter motion; he seemed to be looking at the revolver slowly pulling his arm down; he seemed to be praying at it. Then he fell.

A YELL slanted through the wind and once again there was the thump of a horse veering through this blind weather. Keene slung his gun around, firing at a shadow. The horse moved away. A gun exploded quite near. The echo of it came to him as through a speaking tube:

"Keene!"

"Here," he said, in a small voice. He said again, no louder, "Here." He retreated a few feet, passing DePard. He looked at DePard.

"Keene!"

He stiffened in his tracks, he planted his legs—wooden as pine poles—apart and got the rifle breast high.

A rider passed within three yards of him, running on.

That rider yelled his name, and then Keene looked up and saw Cleve Stewart suddenly above him.

"Why didn't you sing out?" shouted Stewart.

"I did."

Stewart bent on the saddle, intently staring at Keene. He said, "What did you say?"

"I did."

Stewart noticed DePard for the first time and slid from the saddle and bent down over the dead man; he came back to Keene.

He lifted a hand and caught Keene's cheek flesh between his fingers. "Feel that?"

"No," said Keene. "Let's get over to the Bowley house." He spoke with elaborate distinctness, fighting the great weight of weariness. He was in need of sleep and that need was hard to bear. He had his chin against his chest and pulled it up with some difficulty, to find that both Spackmans had ridden out of the murk. "To the Bowley house," said

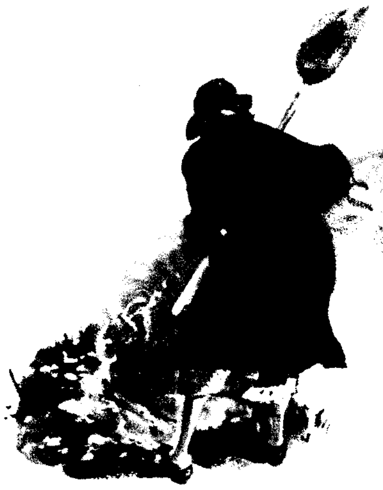
(Continued on page 27)

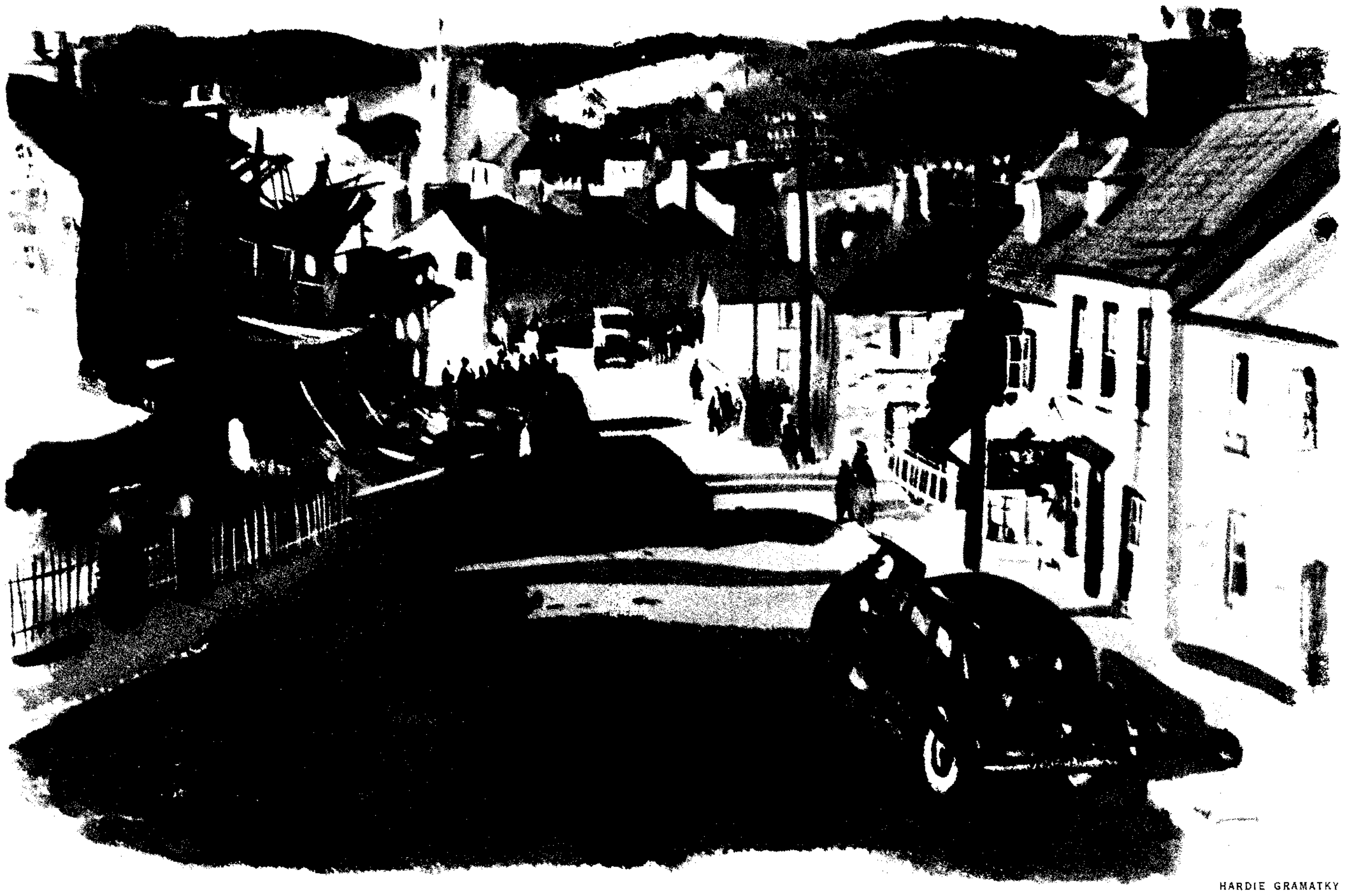
Week End in the Country

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

"My wife went out and extinguished the fires with a broom," Nat said





HARDIE GRAMATKY

When you park your car, you must remove the distributor. You can get a summons for not doing it

You would think a Londoner fortunate enough to have a country home could relax on week ends. You'd be wrong

I MET Nat at the Savoy bar and he said, "How are things?"

"Things are great except that there's no light, no gas and no water in my apartment," I told him.

"Come out to the country with me for a few days. We can play some golf," he suggested.

"I would rather be bombed than bored," I said coldly, because that's how it is with golf and me. We just bore each other.

"You won't have to play golf," he said hastily. So I went with him. Nat and Mrs. Nat and their two children, Phil and Steve, live at a place just thirty miles from London. The place has its equivalent thirty miles from New York or Chicago or Detroit or Los Angeles. It is just another suburban commuter's paradise. Ordinarily the men get the eight-ten train in the morning for London and come home on the five-five. Right now life isn't exactly normal in Nat's town. However, if war ever comes to America, places exactly like Bronxville near New York and a thousand other suburban communities will find that life isn't normal either. A preview of life in suburbia as it is in wartime might prove interesting and a reflection of what life will be in suburban America should war come. So spend a couple of days with me visiting an ordinary English family living in a little village within commuting distance of London.

Nat hadn't been able to get through to his home on the telephone. Any telephone call in England is now an adventure. It is sometimes difficult to phone a town thirty miles outside of London unless you are transacting government business.

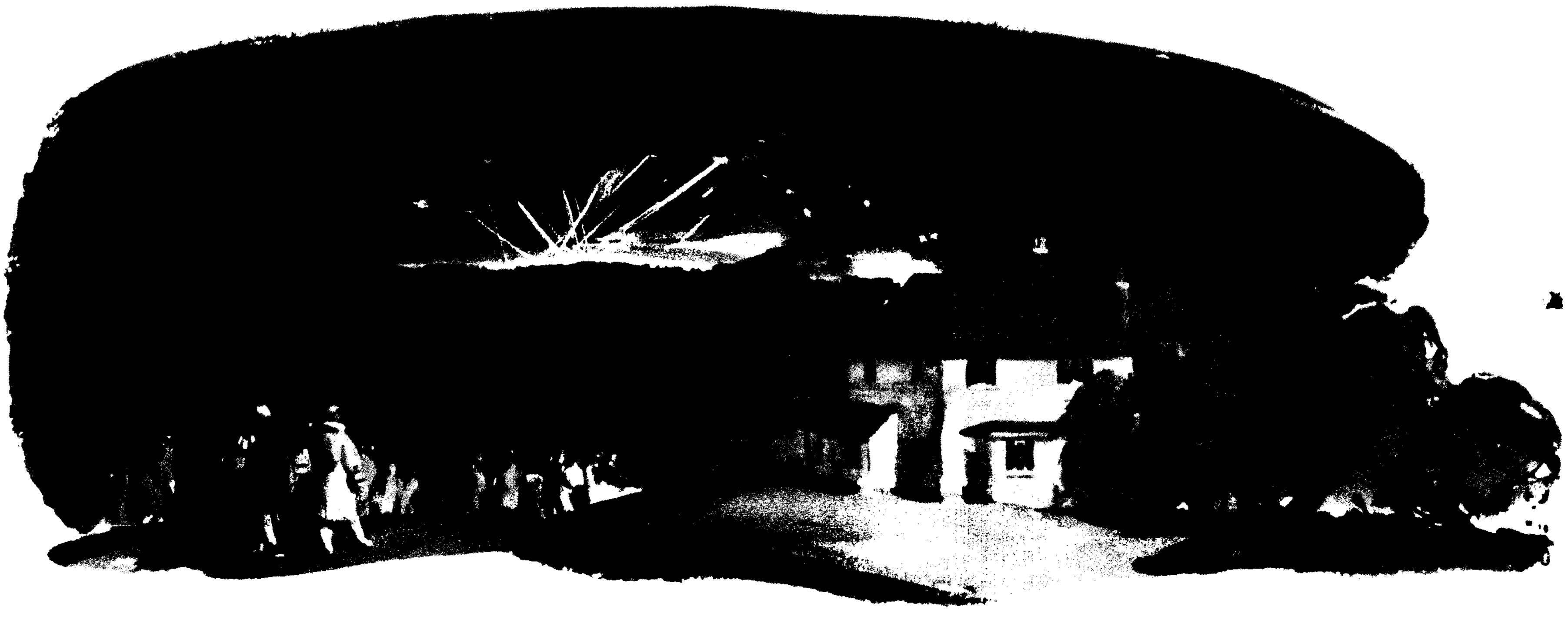
A Present for a Hostess

In view of the fact that my hostess would have no warning I thought the shock of arrival might be broken if I brought her a present. In America I might have brought a bottle of wine, a box of candy, a dozen tennis balls. Instead I brought a twenty-pound roast of beef. It is not easy to get beef in London. It is carefully rationed, but I had been saving my coupons. When you do get it the cost is exactly thirty cents a pound—almost prewar prices. There is no profiteering in food.

Nat and I hurried to Victoria Station to get the four-thirty train. We were told that the train was not running today. No one knew why. There are several garages in London from which you can rent a car complete with driver. There is only one agency that will drive you after dark. The risk of injury to the car by bombs or shrapnel is too great. I managed to get a car and driver from this one garage.

We drove out through London. Sometimes we would go a dozen blocks without seeing any sign of damage. Then we would come to a place where a whole block of workers' flats had been leveled by a destruction bouquet dropped by the Nazi airmen. We passed churches and hospitals that gaped

(Continued on page 45)



London was having a tough night. You had to pinch yourself to believe all this. We knew that bombs were raining down

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACKIE MARTIN

Mr. Ball Goes to Washington

By Robert Thompson

You'd think there was an age limit for legislators in Minnesota. The governor is all of thirty-three, next in command is a stripling of twenty-eight. And as the latest recruit in the youth movement, we present United States Senator Joseph H. Ball, who had to register for the draft before being sworn in

THE citizens of St. Paul, Minnesota, who happen to know any working newspapermen are likely these days to walk up and ask:

"Well, I see your pal was appointed to the United States Senate. When will you get sent down to Washington?"

Odds are they will get an answer like this:

"Oh, I'm too old. I didn't even have to register for the draft."

This may sound a little unusual as a disqualification for statesmanship. But in Minnesota, youthfulness is coming to be a prerequisite. Be under thirty-five years of age—at least not more than forty—and you have a chance for an important political job.

Latest evidence, if more were needed, is the appointment of Joseph Hurst Ball, whose thirty-fifth birthday was November 3, 1940. He was appointed to the United States Senate by Governor Harold E. Stassen, who himself was thirty-three years old last April. If anything had happened to Governor Stassen, the appointment would have been made by Lieutenant Governor C. Elmer Anderson, aged twenty-eight. In either case, the advice of Leslie Gravlin would be asked. Mr. Gravlin is the state's business manager, listed on the pay roll as "Commissioner of Administration." He has reached the ripe old age of thirty-seven.

It's true in Minnesota, right now, that youth must be served—with important public jobs and responsibilities.

Consider Mr. Ball. As you probably know, he succeeded to the seat made vacant when Senator Ernest Lundeen was killed in an air-liner crash. The new Senate "baby" is even younger than Rush Holt from West Virginia, hitherto the *enfant terrible* of the upper house. Senator Ball is more than six feet tall, would have made excellent fullback material. He has dark eyes, a head of unruly black hair and the walk of a big man who isn't quite sure of getting through a room without bumping something. There is a vague but unmistakable suggestion of Abraham Lincoln about him.

His outstanding characteristic, as you talk with him, is his unchangeable, inward-looking seriousness of mind. He builds ideas in himself, rooting them as solidly as the piers of a suspension bridge. Then he lets them span and thread away to other solid piers for a substantial, safe way across a problem.

These things, with his size and ruggedness, take your attention away from his comparative youth. But the fact remains that he couldn't take a train for Washington until after he registered for the draft.

Not everything about him is somber and serious. He has a quick smile, and a deep laugh that rocks his head upward and back. If he hadn't had a sense of humor through the years he watched some of Minnesota's state politics he would have turned into a militant, evangelistic crusader or a growling cynic. Either would have disqualified him to be a political observer and reporter.

A Job for a Real Man

Joe Ball is a natural growth of the country that reared him. He was born and grew up on a farm near Crookston, Minnesota, on the prairies in the valley of the Red River of the North. That is a country beautiful during a few spring months. Other times of the year, it is a harsh, unrelenting ground. Winters are long, bleak and cold. In late summer months, cruel suns beat down. Drought and grasshoppers and black stem rust sweep over the land. The whole country is big, so farms are big. They exact big work. They separate men, drive into them a sense of solitude. Men have to find resources in themselves to stay there year after year. In their fight with nature for a living and comforts, they seem almost to bring crops from the ground to harvest by force of will and muscle.

In that country, long hours of hard work grew intrinsic in Joe Ball. He went to grade schools in the neighborhood, through the Crookston High School. Summers of high-school years, he worked as a farm hand.

When he decided to go to college, he raised seed corn to pay for his first year. That is an accomplishment because Crookston is 150 miles north of the corn belt. Frosts come late in spring and early in autumn to challenge full growth of a corn crop.

For his first year of college work, Ball went to Antioch, at Yellow Springs, Ohio. There was more hard work. Antioch students spend five-week periods in classes, alternating with five-week periods in industry. The young Minnesotan studied engineering. Between class times, his big muscles took him through jobs on construction gangs, a telephone line crew, in factories that made steam shovels and refrigerators.

The next year he left Antioch, went back to his home state. He entered the University of Minnesota, but left in his junior year. At twenty-one he became a cub reporter on the former Minneapolis Journal. There, he met Betty Robbins, another staff member. Courtship and marriage followed.

Fifteen months after joining the Journal, he resigned and spent a year in the financial uncertainties of free-lance and fiction writing. In November, 1929, he went to the St. Paul Pioneer Press as a reporter, working nights. He covered all types of assignments from improvement-club meetings to crime stories. Five years later, he became political writer for the Pioneer Press and Dispatch, continuing on that job until he went to the Senate.

Quite a jump? Yes, but the springboard for it was nearly six years in building. Soon after he became a political reporter, Ball gained the close acquaintance of Harold Stassen, who was then a county prosecuting attorney at South St. Paul.

Stassen had been at the top in campus politics at the University of Minnesota. He began, by second nature, to seek and take over leadership of the Young Republican movement in the state. The same instinct and training enabled the young attorney to get himself elected county prosecutor with no trouble.

Man of Convictions

More than two years before Stassen appeared as a possible candidate for state political office, Joe Ball told friends of his conviction that Stassen had an important political future. When an important conviction grows in Ball, it has deep rooting and it takes a major force to change it.

For instance, right up until election night in 1936 he insisted Governor Landon of Kansas would defeat President Roosevelt. He wouldn't admit he was wrong until the avalanche of Roosevelt votes roared in.

He maintained just as intense a conviction that Stassen was destined to go places politically. In 1938, Ball insisted that his young, redheaded friend from South St. Paul would be governor of Minnesota by a landslide. That time, he was right.

Since Stassen was elected governor, Ball has been closer to him than any other political writer, probably closer than any other political adviser. He helped on speeches, was consulted on programs and political strategy.

This isn't to say that the present junior senator from Minnesota made his reporter's job into a political propaganda mouthpiece. When he thought Stassen was wrong, he said so in the papers. Once or twice, Stassen replied sharply in public statements. Fundamentally, however, he had come to agree with the young governor on major policies and undertakings. Ball was as earnest in these beliefs as he was against them back in 1933.

When Senator Lundeen, the Farmer-Laborite, died in office, it was a major disaster to Governor Stassen's plans for his own political future. Lundeen's term was to end in 1942. It was no secret that the young governor, whose re-election this year was a certainty, intended to run against him for that Senate seat. What is more, the chances were excellent that Stassen would have won.

With the sudden necessity of an immediate appointment, a grave problem faced Stassen. Several courses were open to him. He might appoint some venerable and deserving Republican who would, by agreement, sit two years and then step aside for Stassen to run. This was the course most people expected him to take, but it would seriously hurt his chances in the 1940 election.

He could resign immediately, let the young lieutenant governor take over his office and then appoint him to the Senate. But this would have thrown the 1940 election into chaos. It also would probably nullify any chance of Stassen's going to the Senate in 1942.

Or he could appoint a good man whom he would support for election in 1942, and thereby give up his own chances of going to the Senate before 1946.

Stassen soon resolved the question. Without saying he was relinquishing his own hopes, he announced he would not send any "chairwarmer" to Washington, but a good man whom he will support in 1942. After six weeks of consultation and consideration, he announced the appointment of Joseph Hurst Ball.

"Wait, don't shoot—he may be tame!"

LEO GAREL

"He is a man," Governor Stassen said, "who has unusual ability in analyzing the deeper problems of government. He has fundamental and unquestioned integrity. He is not narrowly partisan in his views; his philosophy is forward-looking and sound. In his position, he has followed, studied and reported the action and conduct of your state government and the activities of all the political parties."

The first reaction of Ball's appointment was one of complete shock among Republican officials and workers in the state. Old heads in the party were angry. They knew Joe Ball and liked him, but he had never been a party worker. In his job, he couldn't be.

The old-timers, Republican hacks, have had more trouble swallowing Stassen and his "brash upstarts" than an ostrich would have with a whole watermelon. Time and again, "regulars" and "workers" and "the faithful" have been passed by when major appointments were handed out.

With a job as big as a senatorship at stake, Governor Stassen committed an unforgivable sin in the eyes of the strict party-liners by not giving it to one of their number. There are a lot of other Republican party members more sympathetic to Stassen who were just as incredulous, but they were not shocked. These will be content to sit back, watch what Senator Ball says and does, and act accordingly when he runs in 1942.

What the old-line Democrats and Farmer-Laborites in the state think about the appointment doesn't matter. They would be "agin" him in any event, just because he wears the Republican label.

The thing that will count most is the way that Ball, in a short two years, will impress tens of thousands of voters in Minnesota who have no party affiliation, or who vote Republican but never tie up with party activity. It must be admitted that a great many of these never heard of him at all.

What can all these citizens and ballot markers expect of their new junior senator? When he got to Washington, he wouldn't commit himself on political questions in any interviews beyond predicting that Mr. Willkie would carry Minnesota. That had been another of his deep convictions since he covered the Republican convention at Philadelphia.

In a radio address following his introduction by Governor Stassen, Ball gave the best index to his beliefs and probable policies. It was taken for granted he would cheer for the policies and program of his governor-mentor.

He did.

But he went further.

"We are aware of the ever-growing peril to this nation from the ruthless aggression of the totalitarian states," he said. "Only Britain, with her fleet and heroic air force, still stands as a barrier between us and whatever designs Hitler and his allies may have on this continent.

It is, therefore, to our own selfish interest, to say nothing of our responsibility to a great sister democracy in distress, to extend to Britain in this hour of crisis every aid possible. How far we can go in furnishing that aid without crippling our own defense is a question that I believe should be left to our own naval and military experts to decide.

"We in Minnesota pray God that this nation may remain at peace. It is our firm conviction that only the gravest threat to our national security would justify going to war. We want the defenses of this nation to be so strong as to be invulnerable—so strong that no combination of enemies would dare attack us. Our people are ready and willing to make whatever sacrifices are required of them by their government."

No Quibbling Here

This may sound like strong talk for voters of a state that was heavily isolationist two years ago. It isn't now. This kind of talk is right down the alley for the voters of German and Norwegian and Czech descent in Minnesota. They are a very sizable part of the whole electorate. They hate, above all other things, the idea of a Hitler-dominated world.

But young Senator Ball didn't end there. He stepped out on another question that is full of controversy.

"Events in Europe," he told his listeners, "have convinced us that in this terrific modern war the most vital link in any defense system is the air force. Without complete air superiority, even the Nazi juggernaut appears to be stalled. May I say now that at least during the present emergency I believe that one way to speed our air defense would be to create for it a new Cabinet department, on a par with the War and Navy departments."

On other domestic political questions he was less specific. He called for decentralization of defense industries. Like any other senator, he believes his home state ought to get a share of them. He wants the federal government to follow the lead of Governor Stassen in Minnesota and place all rank-and-file employees under civil service.

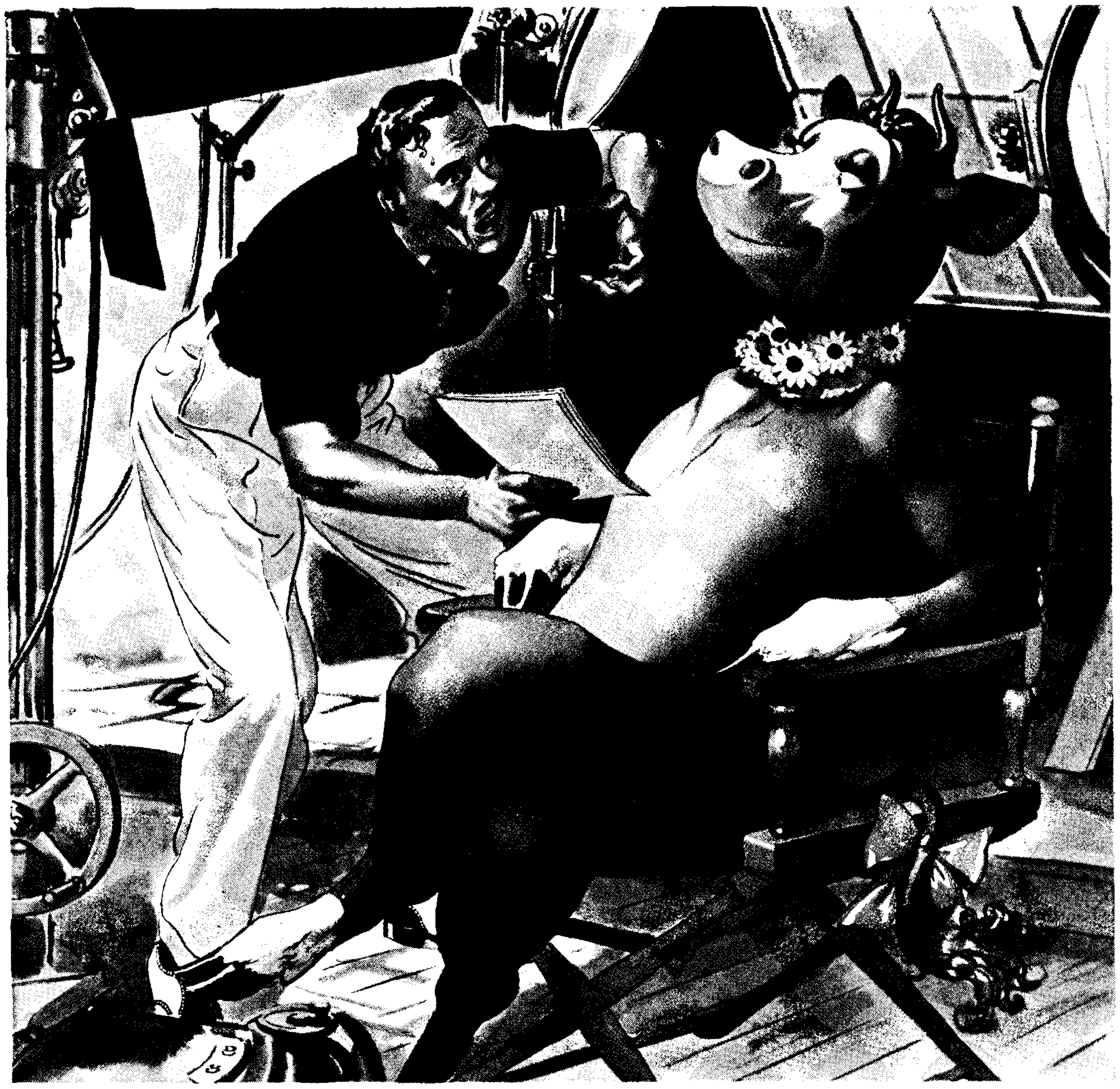
By a curious coincidence, Mr. and Mrs. Ball nearly lost their lives shortly before Senator Lundeen's death. They had attended the Democratic convention at Chicago, which he covered. It was Mrs. Ball's first trip after the birth of their third child. Homeward bound, the two were nearly killed in a head-on crash with a farmer's car on a Wisconsin highway.

So the new, young Republican Senator Ball limped when he walked to the well of the Senate chamber to take his oath of office. There will be no limp in the way he does his work in Washington.

Mr. Ball will bear no resemblance to Frank Capra's Mr. Smith in Washington except as to height. Days and nights on the farm up at Crookston, days and nights in industry, days and nights spent reporting spectacular or devious or just dull political affairs have provided anything but a boys' club background for Mr. Ball. He will be one of the hardest workers in Washington.

Youth will be serving in government of Minnesota citizens at Washington now, as well as in their own state. How well voters will continue to agree that youth must be served with high places won't be known for two years.

It won't be known until election night in 1942.



"You don't have to tell me about 'LITTLE MEN'!"

"BUT I'VE *GOT* TO," sputtered the Fourth Assistant Director to Elsie, the Borden Cow. "I've got to get you ready for 'Little Men'!"

"What nonsense," chuckled Elsie. "Borden care and Borden experts see to it that I'm *always* ready for little men, and little women, too—with the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* they need and deserve. In fact, my milk's so extra good it helps to make heaps of other extra good foods for men and women of all sizes."

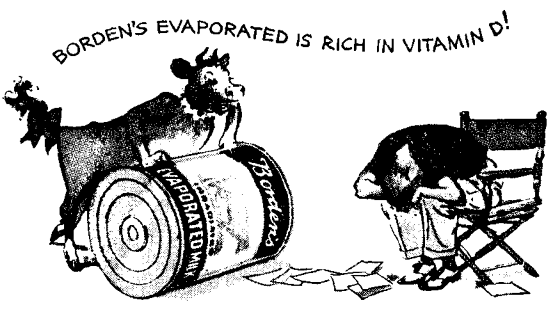
"I'm talking about our *picture,* Elsie—the movie we're making called 'Little Men'," cried the F. A. D., waving a script under Elsie's nose. "How can we get it made if you don't know your lines?"

"But I *do,*" mooed Elsie confidently. "Take the line of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* I know the whole score by heart—all tempting, flavorful, grand as can be, because they're made from my milk. Creamy, golden-crusted Liederkranz is just one noble example—the grand dessert cheese that's 100% American in origin."

CLAP HANDS FOR LIEDERKRANZ!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"That's not the kind of line that'll put your personality over," wailed the F. A. D. despairingly. "You've got to learn how to appeal to mothers and fathers—to young and old!"

"Then you can begin shooting right now," beamed Elsie. "The *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* I help produce not only contributes to such dinner-table hits as lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes—it's also approved by physicians for infant formulas because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D. And as for young and old . . ."


BORDEN'S EVAPORATED IS RICH IN VITAMIN D!
EVAPORATED
Borden's

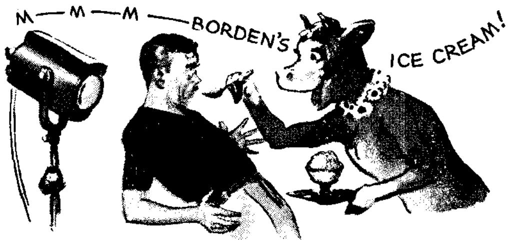
"You're making *me* old before my time," moaned the F. A. D., popping a handful of aspirin tablets into his mouth.

Elsie went on happily . . . "Young and old are fans from away back for the marvelous cake frostings and cookies and candies that are made like magic with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Goodness, you look as though *you* could use one of my biggest successes right now . . ."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!
MAGIC
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

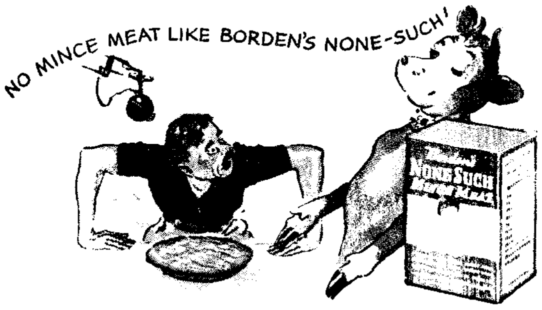
"What's that?" asked the hot, red-faced little man dazedly.

"Borden's Ice Cream," replied Elsie. "It's so cool, refreshing, utterly delightful. But there—I suppose I've been blowing my own horn a bit too much, haven't I?"


M—M—M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"I've sort of gotten the idea that you're responsible for everything good to eat that's ever been thought of," answered the F. A. D. rather vigorously.

"That's not quite true, then," explained Elsie good-naturedly. "My milk doesn't go into *Borden's None Such Mince Meat,* for instance. But None Such is deliciously spicy and good because of the same kind of Borden skill and care that has made all my products so fine. So you see now, don't you, why we really needn't worry about our movie, 'Little Men,' being a big hit?"


NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE-SUCH!
NONE SUCH

"Why?" gasped the F. A. D. weakly. "Why, Elsie?"

"When folks see that *I've* made it, they're bound to buy tickets just as fast as you can print them," said Elsie. "Because they've all learned . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good'!"*

* * *

See Elsie, the Borden Cow, herself in RKO's delightful new movie production of "Little Men" as soon as it comes to your theater. You'll enjoy seeing Elsie perform with such famous stars as Kay Francis, Jack Oakie, George Bancroft, and many others.

–if it's Borden's it's got to be good

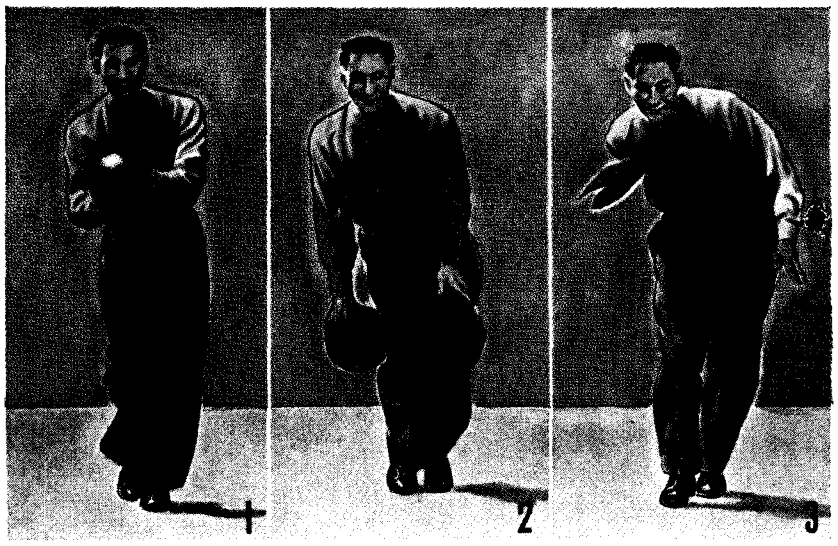
COPYRIGHT 1940 THE BORDEN COMPANY

JOE FALCARO,
Undefeated Match Record Holder, demonstrates the basic Four-Step Delivery.

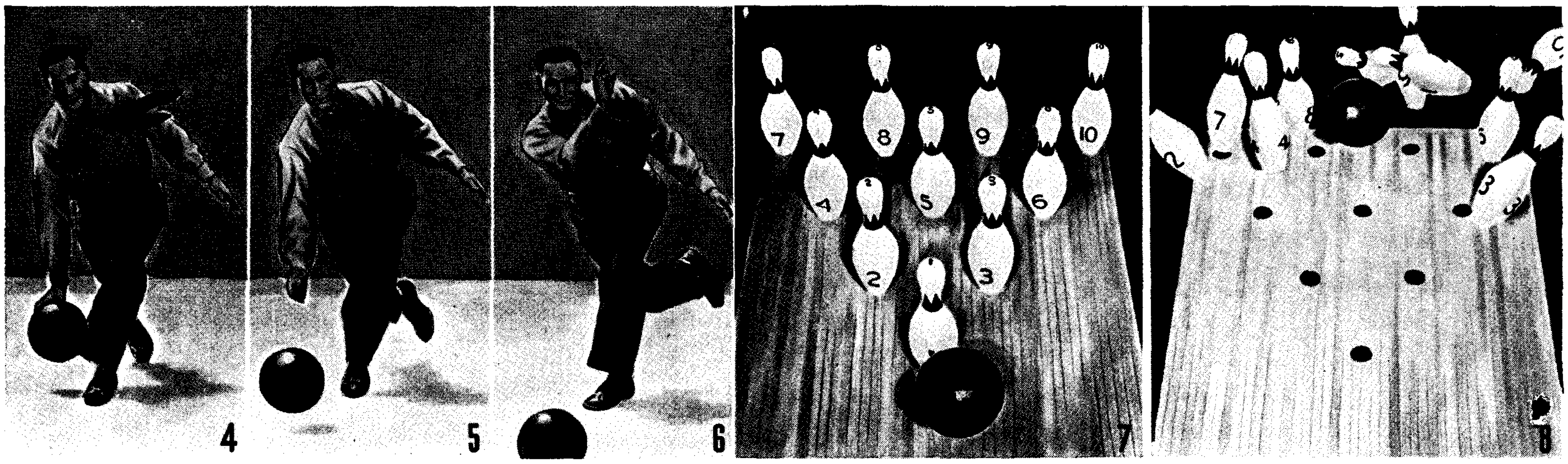
Here's how

AN EXPERT MAKES STRIKES

Described by Al Jones, Editor, Bowlers' Digest



Here's Joe Falcaro in action. 1. *First step* starts with the right foot; the ball, held in both hands, is pushed away from the body and toward the pins. **2.** *Second step*—ball swings backward in its natural arc, left arm moves out for balance; knees bend, body inclines forward. **3.** The ball, continuing its backswing, reaches the height of its arc at the end of the *third step.*



4. *Fourth step* commences and ball is brought down and forward—body and ball moving in harmony. **5.** Left foot slides toward foul line and ball is released; right foot crosses to anchor the slide. **6.** The follow through as the ball starts down the polished lane.

7. Here the perfectly-delivered ball reaches its goal, the pocket between No. 1 and No. 3 pin, touching off the fuse for (**8.**) the explosion of sound and action that says, "Perfect Strike!" The pins are all on the way down—good for you, Joe Falcaro!

BOWLING TIPS. Remember that proper direction is more important than speed. Select a ball that fits the hand without cramping or tightness. The beginner should walk, not run, to the foul line. Footwork is vital for real perfection—and above all, *be relaxed!*

Here's how

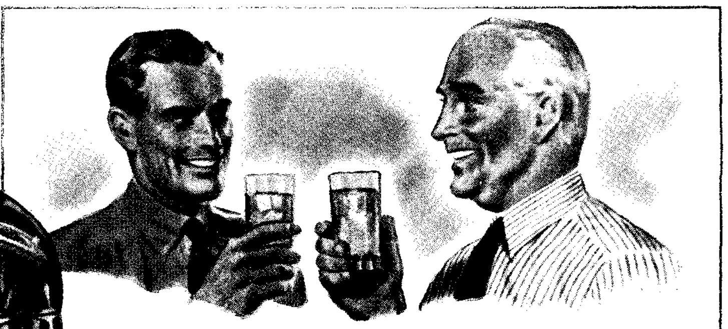
A GREAT WHISKEY MAKES FRIENDS

1. **It has a full flavor that's pleasingly light—right in line with today's taste preferences.**
2. **It has a rich aroma, a mellow character—it's enjoyable straight or in mixed drinks.**
3. **It has the advantage of finer ingredients and more than 83 years of distilling experience.**
4. **It comes to you at a common-sense price—one your budget takes right in its stride.**
5. **It is a whiskey that never misses—there's deep-down satisfaction whenever you say, set 'em up with . . .**

Seagram's 5 Crown

THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK

Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
NINETY PROOF
FULL QUART



"Win or lose, Jim, this Seagram's 5 Crown is right down the alley, eh?"

"Suits me every time—it's light and yet it's full-bodied! That's why I always call for Seagram's 5 Crown—at bar, package store, or restaurant."

"Well, a good match deserves a good drink, so . . ."

Here's how . . .

SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. Copyright 1940. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York.

The Finlander

Continued from page 10

is goin' again, Miss Juhola. Can I have this dance?"

She looked at her father and he nodded grudgingly.

Ordinarily there was no more enthusiastic dancer in the country than Young Danny Regan, but tonight, in spite of the jump of the accordion music and the leaping example of the crowd around him, he went lightly and easily as though he had something fragile in the crook of his arm. It was, in a manner of speaking, one way of telling her what was in him. But she danced without pleasure, one hand pushing stiff at his shoulder. "What's the matter?" he said. "Did I outfigure my welcome?"

"You come yust to make fool of me."

"No," he said. "I'm in love with you, you beautiful ninny. D'ye think I'd stick my head into this place alone if I wasn't completely crazy?"

She turned her face up to him.

"It yust make trooble."

"Get used to it, darlin'," he said. "You'll see me in plenty of trouble after we're married."

"Married!" she said, and stopped dead still on the floor.

The music stopped then, and they started toward the corner where the Juholas sat in dignity; but part way across the floor her brother laid his hand on Danny's arm. "Better you go now," he said.

"I'll go," said Danny distinctly, "when I get damn' good'n ready."

The big Finn said calmly, "Better you don't make-it trooble."

"Plees," the girl said. "Go now."

Young Danny looked from one to the other. "All right. But, first, where do you live?"

"I tell you," Toivo said. "Come on."

THE Juholas lived on Buckskin Lake, ten miles from Camp Two. The first couple of Sundays, Young Danny stood in the creek behind the bunkhouse, stark naked, and washed all over; which was no easy task with the mornings as sharp as they were and the ribald and disapproving spectators he had. Each man of the crew, even down to the bull-cook, had some scornful comment on that prim-willy practice of excessive bathing.

Each man, that is, but the walking-boss, Roarin' Danny. On his regular visits he was louder, more paternal, more jovial than ever his son remembered him. But he said no word until Young Danny had become satisfied with shaving and washing his face. "I'm glad ye're comin' to your senses," he said then. "That washin' with soap in cold water like that stiffens a man up, takes the oil outa him. Maybe now you'll stay in camp Sundays and get some rest."

"I'm usin' Juhola's sauna," Young Danny told him, and his father said, "Aaagh!" as though he had taken vinegar for whisky, and walked away.

That first afternoon at Juhola's had been bad. The house was in a grove of white birch on the high bank of the lake. And Young Danny was met at the gate by a little white beast of a Spitz dog that wouldn't hide its teeth nor hush its snarls for command or threat, but kept sneaking around to his rear for a chance at a hunk of leg, until Auni came out and chided it in Finnish.

And then she pretended great surprise, and came walking toward him through the flooded sunlight in the yard.

He said, watching her, "Now I know why God made the sky that color blue. He must have had that dress in mind."

"Oh, t'iss!" She sniffed and smoothed the dress scornfully. "T'iss ol' t'ing. If only I knew somebody coming . . ."

He chuckled and squinted significantly at the ribbon in her carefully piled hair, at the fresh starchiness of her dress, and then immediately she said, "Come in, an' sit down, plees."

In the scrubbed kitchen, she gave him strong coffee and sweet cake, and he ate it carefully, and directed appreciation and thanks at the round little woman who sat in silence at the rug loom in the corner. She looked at him and blinked her eyes and said no word.

When the family spoke to one another they spoke in Finnish, and Young Danny sat with his hat under his chair and an itch along his spine and wondered what in hell they were saying about him.

The old gentleman spoke as though from a distance, keeping an English conversation in slow and tortuous life. Young Danny listened politely.

"Th' wife wants to go to the South Pole for the winter" JAY IRVING

The old man said that Toivo was up at Camp Six, and then he went on to speak of logging. Young Danny grinned at him, for though the Finns were good enough men in the woods, they had funny, left-handed ways of doing things.

"First t'e pine," the old man said, "an' t'en t'e hardtwoodt. T'en t'e fire t'rough t'e slash-ings. T'en w'at you got? Desert! T'e water dries up. The gov'ment s'ould do somet'ing."

Young Danny chuckled. "The gov'ment's got too long a nose right now. Where did you ever get them ideas?"

"W'en I was young," the bearded man said, "I 'tudy forestry in Chermany."

Young Danny was almost shocked, for he had the Irishman's inordinate respect for education. He tucked the information away for his father.

The mother spoke with an apologetic air to the girl, and the father answered, while Danny looked from one to the other. Auni rose and said, "I go get cows."

"I'll give you a hand."

WITH eagerness and great relief, he made his thanks and goodbyes; and the two of them went after the cows along the path that followed the shore ridge, through the hardwoods, wildly colored with the dying passion of fall.

They found the cows and started them homeward before he stopped her with a touch. "Wait," he said, and looked down at her, one hand on her arm. "I'm talkin' serious." He hesitated, looking for words. "This is like nothin' in the world, an' I've got to try and tell you. It's like I just found out there's some part of me missin', an' you're it. It ain't that I just want a wife to cook for me an' be there, or kids, or anything, though that's part of it, too—it's just that—oh, hell, I. . . . D'ye know what I mean?"

She nodded seriously. "Yes. I love you, too."

His eyes smiled, but his face didn't change. "I know." He felt her trembling under his hand. "Don't shake," he said. "I'm Young Danny Regan, but I love you like hell, an' I can't grab at you. Everything's got to be—nice. It's got to be accordin' to Hoyle. So I'm not goin' to kiss you till you tell me I can."

"I know," she said. "You can kiss me."

It was so much as he had thought it would be that he was surprised; and yet it was so different. She came to him—soft, eager, strong—yet awkward, touchingly awkward. She kissed him with her eyes squeezed tight, as though she were trying to give him the whole cool depths of her.

He straightened and put one hand between her shoulders, and she leaned back against it, looking up at him.

"You thought about kissing me, didn't you?"

She nodded. "Since t'at afternoon."

"Let's keep it that way," he said. "Don't ever let it change. Don't ever kiss me with half your heart or your mind on something else. And I'll never kiss you so that I could ever think about it when anybody else was around."

Each Sunday after that, he had the warm and tantalizing hours near her in the house, and those few moments when they had started the cows toward home, moments that were complete in themselves, yet deep and warm only with promise.

And when the snow came, and the cows stayed in the barn, she walked to the gate with him. He stayed till after dark, walking back to camp by moon or lantern light in order that they might have those few moments alone at the gate in the dark. If the Juholas didn't exactly treat him as a member of the family, at least their reserve was gradually melting away.

Even Roarin' Danny showed a crack in his disapproval. Very casually, one day, Young Danny told him of Juhola's education in Germany, and the walking-boss was shocked and impressed—even more than his son had been. "Who'd 'a' thought it! But mind you, now, Danny, a Finlander's a Finlander. I don't care if he come from Dublin."

Young Danny laughed. He laughed at everything those days.

And then suddenly everything smashed, and he was left with a dead heart and curses that were weak in his mouth.

One noon hour in the middle of the week, when each of the crew had been started off with a full plate of beans and a mug of tea, the cook himself came over to where Danny was sitting on the rack of a sleigh. "Heard this mornin' that Roarin' Danny got his clock cleaned last night."

"How many?"

"One man."

"Where?"

"Camp Six."

"Hurt bad?"

"Naw. Battered to hell an' gone, but his pride's hurt more'n he is."

"Thanks, Doc. Don't tell the boys just yet."

"That's all right. Just thought you'd wanta know."

Young Danny finished his meal slowly, washed his plate and cup in the snow, and walked down the skid road toward camp.

It was a good sixteen miles to Camp Six, and it was dark when he got there.

HE KICKED open the door of the squatty log bunkhouse and stepped into the thick atmosphere of the room, heavy and wet with the smell of men and their drying clothes. Carefully, he kicked the snow from his boots, and then he faced the room.

"Which one of you licked Roarin' Danny yesterday?" he asked, and took off his mackinaw and shirt.

The men were sitting on the benches before the solid banks of the muzzle-loading bunks on either side of the room; not a one of them said a word, but they all inched forward in anticipation, their teeth showing in the misshapen shadows cast by the kerosene ceiling lamp.

Every eye turned toward the center of the room where a man crawled out of his bunk, feet first, and without fuss or bother reached under the bench for his boots. Wool socks are slippery footing in a fight.

His boots on, Toivo Juhola gave a hoist at his belt and came down the room, his shoulders swinging in that cat-like walk of his.

It was a grand fight. Big, healthy men, both, they bled like a couple of bucks. And yet, it was the kind of a fight that a man wouldn't be ashamed to have his mother see him in. They fought fiercely, yet as clean as though they were brothers who hated each other only in partial madness and were fearful of doing a moral hurt. They used their fists and their arms and their legs, the strength that God gave them, and the skill that is a man's right. But there were no tricks; no gouging, no butting, no knees in the groin.

And when it was over, Young Danny left Toivo lying on the floor of the bunkhouse and went into the cook shanty where he cleaned himself as best he could.

The fat, wide-eyed cook said, "Didja hit 'im the jaw, Danny?"

"In the jaw?" Danny said wearily. "A dozen times, at least. I almost broke my fist on his jaw."

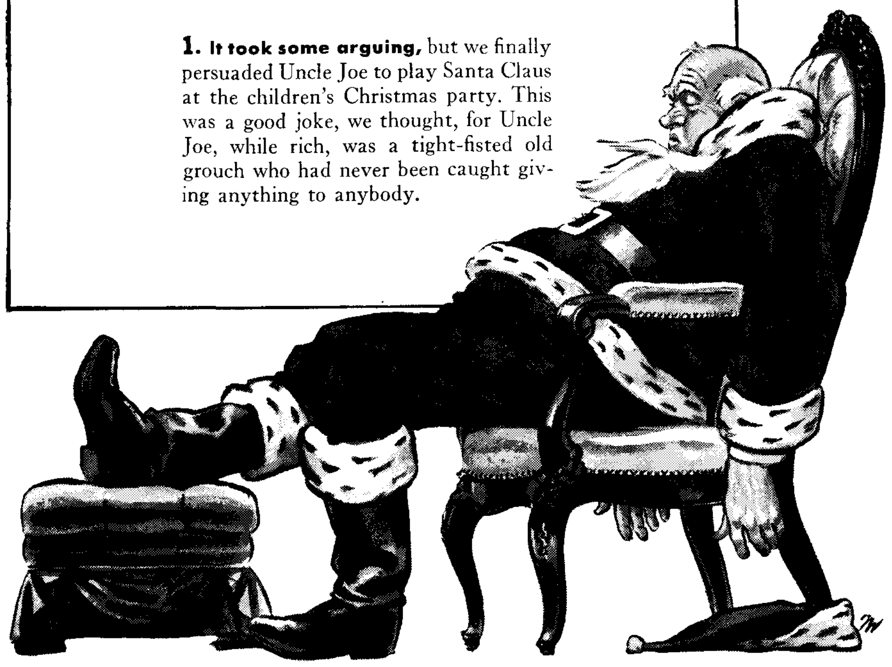
"Didja put 'im away on the jaw?"

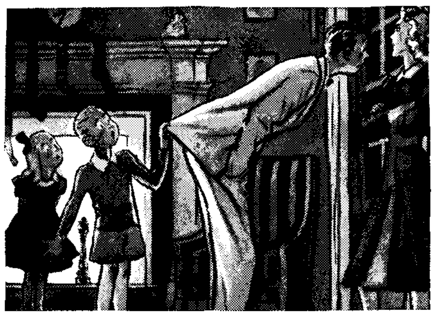
"It was the heart," Danny said. "I hammered his heart till I thought my own would break."

"Too bad it wasn't the jaw. He's got a strong jaw, Toivo has. It'd 'a' been a credit to ye. He lets men take punches

"And there sat Santa Claus
...fast asleep!"

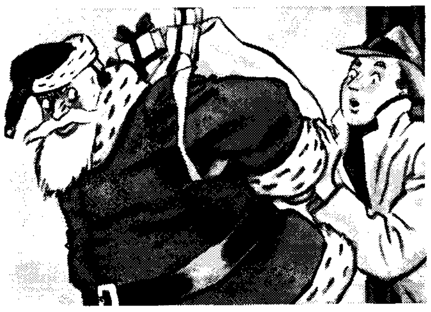
1. It took some arguing, but we finally persuaded Uncle Joe to play Santa Claus at the children's Christmas party. This was a good joke, we thought, for Uncle Joe, while rich, was a tight-fisted old grouch who had never been caught giving anything to anybody.





2. We got him a Santa Claus suit, and gave him the children's toys. He promised to show up at our house around 8 o'clock Christmas Eve. Came 8 o'clock, and no sign of Santa Claus. Came 8:30, and still no Santa Claus!

3. I hustled around to Uncle Joe's and found him sound asleep in a chair. When I shook him awake, he was all apologies. "Drank coffee at dinner last night," he explained, adjusting his false whiskers. "Didn't sleep a wink!"



4. "Tired and sleepy all day!" he grumbled. "Finally went to sleep in my chair. Shouldn't touch coffee, but often I can't resist!" "Try Sanka Coffee," I urged. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!"

5. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' " "They ought to know!" said Uncle Joe. "I'll try it!"

6. After his Santa Claus act, we served him Sanka Coffee. "Delicious!" said Uncle Joe. "Hope I sleep!" Of course, he *did*...and Christmas Day he bounced in, yelling "Merry Christmas!", and handing out checks that made him a *real* Santa Claus!

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at it for five dollars. He's got no nerves in his jaw, Toivo hasn't."

"He's a man," Young Danny said. "And shut up."

He went back to Camp Two on a log train the next morning, and found his father waiting for him with his beefy face all raw and swollen. "How'd you come out?"

"I licked him."

"You dirty young pup! You bigheaded imp of Satan! I'm still walkin'-boss here, an' next time keep yer fist outa what's none of yer business. It was a fluke. I'll beat the head off'n him soon's I get patched up a bit."

"Stay away from him," his son said. "You're not fast enough for him. You were raw-hidin' him in the first place."

He pushed past his father to the bunkhouse, and Roarin' Danny looked after him with rage in one eye and pride in the other.

THE lad was sick and scared. Scared weak as snow water. And when Auni, her eyes full of tears, met him at the gate the next Sunday, it was only confirmation of his guesses.

"Better you don't come," she said.

"Toivo?"

She nodded without looking at him.

"I wondered if that wouldn't be the way of it."

"Why did you do it, Dannee? To my brudder?"

"I didn't know till I got there, Auni, but it wouldn't have made any difference. It's just one of them things a man has to do."

"Better you go now."

"Wait a minute."

Toivo was coming up the hill from the house, and Danny's eyes were ice-veiled as he watched him come. Toivo's face still bore the marks of the fight, but it was impassive still. He said to his sister in English, "Fadder wants you."

"So?" said Danny. "An' who d'ye think you are?"

"No!" Auni slapped her mittened hand on top of his and so held the gate wire in place. "Don't fight."

"You tell your father," Danny said, his eyes snarling over her head, "that Auni an' I are gonna be married. Now, get outa here. She'll be in in a minute."

Toivo stood for a long moment, and then he turned down the hill without speaking.

Danny waited until the brother had turned the corner of the barn. Then he said, "Look, darlin'—no, look at me, I say. Next Sunday, meet me here or up the road. I'll have a handcar on the tracks. I'll take you into town, an' you'll stay with my mother until we get married."

"Oh, Dannee, we can't."

"If you're not here, I'll go in an' pull you outa the kitchen."

"I'll be at t'e curve."

He smiled then, crookedly, for one corner of his mouth was badly crushed. "You're scared, but you're happy, too, ain't you?"

"Yes, Dannee." She laid two hands on his on the top rail, kissed him quickly on tiptoe across the gate, and then turned and ran.

The days following were each six months long until the stabbing cold morning he took Roarin' Danny's handcar and pumped off down the track, with the wind piling up ahead of him till it was like a semisolid wall of brittle, glassy knives.

He pulled the handcar off the track at the crossing, and started up the road, without joy or zest, only a great sickness, a great fear and a hope that she would find enough in him to make up for the things she'd be giving up.

Jangling sleigh bells pulled his head up. A horse came down the road, throwing its forefeet out in front of its chest, tossing its head in impatience at the tight line. The cutter drew up beside him, and Auni looked around her brother's big shoulder, her eyes wide in fear, or regret, or question.

Danny said slowly, "Get out. Get out, and I'll kill you." His neck sank into his shoulders and his arms bowed out from his body. "Hide your head, Auni."

Toivo said, "Handcar too coldt. I borrow Henry Lehto's horse. Not so fast t'an handcar, but more warm."

Young Danny heard him and waited for a moment while the words went into his mind. "I don't get it," he said. "You busted us up."

"No. My fadder. He's ol' country. He t'inks only low-class people fight wit' fists. But I fix. You go now; I bring handcar back."

And so they drove into town behind the trotting horse with the little bells jumping along ahead of them. She was quiet beside him, sitting close, her hands in her lap under the robe, confident and unregretful.

"Darlin'," he said, "we won't see my father, but don't let that bother you, will you?"

"It will be all right."

"I love you," he said, and sat straighter; he was too full to say more. And he could think of nothing else to say until they got home.

His mother was in the kitchen. They stood together for a moment, in the doorway, then Danny said, "Darlin'," he said, "this is Auni," and handed the girl into the room.

Molly smiled, then. "Oh, you pretty thing," she said. "You must be frozen."

With anger stirring in his chest he watched his mother help Auni off with her wraps, seeing the tightness of her shoulders, and reading there a deliberate lack of warmth. And then the two of them faced each other, and he saw the tears on his mother's cheeks and the vagueness at the edges of her smile; he heard Auni's breath catch somewhere behind her teeth, and then the two of them were together. And then, through the window, he saw his father hurrying up from the railroad tracks beyond the house.

He went out of the door with anger writhing inside him, the anger a man feels toward pain he can no longer stand. He barred his father's path at the gate. "You'll stay outa there," he said.

ROARIN' DANNY swelled his chest and put his hands on his hips. "Are you ashamed of her, then, that yer own father can't see her?"

"You want to see no daughter of yours with yellow blood in her," his son reminded him.

"Watch that big mouth of yours! There's no yellow blood in that family, lemme tell you. That brother of hers is all man. Let me through, boy. I was wrong, an' now I want to see her. I licked her brother this mornin' but don't tell him."

Young Danny rubbed at his chin. Life was no longer a simple thing, and he understood nothing. "You what?"

"Sure! There was no foot-slippin' this time. I laid him out with a short left. Not a right, mind you, a left. An' then when he come to, an' we'd shuck hands, he told me what you two was up to, so I took the handcar he brung an' come down."

"Wait a minute. Where'd you hit him?"

"Let me through. What difference does it make? On the jaw, if you must know. Right on the point of the jaw. An' now, will you let me through or must I give you some of the same? Where is she? With your mother? Danny boy, go see that the big Bible an' the History of the Irish Nation is on the table in the front room. The old gentleman's a scholar, I hear, an' the boy's gone to bring him down."

The Drifter

Continued from page 19

Keene again. He wished to make that clear. "I want to thaw out."

Cleve said: "Ride behind Joe."

Keene tried to lift a leg to the stirrup. He said: "I guess I've taken on weight." Stewart got a shoulder against him. Joe Spackman caught him by the arm. Keene rolled heavily as he rose; he took young Joe around the ribs with his hands.

Other homesteaders had drifted in. Stewart called: "Don't waste any time gettin' there, Joe."

KEENE felt motion vaguely as the horse moved across the valley. They struck timber, young Joe calling back: "Where's that house?" Stewart rode ahead to lead the way. They came against the side of the barn and circled it and rode through the broken doorway.

Keene sat on the horse's rump, unable to move and not concerned about it. He had his full weight on young Joe. Sleep was a soft, bottomless hole into which he sank without resistance. From a distance he heard Stewart rapidly say:

"Get a fire going. Do it quick. Come on, Comrie. We'll get him down. We'll get his clothes off and slap hell out of him. The man's half way turned to marble."

Morspeare heard a call in the Broken Bit yard and walked to the doorway of the barn. Snap and Len Teal rode through the snowfall into the barn.

Snap said: "Where's that Chinaman? I want some coffee."

"Chinaman's gone. Dig out the stove and light your own fire. What the hell you think I am? Grat comin'—Red John comin'? Where's everybody?"

Neither man left the saddle. Snap pushed a hand heavily across a scarred cheek; he had been bleeding at the nose, he had lost a front tooth. He said to Len Teal: "I hate to buck this weather again. Can't stop at Crews'—not now. Or Stewart's. Nor any of the homesteaders. Forty miles to town, Len. Hell of a long ways."

"Better start," said Teal. "They'll be comin' this way."

"Who's comin'?" asked Morspeare.

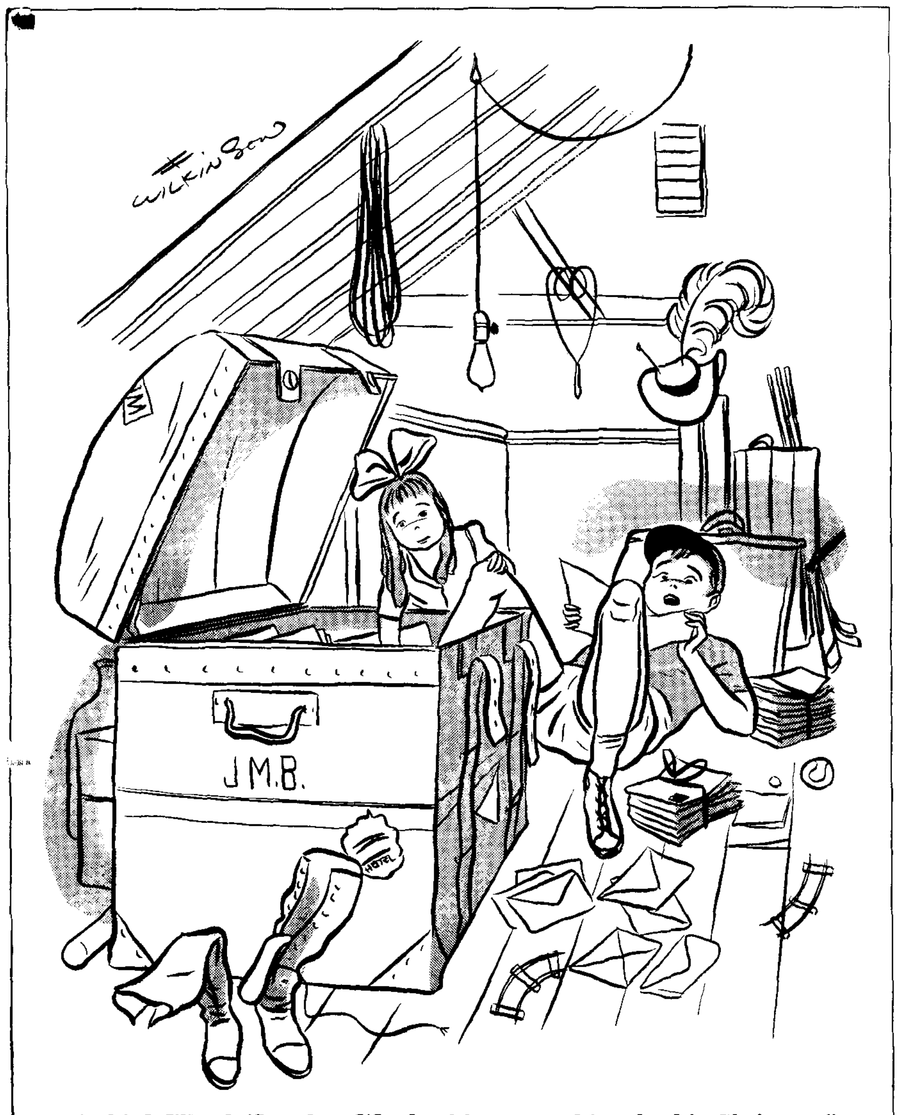
"I got some blankets over in the straw," said Teal.

"Let 'em alone," answered Snap. "We can buy fresh blankets at the next ranch we work for. Which will be a hell of a long ways from here. I don't want no more of this country. Gives me the shakes to think about it."

"Well," said Teal, "let's go." He looked down at the massive, slow-witted Morspeare. "You better get out of here. Them homesteaders will be up here pretty soon. Grat got killed by Keene. Better go."

They rode into the weather, leaving big Jesse alone. He watched them vanish, not yet fully understanding what they had told him. He said: "How could Grat get killed?" He turned it over and over in his mind; it was impossible to think of Grat being dead—it left a hole in the big man. It made him lonely, it destroyed the only solid thing he had ever known.

He stood in the doorway, scowling at the snow, painfully piecing together the scraps of information; and when he had the story gathered in his head he turned



"I think I'll ask 'Snooksy-Wooksy' for a new bicycle this Christmas"

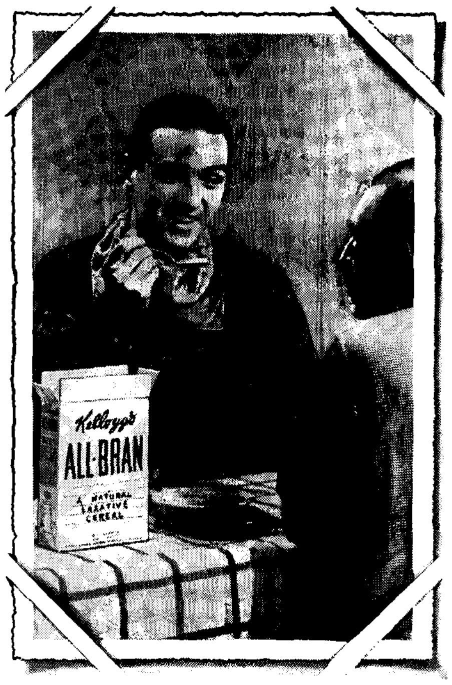
FRITZ WILKINSON

Story of the Girl and the Cowboy

THE GIRL: Come on, Cowboy! Let's take a ride.

THE COWBOY: Miss, I got troubles that are taking *me* for a ride!

OLD JOE: So you pass up the prettiest filly on the place! What business has a cowboy with constipation? You don't eat right! Bet you don't get enough bulk! KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast might make you right as rain.



THE COWBOY: So this is ALL-BRAN! Mmm! It shore beats those cathartics!

OLD JOE: Right! For ALL-BRAN gets at the *cause* of your trouble. Eat it every day and drink plenty of water.

THE GIRL: (sometime later) So you won the rodeo prize today. You certainly are a regular fellow!

THE COWBOY: (to himself) Guess I got Joe to thank for that "regular" part.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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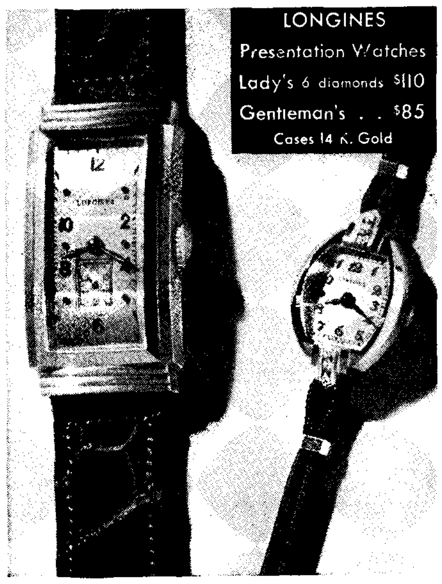


back into the barn and saddled his horse. Sitting up on the leather he looked around him; and then got down and walked over to a clean stall where Grat kept his belongings. Grat had left a brier pipe on a box. Morspeare took the pipe and held it in his enormous palm. He brought the back of the other hand up across his nose, sniveling like a boy. Afterward he put the pipe in his pocket, returned to the horse and left Broken Bit.

"Grat," he said into the stormy, blank day, "I'll fix that for you. You was a better man than him. I'll fix it for you. Don't doubt that."

ALL the homestead men had come into Bowley's barn and now stood close by the fire built from hay and scrap boards. Wrapped in a saddle blanket, Keene waited for his clothes to dry. Heat began to penetrate his muscles and loosen them; heat traveled into him, thawing out distant recesses. Before they had let him come near the fire they had pounded circulation painfully back into his legs and face and that necessary punishment had left its aches. He was hollow with hunger but life began to run through him—he was whole again.

"So he shot himself," said Cleve, explaining Red John.

Steam rose from Keene's drying clothes. Everybody crowded around the fire.

Comrie said: "We better go up to Broken Bit."

"You'll find nobody there," said Keene.

"Just the same," said Comrie, "we better go. It is a dirty chore better finished for good. I don't want to do this again."

"Once in one lifetime is enough," agreed the elder Spackman. Then he looked at Keene and closed his mouth, as though he might have said something to offend Keene.

"Yes," Keene said, "once is enough. I hope you never have to do it again."

"You think we might have to do it again?" asked the elder Spackman.

"No," said Keene. "DePard's dead."

"There's his crew."

Keene spoke out of his experience—the kind of an experience none of them had, the kind he hoped they'd never have; for the reaction was on him, too, and he saw himself in that unlovely light that always came to him when riding was done. "They'll scatter," he said. "In a thing like this there's always a kingpin. When he's gone everything falls apart. There won't be any Broken Bit any more."

"You know what I'm going to do?" said Kilrain. "I'm going to give up my quarter section and move across the ford to the valley. That's the place."

"Out of Egypt," murmured Keene, "to the promised land. Ten years from now that valley will be fences and houses, with trees growing up. It will be a pretty sight. I'd like to ride back some day and see it."

"You're not staying here?" asked Cleve, showing astonishment.

"Me?" said Keene. "What would I be doing with a home? I guess those clothes are dry enough."

HE DROPPED the blanket to show a long, red cut from left hip to knee, the mark of his fall from the rope in the canyon. He got into his clothes.

Comrie said: "I think we better ride up to Broken Bit just the same."

"All right," said Spackman, though not liking the thought. Then he said to Keene: "Any time you pass my house, now and twenty years from now, there's a chair at the table."

"Why," said Comrie, "that is the least any of us can say."

The homesteaders moved to the barn doorway. Comrie turned back. "I am not a man to harbor sinful thoughts. Those men—out there dead in the valley—they need a Christian burial. We will wait until the storm breaks and come back for them."

Kilrain mused: "Him that was so proud—the DePard, I mean—him that walked the earth and made the ground shake, 'tis hard to think of him cold clay. Wantin' a little less, he could have had the sweetness of his days and looked upon his cattle in content. Wantin' too much, it is nothin' now he's got."

"A man," reflected Keene softly, "is what he is. It is written in the book."

They were thoughtful and attentive but they didn't know what was in his head; they didn't really understand. He smiled, saying, "I'm hungry," and moved to the horse they had found for him in the storm; it was the same horse, it was Morspeare's. He rode uptrail with the group and came to the crest of the ridge. They turned south toward Broken Bit. At the Crews' turnoff Keene pulled out, Cleve joining him. The homesteaders stopped, looking at him; and Comrie rode back. He said: "You're leaving soon?"

"I expect."

"Well," said Comrie, "it will not be quite the same here," and put out his hand.

Keene shook it. He said to all of them, "So long," and moved down the Crews' trail with Cleve. A dog charged across the Crews' yard, loudly sounding. A man appeared through the driving snow.

"All over," Stewart told him.

Portia met them at the door. It was Cleve—always the reflective man—who saw the break of feeling in Portia's eyes as she looked at Keene. She said in an unsteady voice: "You're hungry, aren't you?" and turned toward the kitchen.

Keene called after her: "Where's Aurora?"

She swung about, the brightness of her eyes dying, the points of her shoulders dropping. She said: "She went back to the store."

They had a meal; they returned to the front room. Keene stood at the window, looking into the snow. Now that there was nothing more to be done, he was at loose ends, he was tired and he was restless. That, he remembered, was the way it always was. He said: "I'll be riding."

"To the store?" asked Portia.

"I'll stop there on the way to town."

Cleve Stewart stood in a far corner of the room, forgotten by both of them. Portia came before Keene. She watched him for a long, deep-searching moment; she read him and, because she loved him, she knew him. "You're going, aren't you? You're riding out as you rode in?"

"I suppose."

"Are you sure there's nothing here you'll regret leaving?"

He lifted his shoulders and made that do for an answer.

She said: "If it isn't here, Jim, you'll never find it anywhere."

"I think," he said, "you're right about that."

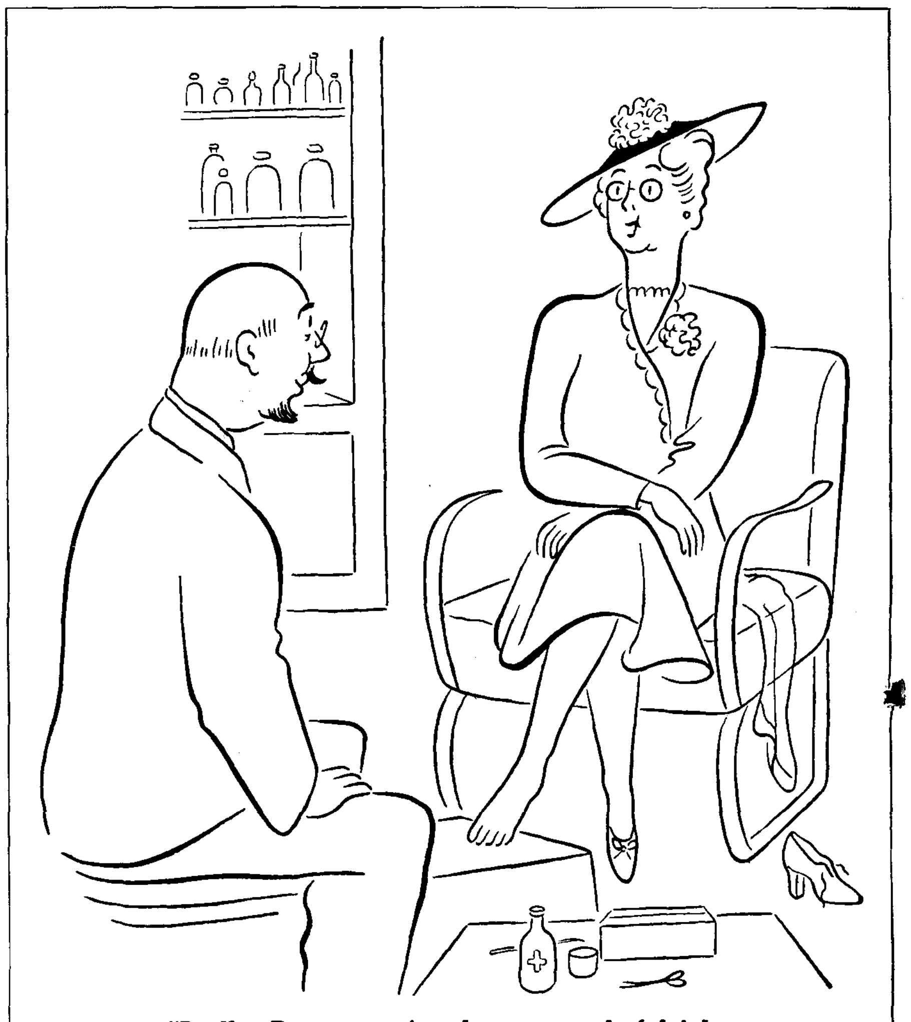
HE TURNED to her with an expression half ironic and half regretful. It seemed his most characteristic attitude—somehow knowing himself for what he was, yet always touched by further hope. He gave her a straight glance, he really looked at her with a full and undivided attention. "So long," he said.

"So long, Jim."

He glanced across the room. "Thanks, Cleve. Thanks a lot."

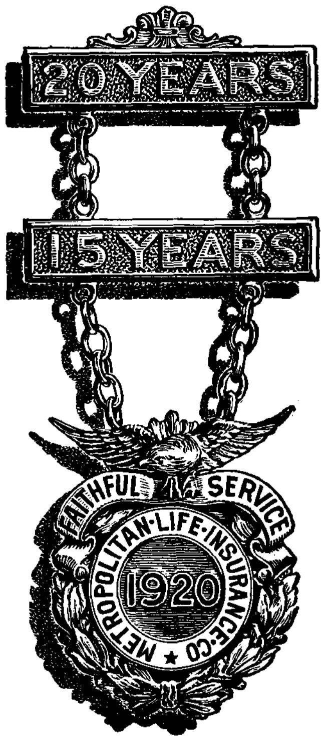
"Sure," said Cleve.

Keene left the room, stepped to his saddle and turned from the house. In the space of five yards he had vanished behind the storm. Standing at the window, her cheek touching the cold glass and her eyes straining at the spot she had last seen him, Portia spoke in a dying voice: "How quick everythin



"Really, Doctor, you've done a wonderful job. I never know now when it's going to rain"

A. JOHN KAUNUS



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Today, more than 1,500 active Metropolitan Life Insurance Company field-men are proud possessors of this badge.

Over 7,000 members of the field organization have been in the business from 5 to 10 years; more than 3,800 enjoy 10 to 15 years of experience; and over 1,800 from 15 to 20 years. Fewer than one out of every eight field-men have served Metropolitan policyholders less than two years.

These years of continued service have an important bearing on the quality of advice and help which policyholders receive from Metropolitan representatives in the United States and Canada.

All field-men receive preliminary life insurance instruction before they begin their work of serving policyholders. Thousands of field-men regularly receive further instruction in the many courses conducted by the Company throughout the country.

During 1939, some 567 managers and assistant managers attended special courses; another 1,198 assistant managers received training in the field from the Company's full-time staff of 94 field training instructors. Also, 739 agents, assistant managers, and managers were studying for their "Chartered Life Underwriter" degree. This is awarded only to those who complete specified studies in the application of life insurance to individual needs and in such technical phases of life insurance as its relationship to problems of taxation and inheritance. Additional thousands of field-men received instruction in other educational projects maintained by the Company—all with a view to assuring policyholders the utmost benefit from their life insurance.

Thus does the Metropolitan agent, with the co-operation of the Company, strive constantly to increase his knowledge and to keep abreast of the times.

The services the agent renders are many and varied. Helping the policyholder select the kind of insurance best suited to his needs and delivering the policy are only the beginning of a long series of services.

Many policyholders pay their premiums weekly, or monthly, and the field-man collects them.

When necessary, agents adjust insurance plans to new personal or family situations. Policies are checked to make sure that desired beneficiaries or contingent beneficiaries are properly named. Dividends are paid or credited.

When the death of a policyholder occurs, the agent often helps to prepare the claim papers and to get the check promptly to the beneficiary. Death claims were paid on an average of over 7,000 policies per week in 1939.

In addition, every week in 1939, more than 75,000 so-called transfers took place—occasioned by change of address or similar causes. In nearly every case some agent served the policyholder. In almost 7,600 communities where Metropolitan nursing service is available to Industrial policyholders, it is usually the agent who brings word of the policyholder's need for it.

If you need assistance with any problems connected with your life insurance, call in your Metropolitan agent. He will gladly consult with you, and help prepare and file necessary papers. There is no reason for paying anyone to perform these, or similar, services. As a Metropolitan policyholder, you are entitled to the free advice of your agent.

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This is Number 32 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Pepsodent Tooth Powder
Pepsodent Irium for greater cleansing power
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Pepsodent Irium for greater cleansing power

Like Beauty in a Fog...

Until IRIUM Chases Surface-Stains from Teeth!

Of all Tooth Pastes and Tooth Powders

ONLY PEPSODENT HAS IRIUM—

to give teeth natural brilliance!

Want teeth to sparkle and gleam with all their full natural radiance . . . Insist on IRIUM! *And that means Pepsodent*, whether you prefer a tooth paste or a tooth powder! Because of all tooth pastes and tooth powders, only Pepsodent contains Irium . . . the patented, more effective cleansing agent. So take your choice . . . Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder. You get the wonderful results of Irium with either.

What *form* you choose doesn't matter. What *brand* you choose makes the big difference! It's what's *in* a dentifrice that makes it work! Doesn't that make sense?

That's why Pepsodent should be your choice. That's why thousands upon thousands are using Pepsodent every day. Pepsodent gives you the Plus Value of Irium. That's why, too, Pepsodent with Irium has been pronounced Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association . . . further assurance that you get the effectiveness, the cleansing power, to safely remove Surface-Stains that hide the true brilliance of your teeth. Get Pepsodent today. Your reward will be the brighter, cheerier smile you've always wanted.

BOTH CONTAIN IRIUM . . .

Known to Dentists as Purified Alkyl Sulfate

happens. How short the best things always are."

Cleve Stewart came across the room. He took her shoulder and pulled her around. She dropped her head to conceal her face; he put a finger beneath her chin and lifted it and discovered the glitter of tears in her eyes.

"Did he see that, Portia?"

"No," she said. "I waited until the door was closed, Cleve."

"I'm awfully sorry." He tried to smile. "How long since he came here? A week—a month? And the whole damned country's changed. Mighty queer."

"You've changed, too, Cleve. You know, I never used to like you. I guess you hid what you really were."

"Why," he said, "I guess I've grown up."

"That's a hard thing to do."

"Everything worth doing is hard."

She gave him a prolonged, interested appraisal. "Aren't you going down to Aurora's?"

She wished she hadn't said it, for she recognized the quick passage of hurt in his eyes, the rise of an old feeling and its dampening. "No, not tonight, Portia." He turned away. "When I was a youngster and came in wet and bruised my mother used to put me by the fire and make up a dish of popcorn. Funny how a childhood memory sticks. Whenever I feel tough I think of that."

"I'll make you some popcorn, Cleve."

IT WAS middle afternoon when Jim lifted the outline of Aurora's store and cabin through the storm and saw the light shining from the window. He shouted into the wind to announce himself; the door opened at once and he saw Aurora brace herself against the sudden rush of wind, her clothes pressed tight around her body. Her lips moved, saying something to him, but her face remained grave. He left his horse in the shed and went into the house. She closed the door; she put her back to it. Snow sparkled diamond-bright in her hair; light struck her eyes, provoking brilliance. She studied him over the long moments, distantly wise. She said: "Is it all over?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. There's an expression on your face. It— I think you'd like some coffee."

He sat down at the small table. He put his arms on the table, watching her move about the room. The coffeepot was already on the stove, in homestead custom. She poured a cup for each of them; she sat opposite him and now she was smiling.

"Is Cleve all right?"

"Everything's all right," he said.

"Perhaps," she corrected, "it would be better to say everything's changed."

"Cleve's a good man. If I were riding with a partner I'd like to have him along."

"But you don't ride with partners, do you?"

"I never have found anybody going as far along the trail as I go. Maybe I fall in with somebody but he always turns off along the line."

She said: "I was one of them. I rode a little way with you. You kept me warm. That's going to be a happy memory."

She looked down at her cup. She sat idle and still in the chair, her face softened by inward things that were rich and warm and beautiful.

She spoke in a voice that felt and shared his hurts: "They've bruised you. Somebody hit you on the face. You look very tired. Do you want me to cook supper now? I have extra blankets. I'll leave the storeroom door open to let in heat, if you want to sleep *there*."

Wind shouldered heavily against the log house and snow flattened on the window and dissolved. At three o'clock darkness was on the way.

"No," he said, "I'll ride on to town."

She rose from the table, moving back to the stove. She stood by it, turned from him. Her voice was very even and self-controlled and almost indifferent: "Riding on over the hill?"

"Sure," he said.

"For to see the world—the big, wide world."

He had finished his coffee and got up. "You're all right," he told her. "Neither Red John nor DePard will be by this way again." This was as close as he could come to telling her what had happened. Now that it was done he had no pride in it; it was one more thing he wanted to forget. The heat of his temper was gone, the old sense of outrage lay cold. Everything in him was quiet. "I think Cleve will ride this way."

"I expect he will, sooner or later."

"So long," he said.

She came around quickly. "Goodby is a long time, Jim. Is this the way you leave your women?"

He stepped across the room to her. "How did you know I'd be thinking of that?" He pulled her forward and kissed her.

She lay quiet and unresisting and steady within his arms. She had her eyes closed but when he pulled up his head she opened them and he had the *whole weight of what she was—the single, swift outpour of what she really* could be. All her gifts were as near and open to him as they would ever be to any man; at that moment it seemed to him his outstretched fingers touched the one great opportunity of his life. It was only a momentary revelation, soon hidden; and then he saw the weighing, waiting light of her glance search him all through. That, too, vanished. She stepped back, tall and darkly beautiful and calm as iron.

"Thanks," he said in the driest, briefest tone.

"So long."

He left the cabin, closing the door behind. On his horse, he came back past the door, seeing the shine of the window. He stopped a moment but the door remained shut and he couldn't see through the blur of the window. He moved away, crossed the ford and struck across the flats toward Prairie.

Behind him was the best of himself. He had left it there in the cabin. Behind him was all that any man could ever wish for. But now, weary to the bone and sick of the way of his life, he rode on in clear disillusion, seeing himself for what he really was: a drifter, a riding bum, a man who had nothing a woman could find pride in. This was why he had left the cabin, this was really why. All the comfort he wanted was back there. For a while it would fill him and make him forget; but he knew himself too well to think it would last. The old restlessness would come again; and again he would ride.

THE homesteaders swung down the valley from Broken Bit, having found nothing there. They looked in briefly at Aurora's and crossed the ford, going their various directions. Spackman and young Joe came into their yard. The elder got off his horse with a vast sigh. "I am old, Joe. I could not do much more of this. No use pretending to be young when you ain't. Let's get in the house."

"I'll be back," said young Joe, and rode into the weather. He heard Comrie and Kilrain somewhere ahead but he kept his distance from them, hard involved in his thoughts. He came, ten minutes later, into the Cannon yard. Lights sprang through the windows, warm and cheerful. Young Joe sat in the saddle, fighting down one last small memory of Red John. Maybe, he thought, he never would really forget it; but still it was different than it had been a few days before. The acid, burning hurt of it had lessened. He was an older man and some things didn't look the same.

The door came open and Jennie showed herself before him. She said: "I thought I heard something," and looked at him, half-startled. "Maybe," she murmured, "you would like to come in."

"I just wanted to say," he announced, "that everything is all right. That's all I wanted to say. I mean, Jim Keene killed Grat DePard today. There is nothing more to worry about."

"Thank you," she said, in a small, lusterless tone. "It was nice of you to come."

HE LOOKED at her, not knowing how to go on. At last, defeated by lack of words, he turned and rode into the snow. But then he swung back, seeing her vaguely through the storm. "Red John's dead too," he called.

She cried after him: "Joe—Joe!" She ran through the snow. He was near the Cannon barn; he wheeled against it and got down. She came to him, her eyes dark with fresh tragedy. "You didn't do it, Joe? You didn't?"

She was shaking. He opened the small barn door and pulled her into it. He said: "No, I didn't. He shot himself."

She went loose, her eyes fixed on some black and terrible thing far beyond him. She thought of it with a far-placed expression. She said dully: "I feel sorry for him, Joe."

He was angry and hurt again. "You loved him, I guess. That's why you asked me if I did it."

"Oh, no," she breathed. "Not that, Joe. I never did love him. I was—just—" She couldn't say more about it. She thrust it aside with a gesture of her hands. "But I couldn't think of you making your hands red, Joe. You're not that kind. You mustn't ever be."

"Jennie," he said, "what I came for was to say I wish it could be like it was."

"Nothing can be that way. Something's gone."

"Why, now," he said, "maybe it is. But maybe not. If it was all gone I wouldn't be here and I wouldn't think of you. But I do. And what I think is that I can't help being here."

"Not me," she breathed in a half-crying tone. "How can that be, Joe? You'd remember—"

Maybe he would, he thought. But the hurt wasn't as hard to bear—and pretty soon it wouldn't bother him at all. He struggled with it, he gritted his teeth against it, the old longing to have her as strong as it had ever been. Once it had been very simple, but now it was not.

"Well," he said, "I want you, Jennie. That never changed."

She was openly crying. "You don't need to be kind—"

"No," he said, "I ain't kind. I'd've killed Red if I could. But it don't make any difference, Jennie. I got to have you."

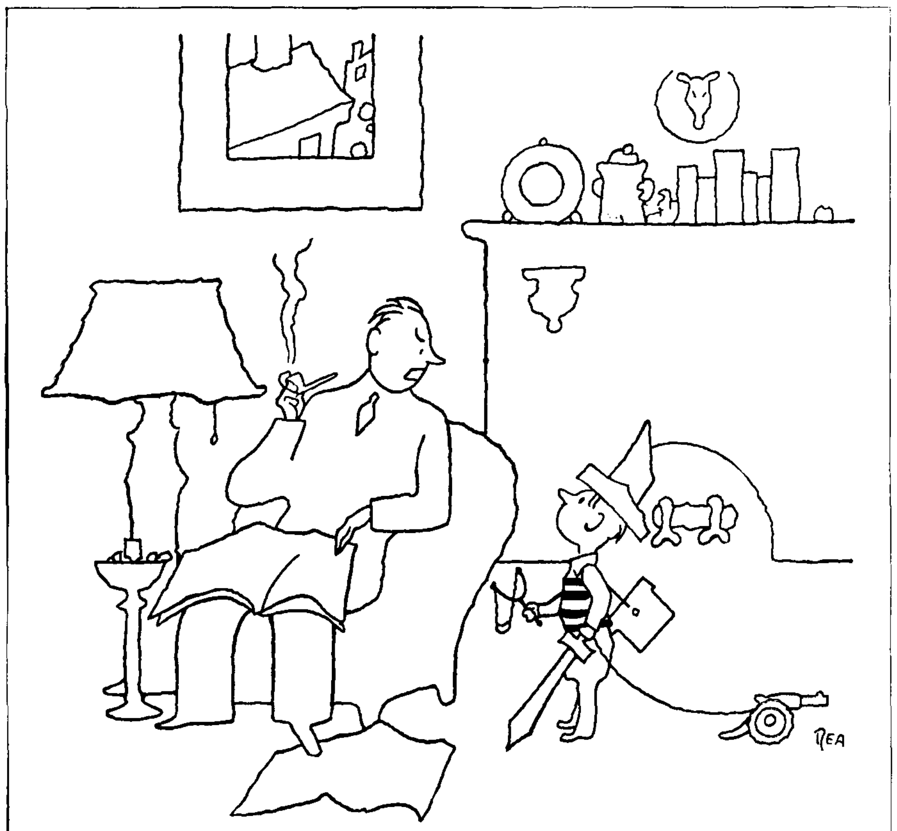
She put up her face to him. She exclaimed in one passionate breath: "I'll be good, Joe. I'll work so hard, I'll never look at another man—"

"Why," he said, "maybe you will look at other men, Jennie. I don't guess you can help that altogether. It is just the way you're made. But I'll know how to take care of that. I guess I've learned. That's what I really think."

She waited for him to take her. She trembled a little, her face lifted and ready for him. He stood back, not quite knowing what to do; and then Jennie, a spark of coquetry returning, murmured: "You can kiss me if you'd like to, Joe."

He took her in, awkward in this thing as he was in so many others; but he felt good about it, he felt powerful and certain of himself, like a man coming into his own. He held her gently, because he knew what she had been through and he wanted to tell her, this way, how he'd always be to her. But in a moment Jennie's lips and the wild, strong flavor of her got the best of him and he wasn't gentle any more. He was young Joe Spackman, in love.

KEENE reached town near six o'clock, darkness whirling in with the snow and the turbulent wind. He put up his horse at the stable. This was the same horse—Morspeare's—he had seized on his escape from Broken Bit; the hostler, recognizing it, gave Keene a quick, uneasy glance. At the doorway, starting into



"Well, you'll just have to stagger along without a barbwire entanglement, that's all. You're better equipped, right now, than the Army is!"

GARDNER REA

St. Nick previews 1940 gift shirts

1. SOME FELLOWS' gift shirts will shrink so, they'll fit my little drum majors. These shirts won't be Arrows, for Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage guaranteed less than 1%.

2. OTHERS WILL get shirts cut for a Teddy bear's shape. Not Arrow Shirts, whose exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit has sloped shoulders, curved waist, tapered arms—the way *men* are built!

3. STILL OTHERS will get shirts whose collars seem tricked up by my Staff Clown. Not Arrow Shirts—their famous Arrow Collars are perfectly tailored in the smartest, new styles.

4. LUCKY MALES will get such handsome shirts as Arrow Dart ($2.25) and Dale ($2.50) both lustrous broadcloths with non-wilt collars. Other Arrows, $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

Give a PHILCO

Music on a Beam of Light!

No Needles to change
Records last ten times longer
New Purity of Tone

PHILCO 608P PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH WITH NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET.

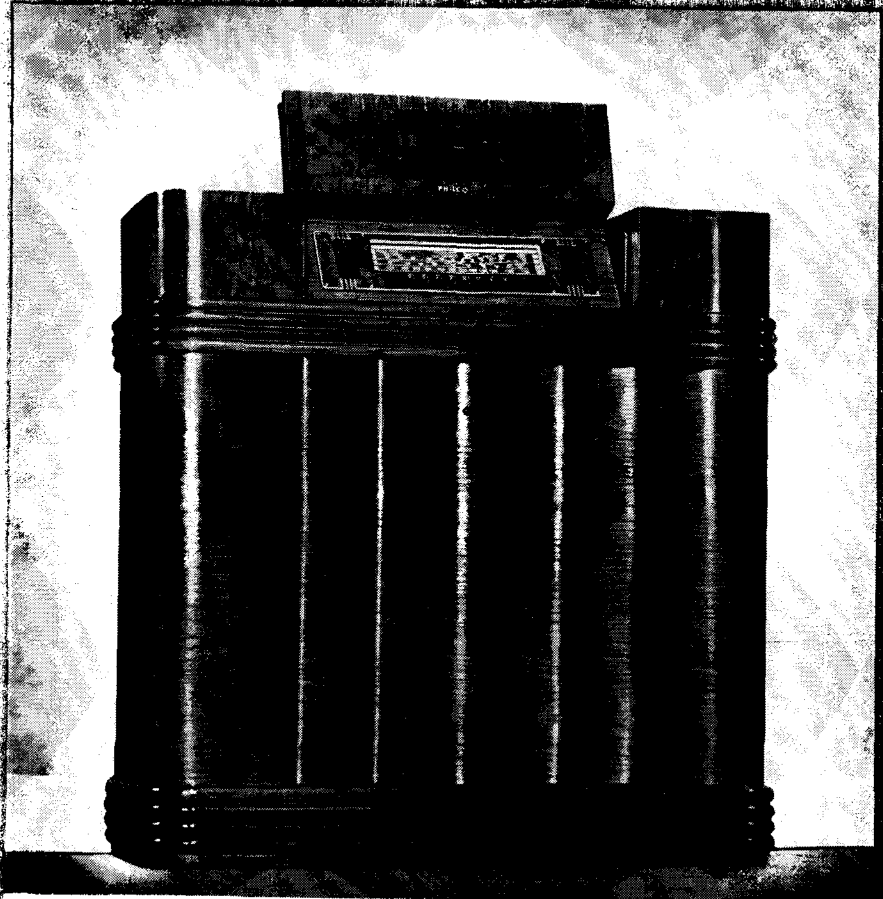
Philco's new achievements are yours *at a popular price* in this amazing 9-tube Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Plays any record on a Beam of Light. Permanent jewel—no needles to change. Tilt-Front Cabinet. Automatic Record Changer. American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of hand-rubbed walnut. *Only $12.95 down.*

THE sensational Philco *Photo-Electric* Radio-Phonograph brings the newest thrills of recorded music to your home! It's a *new kind* of radio-phonograph. The pointed, scraping needle is gone! Instead, a rounded jewel that never needs changing floats over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a *BEAM OF LIGHT* from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. This new principle releases overtones of beauty in your records you have never heard before. Surface noise no longer annoys you. Records last for 700 playings, ten times longer! And . . . startling improvements in radio reception!

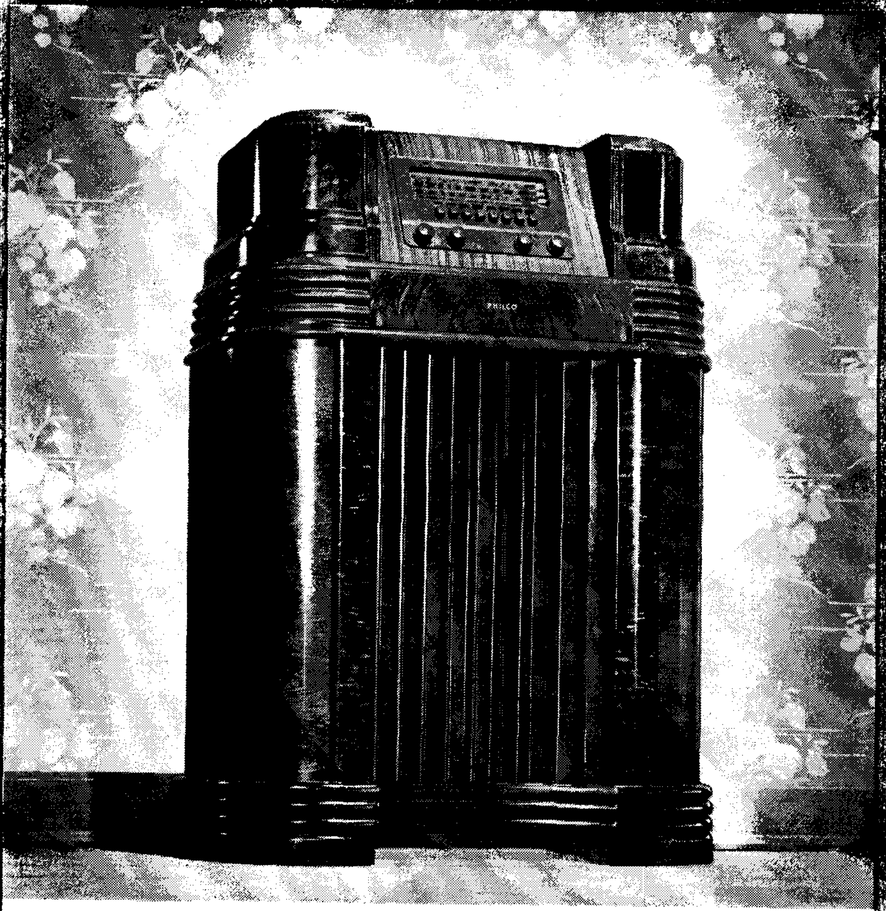
PHILCO 609P, PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH WITH NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET. No lid to raise, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartments. You simply tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again. *Only Philco has it!* Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Exquisite Hepplewhite cabinet in beautifully figured walnut. *Yours for only $15.95 down.*

HOME RECORDING is *optional equipment* with any Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Make your own records at home; record family voices and events, radio programs, etc. Many fascinating uses.

tmas

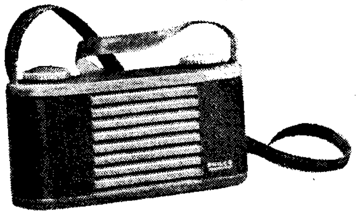


PHILCO 300X Radio Console. Gives you the height of everything that the lover of a fine radio looks for in power, performance, sensitivity, selectivity and tone quality. And in a stately cabinet that sets a new style for radio furniture design. Powerful noise-reducing circuit with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band and new Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Large Cathedral Speaker for gloriously rich, life-like tone. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Edge lighted dial; Disc Controls. *Yours for only $13.50 down.*



PHILCO 280X Radio Console. Radio's champion value in tone, performance and cabinet beauty! Powerful new 8-tube circuit more than doubles selectivity, reduces noise and interference by 5 to 1. New kind of Overseas Wave-Band that brings in Europe 5 times stronger and clearer, new Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Large, impressive cabinet of highly figured walnut. No aerial or ground wires needed; just plug in and play. *Yours for only $6.95 down.*

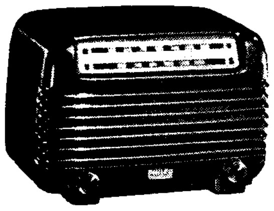
A GIFT THAT'S "DIFFERENT"



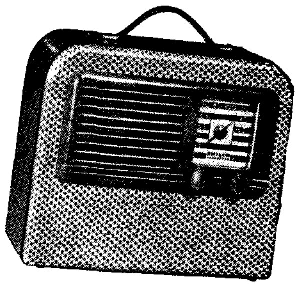
PHILCO 89C, SHOULDER STRAP PORTABLE. Straps over your shoulder like a camera. Plays anywhere. Small, rugged, easy to carry. Winner of Modern Plastics Award for beauty. *Only $16.95 complete.*

NEW PHILCO RADIOS RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS AND AUTO RADIOS

FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY, SEE AND HEAR THEM NOW, AT YOUR PHILCO DEALER

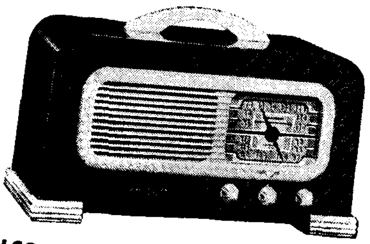


PHILCO-Transitone PT-2. AC-DC. Finest tone quality ever achieved in a compact radio at a low price. New 6-inch Oval Speaker. Beam Power output. Improved Built-In Loop Aerial. Illuminated Horizontal Dial. Smart, streamline plastic cabinet in a rich walnut shade. *A sensational value . . . only $12.95.*

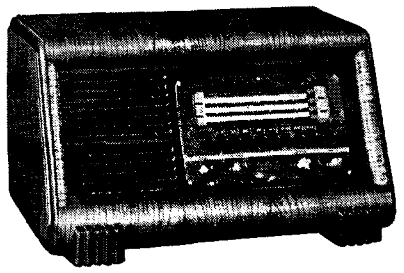


PHILCO-Transitone PT-87 . . . The All-Year Indoor-Outdoor Portable. Plays either on its long-life battery or any house current. The "utility" radio, convenient to move from room to room or play anywhere outdoors. Exclusive Philco features give matchless performance where ordinary portables fail. *Only $19.95 complete.*

IN radio, too, Philco engineers have discovered new ways to give you finer tone and performance for the price you pay. Exclusive Philco inventions have brought you greater radio thrills, unequalled radio value. And they are yours *only in a Philco!* A brand-new circuit makes foreign reception five times stronger and clearer, five times easier to tune. Selectivity is doubled, noise and interference are reduced by 5 to 1. With more tubes for the money, bigger speakers and a wide variety of lovely cabinet designs, the 1941 Philco excels in all that has made it *America's Favorite Radio!*



PHILCO 221CI. In this smart cabinet of diagonal grain walnut with glistening accents of gleaming ivory, Philco brings you its latest features at a record low price. A *smart* radio for any room in the home. American and Foreign reception; new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Just plug in and play. *Only $2.50 down.*



PHILCO 255T. The finest table model radio money can buy in tone, performance and beauty. Powerful 9-tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity and selectivity. New kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Lovely Inclined Panel walnut cabinet. *Only $5.95 down.*

the street, Keene turned sharp about.

"Anything on your mind?"

"No," said the hostler.

Keene tramped along the walk, snow beating at his back and cold's bitterness cutting through his clothes. He was half exhausted from all that he had been through and yet the old caginess, the quick sense for danger still moved in him. It made him swing about to challenge the hostler, it was something that would never leave him. This was what happened to a man like him, taking all trust and security out of life. He moved through yellow beams of lamplight, on through dark areas of shadow. He crossed to the hotel and registered. The clerk gave him a key and he climbed the stairs with his muscles bunching against the weight put on them. His cheek points burned steadily where they had been frosted; they would be sensitive for a long time.

IT WAS the corner room again, facing the bullet hole in the wall. That room's mustiness got in his nostrils, reminding him of a hundred other rooms along the course of his travels. He washed and rolled a cigarette, weary enough to sleep, yet driven by the constant irritability that would not let him be still. He made one slow circle of the room and left it. He passed through the lobby, crossed to the saloon and had a drink. Warmth folded around him. His body soaked it up steadily, never getting enough. The whisky loosened him and the grumble of men's voices in the saloon cradled him with a kind of comfort. He laid his money on the bar and watched the saloonman, Tim Sullivan, come forward. Sullivan's cheeks showed crimson in the shining lamplight; bright feeling danced in his green eyes. He shoved the money back to Keene. "Not in my place, friend. Your drinks are on the house. The girl—she's all right?"

"She's all right."

"And everything else is all right," murmured Sullivan, his eyes laughing. "That news came in ahead of you, friend. Whenever you want a drink come to Sullivan's place. But never offer to pay for it."

Small warning stirred through Keene. "Who brought in the news?"

"Why," said Sullivan, "some of the Broken Bit boys. But I wouldn't worry about them, friend. They took the train out of here a while back."

Keene rubbed the bar steadily with the ball of a thumb. He was trying to recollect what troubled him, what one thing lay unsettled and loose in the edge of his memory. Then he remembered.

"Morspeare—he's here?"

Sullivan said: "I ain't seen him. Well, friend, the world's yours. What you goin' to do with it?"

"I'll be riding on."

"Ah," said Sullivan and ceased to smile. "I am sorry to hear of it. That is the second thing which makes me feel bad. The first was Ben Borders' death. Well, it is a sentiment, maybe, but an Irishman's heart is like that."

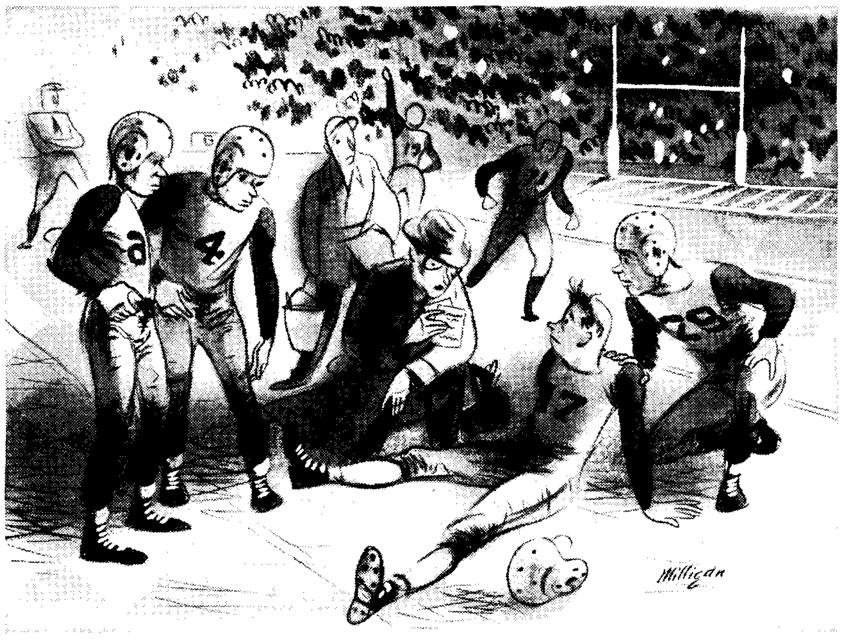
Keene recrossed the street and had supper in the hotel. He left the dining room and stood in a corner of the lobby, rolling up a cigarette. He watched people pass in and out; he was a shadow standing alone. If the storm died by morning he would be riding on; if it continued he faced the kind of a day he dreaded—a day of motionlessness in which his thoughts would turn back to the ford.

He moved into the street and faced the long, solid drive of snow. Two women passed him, both crying their words against the wind. He crossed the street, the gush of the saloon lights making a round, yellow stain in the racing wall of snow. He came to the saloon doors and stood by them, pulled by the warmth and the cheer inside; what he felt was a loneliness that had never troubled him before. It was like a sense of loss, of something taken out of him and leaving him hollow. All his thoughts went back to the ford; as often as he pulled them away they returned arrow-straight to that cabin standing in the wild heart of night; warm within and holding all that meant anything to him.

"Well," he said aloud, "that was the way her father was. Pillar to post and hell to breakfast. That's the way I am, and that is why I left."

He skirted the saloon, continuing into the wind's strengthening push; he went nighthawking through the darkness and came to the entrance of the stable whose doors were three-quarters closed. He slid through the small opening into the shallow light of a single lantern swinging from a rafter. He was out of the wind but the coldness seemed greater because of the quietness here. The hostler moved uncertainly forward from the stable's black rear end.

"Don't want anything," said Keene and watched the hostler fade into darkness. Keene walked the length of the stable's runway; and turned about. The doors, he thought, stood wider than they had a moment before; and then as he moved toward them he saw the huge shape of Jesse Morspeare slide from an empty stall.



"Drink plenty of fruit juices, keep away from fried food, and have these prescriptions filled right away"

JOHN MILLIGAN

Back of Keene, in the darkness, the hostler cried: "Watch out!" The echo of his voice clacked barrenly through the stable and died. Keene had stopped, all weight on the balls of his feet. Morspeare was under the down-thrown cone of the lantern's strange glow; the big man's eyes showed red and hungry, they were the hating eyes of a deserted dog, expressive of everything and expressive of nothing. He made only one sound—a flat murmur in his throat—and his shoulders went down as he slapped at the gun in his holster. His arm came up with a great jerk. He fired at once, and too soon, the bullet spraying up the old spongy dirt of the runway.

KEENE hit him with his shot; he hit the big man in the chest, the heavy wallop of the forty-five's slug driving Jesse one short step backward and half around. Big Jesse set himself, he called up all that massive power of which he was so proud and so sure. He had never doubted it and his slow-moving mind, fixed on one thing alone, never doubted it now as he fought himself squarely around to Keene and tried to lift the gun. It was a dead weight in his hand; the last of his strength went into the trigger and sound swelled like a dynamite blast in the stable, and dirt slashed Keene across the knees. Looking across the space, Keene saw the big man's eyes go dead as they stared. He fell in a vast, heavy sweep, never knowing—Keene thought—what had happened to him.

Horses pitched in the stalls. The hostler yelled out his fear. "Look out—look out!" Wind shook the stable and men ran through the doorway's aperture. Keene watched Sullivan bend over Morspeare and rise up.

"Friend," said Sullivan, "I didn't know he was in town."

KEENE shrugged his shoulders. The place got suddenly crowded, the smell of burnt powder grew heavy; it clung in blue rings to the air. Somebody murmured: "Never could trust Jesse—never knew whether he was behind you or in front of you. He was sly like that."

Keene heard himself say: "He was DePard's man."

Sullivan, who knew men thoroughly, slowly nodded: "Why, yes, that's right. He was Grat's man. You got to give him credit. He never forgot that."

Keene went through the gathering townsmen. He shouldered his way past them and left the stable. People were still running up through the snow; they were dark, thin shadows around him in the rising storm. He cut into the hotel and walked up the stairs, the weight of his body heavier than before on his legs. In the room he discovered he still held the gun in his hand. He threw it on the bed. He turned up the lampwick to erase the dismal shadows of the room, and sat on the edge of the bed. He rolled a cigarette and smoked it, bent over on the bed with his arms idle across his knees.

He thought of big Jesse Morspeare. That was something in the cards, that shooting. It was in the book, but Keene pitied the man and felt no pride for what he had done. He felt small and sick—and useless. "That's the way it's going to be. Just like that. Every place and any place."

All the fun had gone. The trail didn't mean anything any more. From this point on there wasn't anything to look for. He had left too much behind him at the ford.

Somebody climbed the stairs and moved slowly along the hall, past his room; and came back and knocked. He said: "Come right in." He had his back to the door and he didn't look up. He held his hands over his knees, smoke curling around his face.

"Well, Jim," said Aurora's voice.

He came off the bed in a single, quick lift; and found her at the doorway. She wore a heavy coat and a muffler was wrapped around her head; and all he saw was the dark line of her eyes and a small red spot on each cheek. Snow covered her, slowly turning to water.

He said: "You didn't ride in alone, Aurora?"

She unwrapped the muffler, she unbuttoned the coat. She stood still, looking across the room at him; and he couldn't tell, from that ink-black coloring in her eyes, whether she hated him at this moment or whether she liked him. It was that kind of a look, containing so many things.

"Yes," she said, "I came alone."

"You shouldn't ever do that in this weather."

Her shoulders lifted expressively. "If it is always going to be like this for us I suppose I had better get used to the worst of it now. Here I am."

"Aurora," he said, very slowly, "do you know what I am?"

"I know most of you, Jim."

"Then you should have stayed at the ford."

She gave him a half-angered glance. "Don't you suppose I wanted to stay there? Why did I let you kiss me? That was my last try, Jim. I thought it might be enough to hold you in one place. But it wasn't." Her voice dropped lower and lower. "So I guess it has to be this way."

"I didn't want to spoil the rest of your life, Aurora. That's the reason I left."

"Was it?" she breathed. "Was it really that?"

"You wanted a steady man."

She looked around the room. "How well I know rooms like this. A thousand of them. That's why I moved to the ford. The one thing I wanted above every other thing was to forget what this kind of life was like. But here I am. Don't you know now why I came?"

HE MOVED toward her. He said: "The fun's gone out of riding. Well, a man can keep going until he runs into something and leaves a big chunk of himself behind. Then everything after that is a matter of looking backward. This night's been the worst I've ever had."

"Jim," she said, and looked up at him, her face taking on light, "do you mean that?"

He was no longer alone. That made all the difference in the room, in the night, in his own body. He had been weary; he was no longer weary. He felt once more that old hope, that old flare of excitement. But without her he would never have experienced it; and this was how he knew he had ridden his last hill. He turned her with his arms, feeling the quick pressure of her hands forcing him back. She said, intent and anxious: "Don't fool yourself again, Jim. You could never be a homesteader."

"No," he admitted, "I didn't mean that. I was thinking of the rough country behind Bowley's. I was thinking of the Short Hills." Then he said: "Is that too far for you to move, Aurora? That's where I want to stay and make my ranch."

"No, not too far," she answered, and let the pressure die from her hands.

He stood back, humbled by what he knew about her. She smiled, a sweet and anxious receptivity on her lips. He looked fully through her reserve; it had dropped for him and he caught the strong, rich eagerness inside. So, smiling, she waited for him and, growing impatient of waiting, brought him nearer with the pressure of her hands.

THE END

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National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.—90 Proof. 60% grain neutral spirits

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 16

"He's a good boy, Feets. Been around. Knows all the tricks."

"Not *all,*" Mistuh Eddie. He don't know your'n yet."

Eddie Gordon smiled affectionately at the big Negro beside him. "If somebody knocked me cold, you still wouldn't believe it, would you, Feets?"

"Nossuh. An' anyway, don't you start puttin' bad mouf on this heah fight. You gwine slap that feller down inside five rounds."

Eddie looked up sharply. "You haven't been betting, have you?"

"Nossuh," responded Mr. Johnson righteously. "You know good an' well I never bet on no fights, Mistuh Eddie."

"Of course you don't." Eddie's voice was gentle. "Well, anyway, I hope you win."

They went to Eddie's tiny two-room apartment, and Feets did some telephoning. "Eatments comin' up, Mistuh Eddie. You inhale 'em, an' then you sleep."

"Good Lord, Feets—you'd think this was a championship fight."

"It's just the same as. You got to be good. An' listen, don't figure you is gwine put nothin' over—'cause you ain't. Ise gwine sit heah an' watch till you waken up."

Eddie ate and then stretched out on the bed. Like a big, fussy, black hen Feets pulled down the shades and *tucked in the covers. Then he closed* the door and ambled into the living room.

He waited for a few minutes and then folded a huge Turkish towel and draped it carefully over the telephone. "Reckon that'll keep folks fum callin' up to fin' out how is he."

EDDIE slept until six o'clock. Feets adjusted his shower. "An' you keep yo' hands offen it, Mistuh Eddie. Too cold ain't no good—makes you nervous. Too hot makes you weak. Just step in like I got it."

He returned to the other room. He then heard a light rap on the door and opened it.

His ebony countenance broke into a broad grin. "C'mon in, Miss Patricia. I sho is glad you arrove."

She looked startled. "Eddie's all right—"

"Golly, yassum—he's fine. But sittin' aroun' like this, it's maybe better he should talk to somebody."

"He slept well?"

"Th'ee hours. Like a baby. He's showerin' now."

Eddie strode into the room with a robe over his lean, lithe figure. His pleasantly homely face held an expression that was not exactly one of warmth. He said, "'Lo, Pat."

"Hello, Eddie." Pat knew that she was more nervous than he. That was a way Eddie had: he always looked placid . . . except when she made him mad. He dropped into a chair and looked at her. "What's on your mind?" he asked.

She tried to keep it light. "I figured it was up to me to keep an eye on you."

"I'm doing okay."

"Of course you are, Eddie. I thought . . ." her voice was soft. "Well, I thought maybe you'd like someone to talk to."

He shook his head in exasperation. "What is this, anyway? Between you and Feets, you'd get the idea I was going to be executed instead of just boxing a guy who's on the way out. I'm not a baby."

"Yes, you is, Mistuh Eddie." Feets hustled into the breach. "You ain't nothin' but a cantankerous chile, an' me an' Miss Patricia gwine handle you that-a-way."

Pat started to unwrap a package. "I thought . . ." she began awkwardly, and then stopped at an exclamation from Eddie.

He looked down at the chessboard she had brought. It carried him back suddenly and vividly to Pop. . . . Pop who had loved chess and who had believed in its power to divert one's mind from disturbing problems.

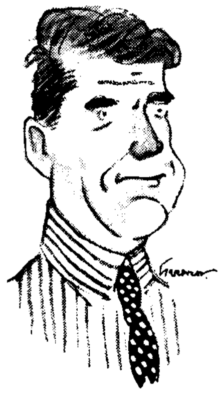
He'd played chess dozens of times with Pop during those interminable idle hours of fight afternoons. He'd become pretty good at it, too. Of course, Pop usually gave him knight odds, but that made it a good game.

Pat was setting up the men. Eddie was more affected than he cared to admit. It was as though Pop had walked into that room. He seated himself on the other side of the coffee table and shoved the king's pawn out two squares.

They played intently, both keenly aware of the tension. But this tension was not antagonistic. It was as though Pop's benign presence was actual. They didn't play well, but they played evenly. Then an opening came and she attacked with her queen and two bishops. He retreated and made a single bad move, and she never relaxed her pressure. He finally shoved back from the table and grinned.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 16



Dave Gerard drew his first magazine cartoon at the age of twenty-three and states that he has been in the hands of the receivers ever since. Born thirty-one years ago in Crawfordsville, Ind., he still lives there with his wife and daughters Barbara and Elizabeth. Visited New York in 1932, but didn't like it. Now spends his time chasing country auction sales, singing in the Methodist choir, and thinking up gags like that on the next page.

"Nice," he complimented, forgetting for the moment that he resented her. "You really pushed me around."

It was easier to talk after that. Insignificant things remained insignificant. *It was Feets who reminded them that it* was time to go. Feets had the little bag all packed. Pat said, "I've got a ring-side seat near your corner, Eddie. If you'd rather I didn't . . ."

"Go right ahead. You've seen me fight before."

They went to Brooklyn in a taxi. Night had fallen and traffic crunched and skidded over the dirty black of a day-old snowfall. Only once did Pat mention the impending battle. "Feets is handling you, Eddie. Listen to him. Spike Maloney will be in your corner, too, but don't you pay any attention to him."

Eddie nodded. "I get you. Feets is good enough for me. Now let's forget it."

THE Bridge A. C. wasn't anything to boast about. It was a gaunt, four-square building which originally had been designed as a warehouse. They went in through the side door and Pat held out her hand. "Good luck, Eddie," she said, and he said, "Thanks." She walked alone into the cavernous, empty arena and took her seat. Eddie and Feets followed a boy to a meager and malodorous dressing room where they were met by the matchmaker.

"Feelin' fit?" he asked.

"Okay."

"Make a good fight of it. This Spillane ain't no pushover."

"I'll remember."

Eddie stripped and submitted to a gentle and expert limbering massage from Feets. The big Negro knew his stuff; he had a deftness in those big, black hands of his that made one's muscles tingle.

Eddie relaxed completely under the kindly ministrations of his colored friend. He could hear the sounds with which he had become so familiar in the past three years: the crowd surging boisterously into the unreserved seats, the barking of peanut and soft-drink venders, the noise in an adjoining room where too young and too battle-scarred preliminary fighters made ready for their part in the evening's festivities. Still later, he heard the howling of the mob as the first of the prelims got under way, and the sound soothed him. It was something he knew and understood.

The club doctor went over him briefly. Someone announced that the six-round bout was going on and he'd better get ready. His bandages were adjusted. Gloves were brought in by someone else. They were laced on tight, and then the laces were cut.

Feets invited a couple of onlookers out of the room. He took an envelope from his pocket and opened it. He put the letter in Eddie's hand and said, "Reckon you better read that now, Mistuh Eddie. Miss Patricia, she said to."

Eddie took the letter. It was brief.

"Dear Eddie:

"Feel him out until you know what he's got, and from there on—fight your own fight. It's your first in New York, but forget that. Spillane is a right-handed hitter, so keep moving to your own right. He's good in close, but so are you. You'll have that all figured out for yourself after the first clinch.

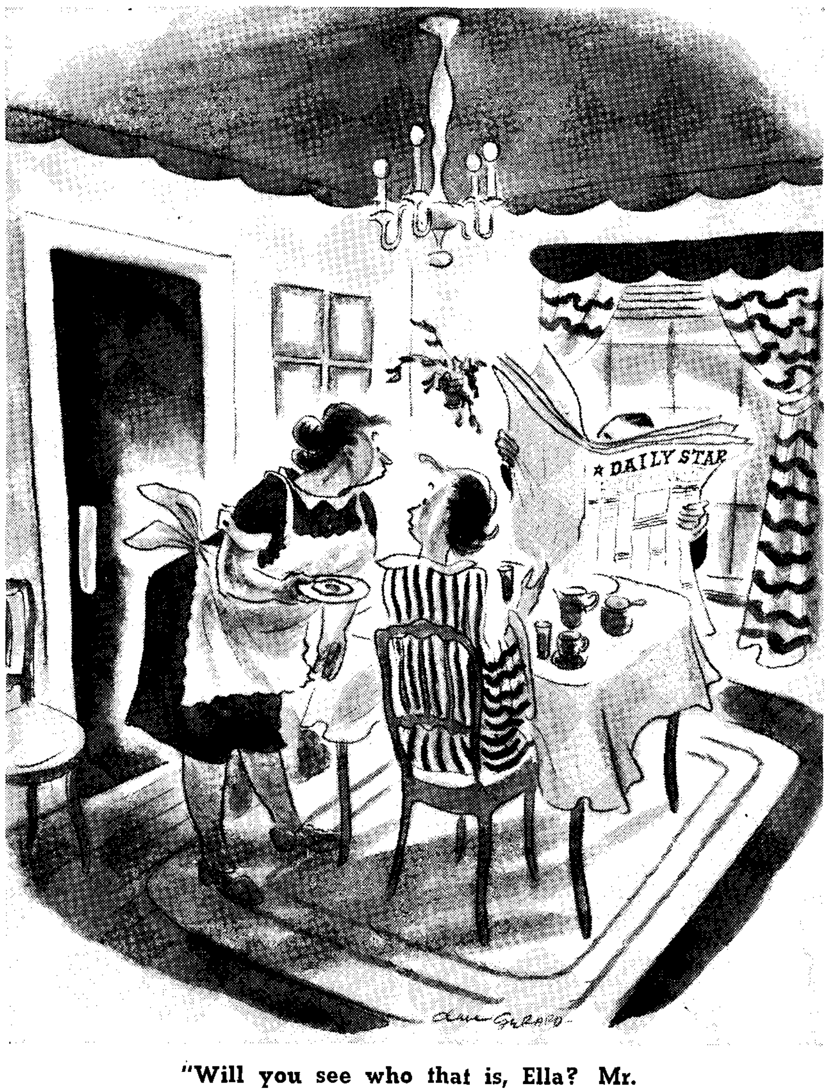
"That's about all there is to say except Good Luck. And I really mean it, Son . . . the best of luck to a great lad."

The letter was signed "Pop."

Something hit Eddie hard. He leaned back against the rubbing table. He couldn't see very well. Once again Pop was with him . . . and he was glad. Pop had always made him feel calm and confident. Now he was feeling it again. It was just what Pop would have said, and just the way he would have said it.

Eddie said, "It's a letter from Pop."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Eddie. I watched Miss Patricia when she was writin' it." He shook his great head and spoke



"Will you see who that is, Ella? Mr. Cartright always reads the Tribune"

DAVID C. GERARD

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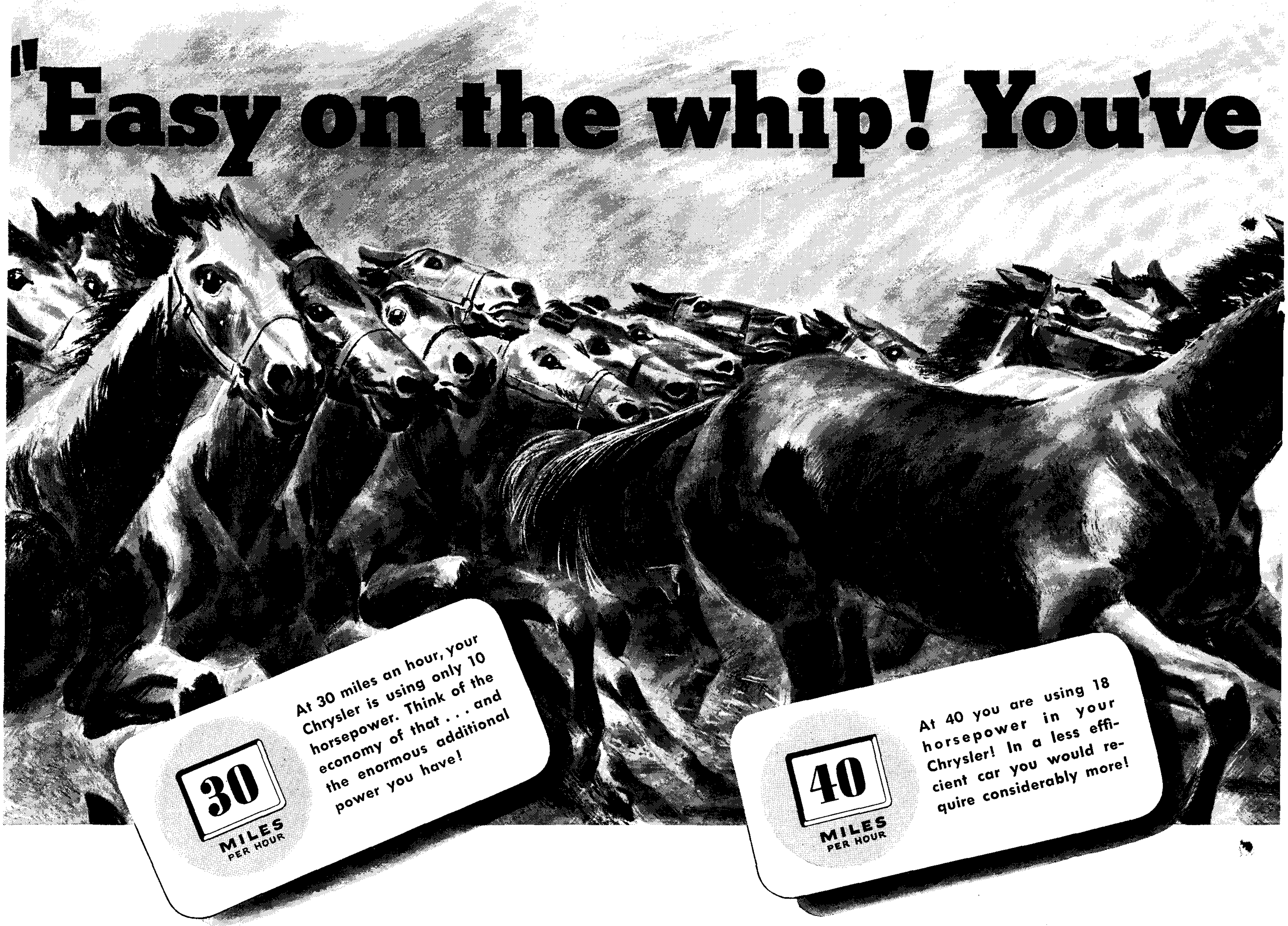

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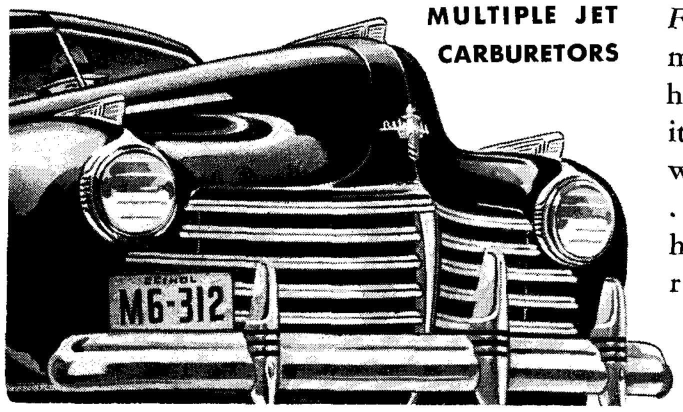
THE only way to use the top horsepower of a modern motor car is to drive at close to top speed . . . and that speed is so high that there are only a few places where it is legal or safe!

What's more important to you is how much horsepower you use at average driving speeds . . . for it's just plain fact that every horse has to eat . . . every horsepower you use burns up fuel.

There's an enormous reserve of power in every Chrysler Spitfire engine . . . but as you see in the tables above, your Chrysler can cruise all day on only a small fraction of its total horsepower.



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With Chrysler's *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission, you have a virtually unlimited number of speeds without gear-shifting . . . you automatically have the right gear ratio for thick traffic, ordinary driving, country cruising, or terrific speed if it's safe.

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Chrysler *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission respond automatically to your driving. You don't have to think about it. You don't have to do anything about it. Yet, you're the boss, the car does exactly what you want it to do.

Why shift gears . . . when *Fluid Driving* is so much easier, smoother and safer? Why pay a big fuel bill when a Chrysler will give you everything from crawling speed to flying speed with economy and efficiency all the way!

Why spend your money for a new car that fails to give you Chrysler's modern thrills, modern driving ease, modern economy? Why not see and try Chrysler *Fluid Driving* before you decide on any 1941 motor car? Your Chrysler dealer welcomes you!

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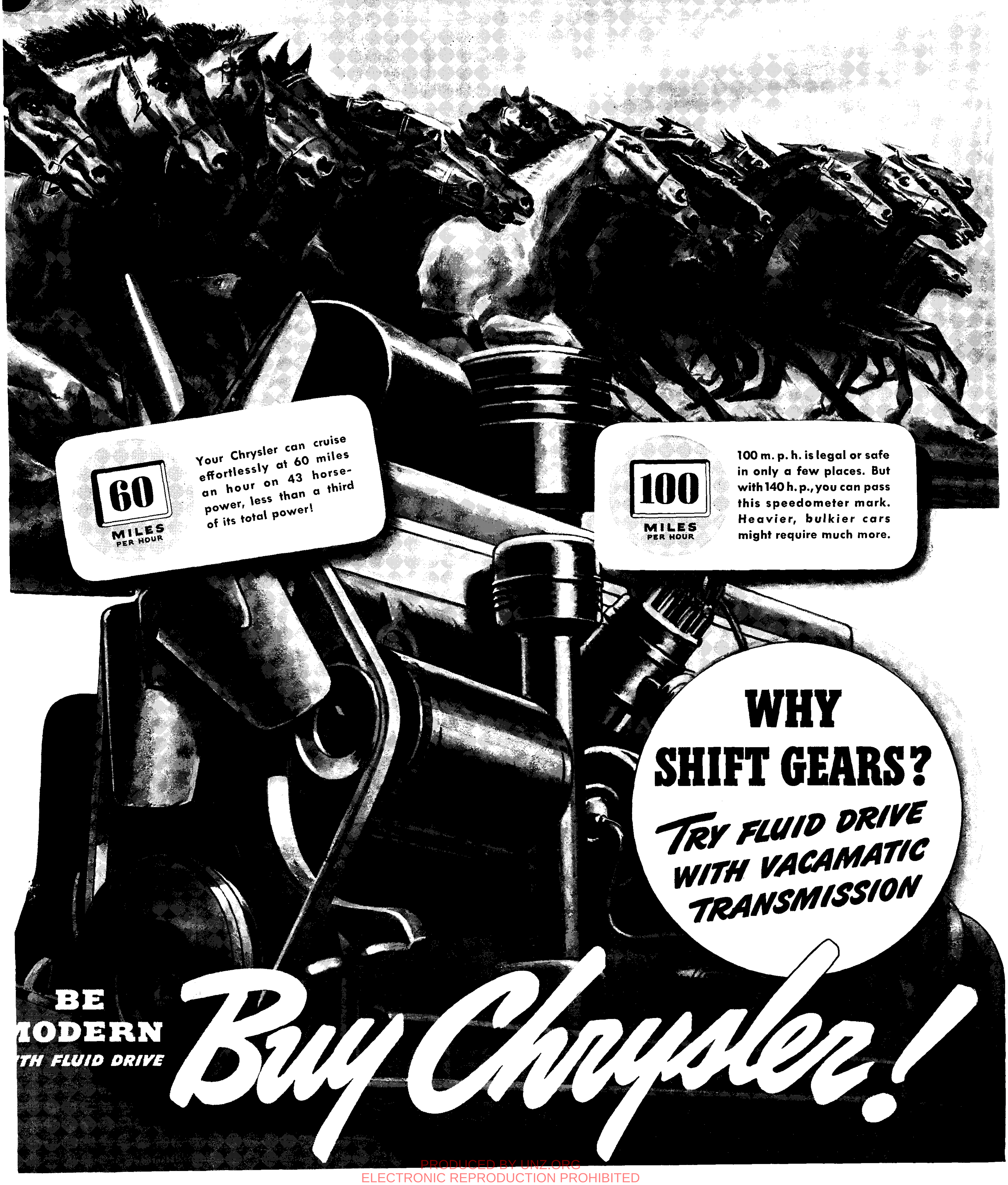

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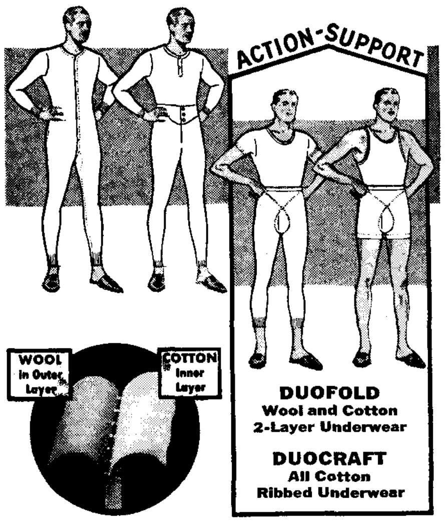
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gruffly: "Now you better start gettin' yo'se'f limbered up, Mistuh Eddie. I ain't gwine leave you climb into that ring cold."

Eddie dropped his robe, rubbed the soles of his fighting shoes in the resin box, and commenced moving lightly around the dressing room, punching at an imaginary opponent. After about a minute, Feets helped him into the robe and said, "Tha's enough. Save the rest fo' Mistuh Spillane."

The door opened and someone barked, "Okay, Gordon. You're on."

Spike Maloney, a veteran second, was waiting outside the door with water bucket, bottle and smelling salts.

AS THEY shoved down the aisle there was a smattering of polite applause. The crowd was interested but not enthusiastic. Cliff Halliday, who had been thoroughly bored up to now, looked at the young fighter and said to himself, "Looks all right. Could be anything."

Eddie reached the edge of the ring. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Pat Mallory. He stopped for the briefest instant and smiled down at her. He said, "Thanks, Pop—I'll remember."

Her eyes filled with tears and she wiped them away angrily. But no one had seen—no one, that is, except Cliff Halliday, who had come there for some dope for a first-rate column. He said to the office boy whom he had brought, "So she's the one. Keen." He looked from the girl to Eddie and made a penciled notation. . . . "The tinsel kid," he wrote. "Kid Tinsel."

The announcer bawled names and weights, referring to Eddie Gordon as "*that sensaaaational newcomer, making* his de-butt in New York . . ." and the referee called them out for instructions. Eddie smiled pleasantly, but Frankie merely glowered at the floor.

Spillane was shorter, stockier and more heavily muscled. There were scars on both eyebrows, one ear was battered and his nose was flat. Veteran, all right; but still good. The referee said, "You boys know the rules. You gotta give the crowd a good battle. Shake hands now, an' come out fighting."

They touched gloves and turned back to their corners. Feets slipped the robe from Eddie's shoulders, and he stood there motionless for a moment with the lights blazing down on his supple, bronzed body. Across the ring, Babs Ellison's fingers tightened about Joe Barton's hand, and she said, "Oh . . . how beautiful."

Barton's face grew white. This unconscious tribute from Babs . . . her instinctive reaction to the physical perfection of the young fighter, awakened in Joe Barton something that was bitter and dangerous. The fact that Babs didn't know what she had said or what she had done simply aggravated his irritation.

MAX ELLISON said to his business manager, "So far so good. The kid isn't excited. I like that."

Patricia Mallory stared up at Eddie. Again no one but Cliff Halliday caught the expression, and again Cliff nodded and murmured, "Good copy." Eddie himself did not see Pat. He was doing as Pop had taught him: in that instant of hush before the beginning of a bout, he was putting out of his mind any thought except of himself and of the man he was to fight.

The gong. Eddie turned. His usually pleasant face became expressionless, his eyelids drooped slightly, he hunched his left shoulder and extended his left hand. His muscles were suddenly alive. He saw Frankie Spillane shuffling toward him—flat-footed, tense, alert.

They came close and their gloves touched. Frankie's left shoved farther out, and Eddie saw the muscles of the right shoulder bulge. He moved away . . . and the punch didn't come.

Then he himself moved fast. His left flicked out once, twice, three times. The crowd yelled. Cliff Halliday remarked, "Good," and the office boy beside him said, "What a left!"

The blows had been light, and Frankie waited. Once again Eddie's left stabbed into his face. This time he took it, and his squat, powerful body curled as he countered with a hard right to the body.

Eddie caught it on his elbow and stepped inside. He let his body relax instantly, waiting to see what Spillane would do. Twice Frankie broke through and jolted Eddie—hard enough to hurt, but not hard enough to do any damage. They went into a clinch and the referee slapped them and called "Break."

They sparred again. Then Frankie stepped in and flashed a hard right for the jaw. Eddie rolled with it, and countered with a sharp right of his own that came from nowhere, traveled a mere matter of inches, and sent Frankie back on his heels. Cliff Halliday murmured, "*And* he can hit."

They mixed it up now: Spillane hitting with all he had, Eddie feeling him out carefully. It was pretty fighting, but not damaging. The crowd liked it. They had already begun to yell for Eddie . . . those who were not already dedicated to Frankie Spillane.

Babs Ellison was tense. Her eyes glowed and she sat forward on the edge of her seat. Barton was burning inside. He was seeing things, and he didn't like them. This was no mere flirtation, no brief interlude of interest in another man. Joe didn't watch the fight very closely. He watched Babs. Once he turned and saw at the back of the arena the man named Morrie whom he had telephoned that afternoon.

The first round ended. Halliday noticed that Patricia Mallory had settled back in her seat, and that she was making no attempt to talk to her fighter. The newspaperman was definitely impressed. He'd been scouting for a humorous column and he wondered now whether it was really very funny, after all. Odd thing about that girl: She looked like the sort of person he'd enjoy meeting. Well, that was simple enough. . . . And the kid . . . It all depended. Eddie was fighting, but that didn't mean anything yet. This Spillane was a smart boy. Seven more rounds to go.

The second round was fast. Spillane carried the battle, throwing in short-arm jolts to the head and body, then crawling into a shell the instant the going got tough. Eddie was on the defensive, and before the round ended Frankie felt safe. Between rounds he told his seconds that the kid was good, but he didn't have a punch.

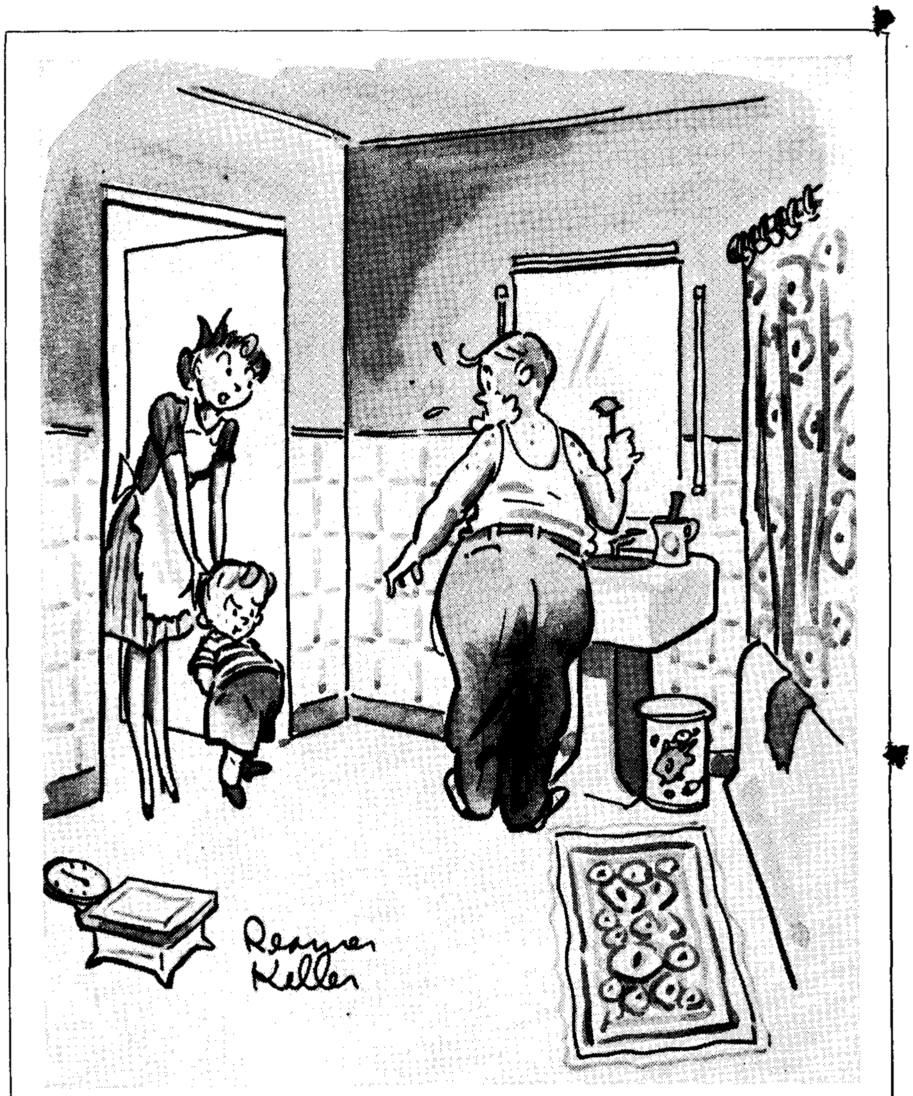
The third round started. Frankie landed a straight left, a looping right to the jaw and a hard left to the body. Eddie broke ground and the crowd howled. Frankie moved in, threw a left —and missed.

ONLY Max Ellison and Cliff Halliday saw exactly what happened. Eddie's punch couldn't have traveled more than six inches. It was dynamite. Before Spillane hit the canvas, Eddie had turned toward a neutral corner.

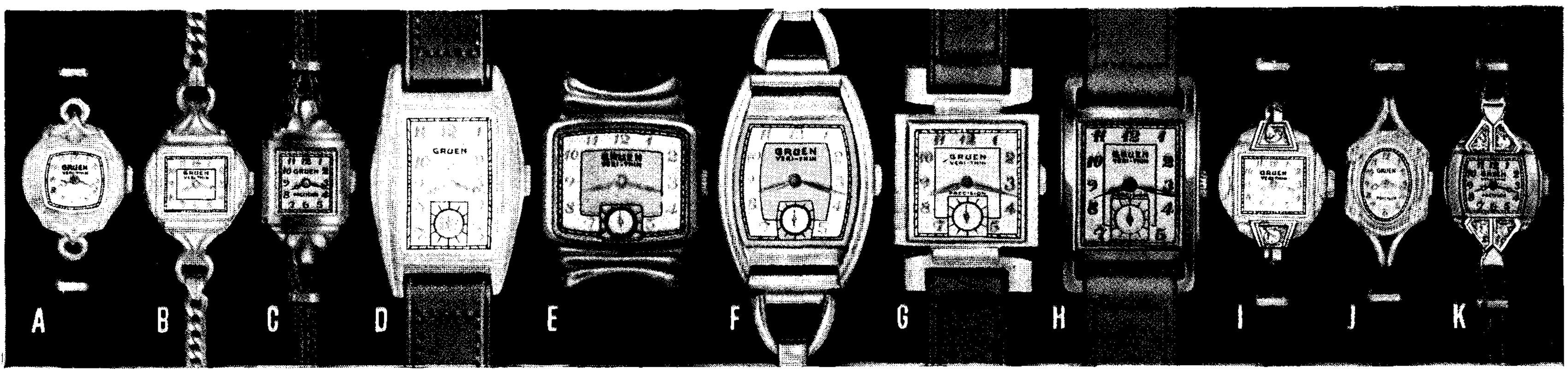
Then there was bedlam. Pat's lips were moving. She was saying, "Take it easy, Eddie . . . take it easy." Max Ellison said, "Wow!" Then he said, "Now we'll see whether he's got class or not."

Frankie was wise. He got up at nine, went into his shell and stayed there. He figured it was a lucky punch, but he was too wise to take chances.

Eddie was calm about it. He moved slowly, watching for an opening. It came suddenly. Frankie feinted with a left. Eddie reached out his own left, snapped it against Frankie's forehead and shoved his head back so that for the fraction of



"Hold that lather, Dear— Junior has to kiss you for saying a bad word"
REAMER KELLER



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G. VERI-THIN* ZEPHYR, 17 jewel Precision movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case...$42.50

H. VERI-THIN* REGAL, 17 jewel Precision movement, 14 kt. pink or yellow gold case.....$75

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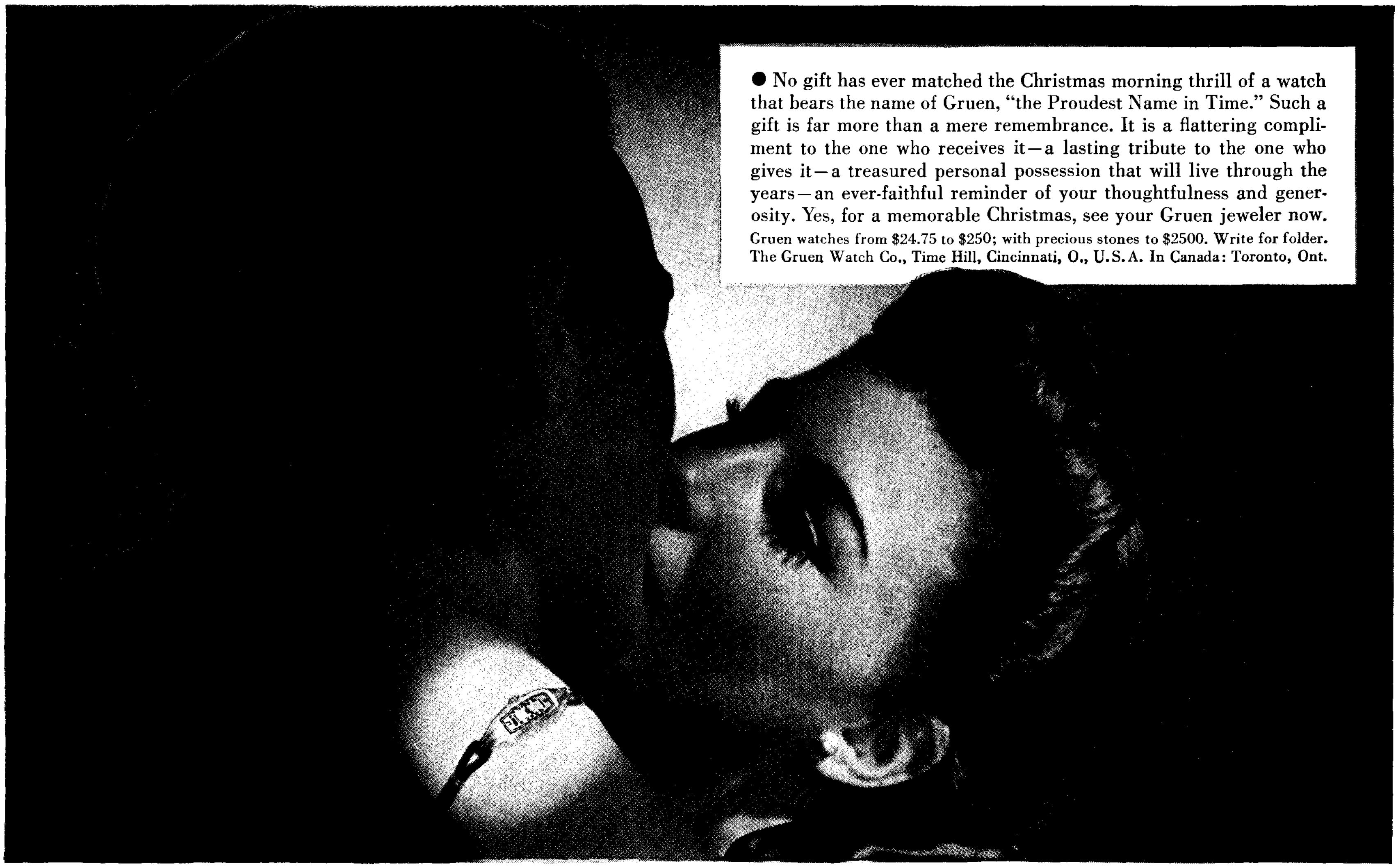
21 ways to get kissed *Christmas Morning*



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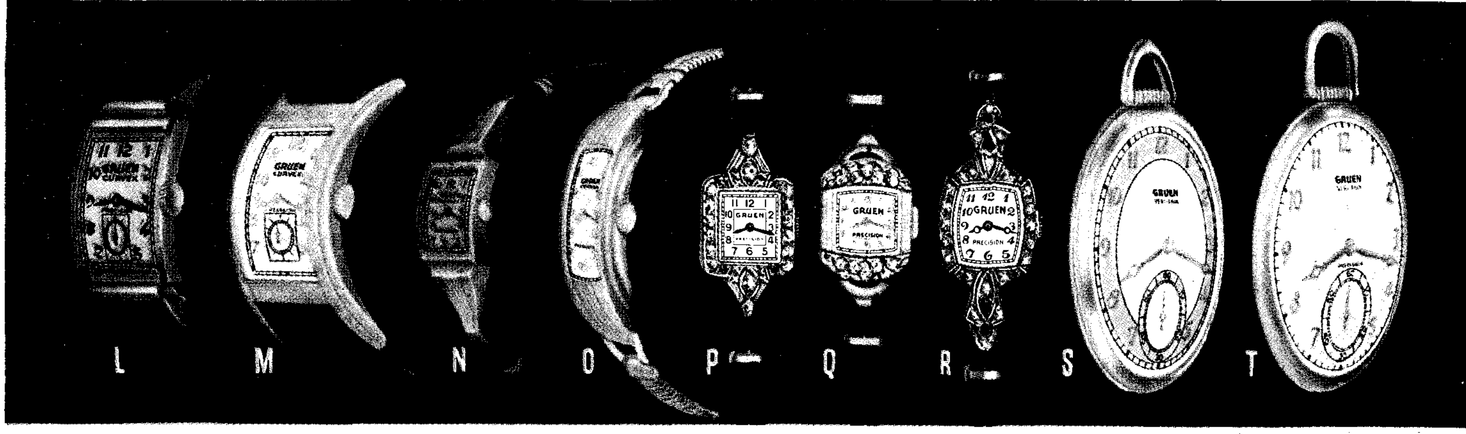

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Q. RACHEL, 17 jewel Precision movement, 14 kt. yellow gold case set with 14 fine diamonds......$135

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S. VERI-THIN* TRIUMPH, 15 jewel movement, yellow gold-filled case, $29.75‡

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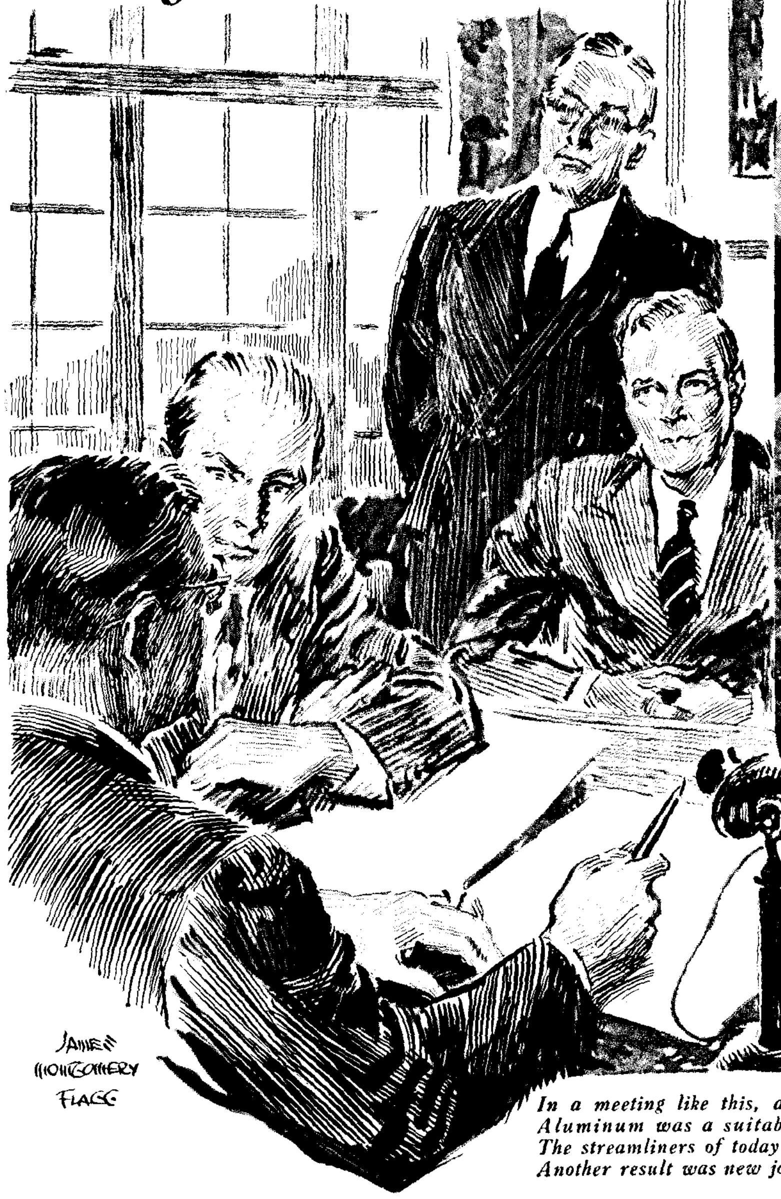
Leo Leboeuf, worker in Aluminum

HIS JOB TOOK $3,500,000 WORTH OF COURAGE



In a meeting like this, a decision was made to prove that Aluminum was a suitable material for railroad trains. The streamliners of today prove the soundness of that vision. Another result was new jobs for Americans like Leo Leboeuf.

This is the story of how Leo Leboeuf's first job was made. He has been a valued member of the Alcoa Family at Massena, New York, since 1929. Three times in those eleven years Leo has brought home the good news of a promotion.

THE picture at the right, above, is a happy one largely because our executives believed enough in the future of aluminum to build the great plant Leo Leboeuf works in. They had no guaranty of success other than their own convictions.

Leo has had a good job for eleven years because these men backed up their belief to the extent of investing $3,500,000 and stuck to their guns right through the worst depression the United States had ever seen.

Dates are the mileposts in this stirring adventure.

In 1928, America had no such thing as a streamlined train. And Leo Leboeuf had no job.

We had visioned such a train, sleek and gleaming, and made very light from the strong alloys of aluminum. It would be fast, safe, and economical to operate.

But to make this train there were needed long beams of aluminum, such as had never been made. We talked with the railroads about the idea, and they rightly said: Better show us some actual beams before we take your idea seriously.

What to do? A mill to roll such beams would cost millions. What if, after making the investment, the streamliner was not practical? Whatever else could the mill be used for? How much did we really believe in the future of aluminum?

On September 21, 1928, our executives made an important decision. They said, in effect: We do believe firmly enough in the future of aluminum to invest the company's money in these special manufacturing facilities.

On October 2, 1928, at Massena, New York, ground was broken for the new mill, which was then and is now the only aluminum mill of its kind in the world.

By July 29, 1929, we were able to give seventeen-year-old Leo Leboeuf his first job, helping to construct it. That October, he was working in the mill, itself. Today, after two more promotions, he is still on the job.

On February 12, 1934, the aluminum streamliner, visioned in 1928, rolled out of the shops. A new era in railroading started then and there.

Today, in 1940, the mill itself has become an important factor in making aluminum still more useful to many other industries.

In addition to structural shapes for the ship-building, electrical, and construction fields it rolls large quantities of big "rounds," "squares," and "rectangles" from which tough forgings are hammered and from which strong parts are machined directly for a great variety of uses in aircraft and metal fabricating.

These are samples of the ways in which one forward-looking investment has come to benefit many industries. Also, Leo Leboeuf, and others like him in the Alcoa Family, owe their jobs directly to that investment. In many ways, this is an example of how American industry works.

ALUMINUM COMPANY ALCOA OF AMERICA

an instant the vulnerable spot at the side of the jaw was exposed.

Frankie Spillane never saw the punch that finished him. It was clean and sharp and murderous. The referee didn't bother to count. There was a great deal of noise as the onlookers vied with one another to acclaim Eddie Gordon. Frankie Spillane knocked out! For the first time in his career. Hell, the kid *must* be good.

Eddie climbed out of the ring. He almost brushed against Pat and she said, "Nice going, Eddie."

He looked down at her and grinned. Then his expression changed and he said, "Snap out of it, Pat. What are you crying about?"

The crowd surged around him then, and Cliff Halliday, who had seen the by-play but not caught the words, decided to do something about it.

Already the principals in the next eight-rounder were climbing into the ring. Joe Barton turned to the girl beside him. He said curtly, "Be back in a minute, Babs."

She nodded, without having heard him. His young face was hard and cruel as he shoved through the crowd toward the spot where Morrie was waiting.

Morrie was swarthy, and much larger than Joe Barton. His eyes were black, but they, too, were cold eyes. He followed Barton into the lobby.

Joe said, "Did you get a good look at that guy Gordon?"

"Yes. Why?,'

"Because," said Barton, "he's in my way. I'm liable to ask you to take care of him."

Morrie showed no surprise nor any particular emotion.

"Permanently?" he asked.

"Yes—permanently. But not till I give the word." Joe Barton's expression wasn't pleasant. "And I have a hunch," he finished thoughtfully, "that it'll be pretty soon."

PAT MALLORY stood at the window of her little apartment and watched the evening sun cast a rich, crimson mantle over the city.

She scarcely heard the buzzer the first time it sounded. The second time she turned wearily from the window and walked to answer the rather insistent summons.

A man was standing there: a big man perhaps thirty years of age who had sparse, sandy hair, an infectious grin and the kindest gray eyes she had ever seen. He looked straight at her as he said in a voice that she instinctively liked, "You're Patricia Mallory. I'm Cliff Halliday of the Chronicle-Express. May I come in?"

She held the door open and smiled a welcome. "You certainly may," she said cordially.

He followed her into the tiny apartment and dropped unceremoniously into a wing chair. He was regarding her quizzically; his friendly, understanding eyes crinkled at the corners. She seated herself, and waited for him to speak.

He said, "I've got a bone to pick with you, Miss Mallory."

She arched her eyebrows in surprise. "That sounds a bit weird. What have I done?"

His lips broadened into a grin. "You loused up the best column I ever didn't write."

"I apologize humbly," she said, matching his easy good humor, "although it doesn't make a lot of sense."

Halliday settled back in his chair. "I saw Eddie Gordon fight last night," he stated. "I made a lot of cute notes. Very cute. I may even say that some of them were brilliant. I was planning to crack wise in my column today."

"And so . . . ?"

"And so plenty. I was chock-full of material that would enable me to sock a gaping public in the eye with my own caustic brilliance. Figure it out for yourself, Miss Mallory: a gay, young pug with a dizzy dame for a manager. In theory it was a 200-proof wow. But when I actually started work this morning it wouldn't jell."

"Why not?"

Halliday shrugged. "Lots of reasons. Maybe because you don't shape up like a tramp. Maybe because I admired your father, even though I didn't know him personally. Maybe because it isn't easy to play smart at the expense of a lady."

Pat laughed. "You have a most ingenious way of paying compliments, Mr. Halliday."

"So I'm adroit. The fact remains that I still want to do a humorous column. But whether my frenzied efforts turn out funny or not, it's still got to be a good column. So I drifted up with the hope that you'd be here—which apparently you are—and would dish out a bit of authentic information."

She said, "At your service. But why don't you talk to Eddie?"

"I see the journalistic training of your father in those words. I've already seen Eddie. You know, he's a right guy."

"Yes . . ." slowly. "I know."

"He's got something between the ears other than an ugly mug. He's fast—and he can punch like nine tone of dynamite. But a guy like that—with brains—has got to be handled right, which is what brought me here. Your father knew all the answers. What I'm interested in is how much do you know?"

"You might try to find out."

"I shall. Beginning now. How old are you, or is it none of my business?"

"Twenty-three and it isn't."

"What are your plans for Eddie?"

"That depends on what he shows, and what sort of breaks he gets. Pop always said that the fight game in New York was neither easy nor pleasant."

Halliday nodded. "It has a distinctive odor," he confessed. "But you seem to have made a good start."

A TINY frown creased her forehead. "It was almost too easy. I asked for the fight and got it—just like that."

He whistled. "No crossing of palms? No finagling?"

"No, nothing. It just happened."

"It must be you. Maybe if you'd been a swarthy man in a derby hat it wouldn't have worked so easy." He leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette. "Not meaning to step over the line, Miss Mallory—but something tells me you're still a babe in the woods who got one good break. Now I'm supposed to be fairly wise. If you're ever in the mood to ask for advice . . ."

She saw that he was embarrassed, and sensed that this gesture of spontaneous friendliness was not usual. The smile she gave him was warm and grateful. "That's pretty nice," she said. "I'd like to take you up on it."

He seemed a trifle ill at ease, and so he pulled out a wad of copy paper and the stub of a soft-leaded pencil. "Here's where I act like a reporter," he announced. "I shall now bombard you with questions. Answer at your own risk. First: where were you born?"

She answered his questions. Occasionally, she suggested that more personal items might better be withheld from publication. And while she talked, she studied him.

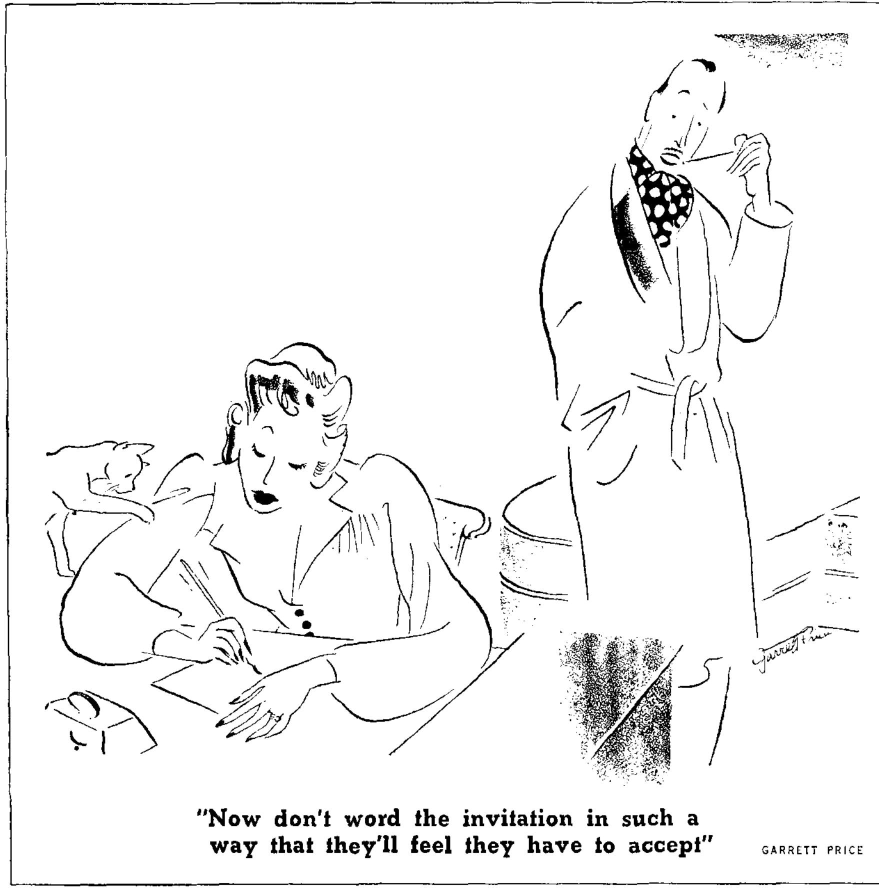
He was nice, that was the only way she could describe it. Nice and friendly, like a shaggy Newfoundland; and, like a Newfoundland, addicted to heavy growling, loud barking—and gentleness. He showed flashes of sentiment; yet he was wise in the ways of the world. Again and again she found herself thinking, "I hope he and Eddie like each other. He's what Eddie will need up here . . . now that Pop has gone. . . ."

THEY talked on. And Pat discovered that they weren't talking about Eddie any more, but about themselves, and that she was calling him Cliff and he was calling her Pat. They laughed a bit, and were serious at times. Neither knew why he told her things about himself, nor did she know what had impelled her to talk about her art studies and her ambitions in the field of fashion designing. It just happened, as it may always happen between a man and a woman who instinctively like each other.

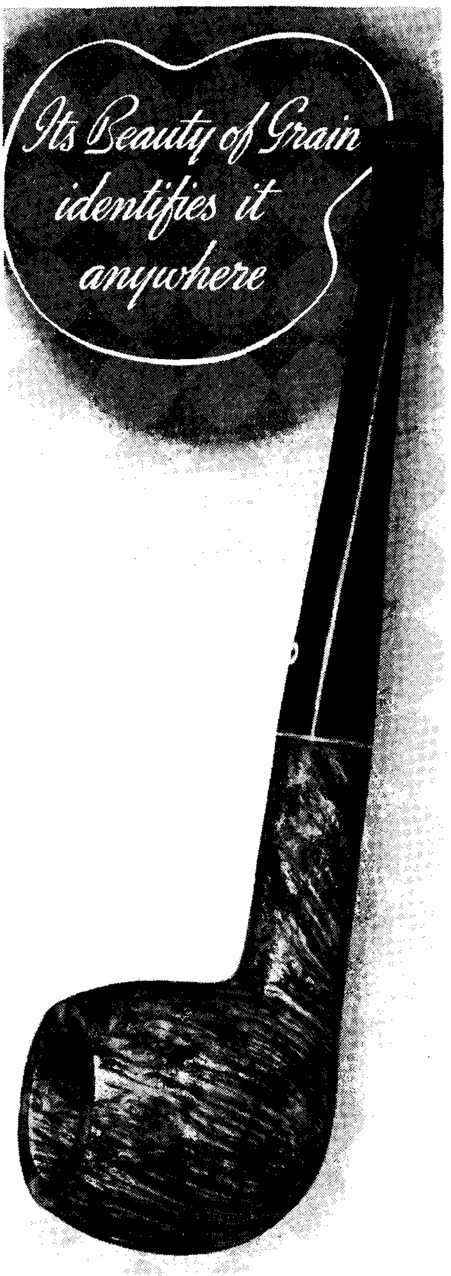
He finally shoved his notes back into a capacious pocket and said, "That seems to cover almost everything."

"What do you mean: 'Almost'?"

"It covers your life and Eddie's, and this particular setup. But it doesn't cover my present craving for a thick,



"Now don't word the invitation in such a way that they'll feel they have to accept" GARRETT PRICE



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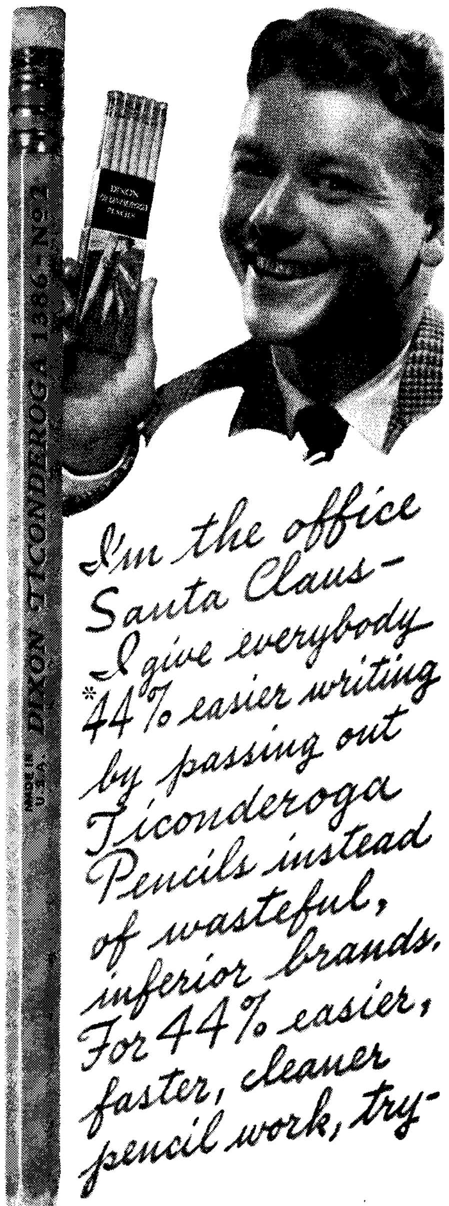
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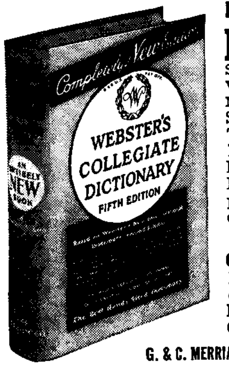

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juicy steak." He looked across at her. "*Is that a gleam I see in your eye?*"

"It could be."

"So you'll go with me?"

Pat rose and started toward the hall closet. "I'm a gal of few words," she flung over her shoulder. "I will."

They went to a restaurant that was neither too large nor too small, neither too expensive nor too cheap. The food was good, and there was a dance orchestra that was considerably better than mediocre. His dancing was more earnest than smooth, but he seemed to enjoy it, and over their coffee and liqueurs he smiled at her again.

"Would it be too trite," he inquired, "for me to confess that I'm having a very large evening?"

"That goes double, Cliff."

"And that the better I know you, the unfunnier my prospective column becomes?"

"You mean I'm not even good for a laugh?"

"To me you're not."

SHE looked over at him and started to laugh. Then she caught an odd intentness in his eyes that forced back her mirth. "I'll say this," she told him quietly, "you've made New York look different."

"How?"

"Shall I say 'Less lonely'?"

"If that's what you mean." He toyed with his liqueur glass and looked everywhere but at her. "Maybe we'd better dance. It'll help if I concentrate on my feet for a while."

Back at the table, he regarded her steadily for a moment or two. "It's got me," he confided. "I can't help being personal."

"Shall I pretend that I don't like it?"

"It's about Gordon." Pat could see that he was embarrassed. "He's a good egg. He's your type. And I'm not ambitioning to trespass."

Pat felt a queer little tug inside. She liked what Cliff had said, but it had a bit of hurt in it, too. She tried to keep it light as she said, "I think Eddie would be amused to hear you say that."

"Does he amuse that easy?"

"Yes." Her eyes and voice were level. "All I represent to him is a large and particularly excruciating pain in the neck."

"You mean he resents your managing him?"

"In a great big way."

"And you . . . ?"

She spoke gently: "Aren't we traveling awful far, awful fast, Cliff?"

"My fault. Sorry."

"Don't be like that. But there are some things . . ." She looked over at him and smiled. "*You* know all about *me*," she said. "What about you?"

He saw that she was trying to change the subject and fell in with her mood.

"I'm free," he stated, "and white. And uncomfortably more than twenty-one. I work fairly hard for an extremely modest salary. I have no ties, and only one outstanding vice."

"Only one?"

"One. But good." He grinned. "I'm an inveterate poker player. Maybe *that's one of the penalties of being sin*gle. Maybe it's my unquenchable optimism. Whatever it is, I always have a feeling that the next five cards will run from the ten to the ace in the same suit. I play poker for peanuts or IOU's; simply or extravagantly. I lose chronically, swear off after each session—and then tumble again when the next opportunity presents itself. Like all the breed, I believe I'm good, and no amount of shellacking will ever teach me different. So now you know all."

She said, "*And I can sympathize.* It's like being bitten by the bridge bug—only more expensive." She looked across his shoulder toward the crowded dance floor. Folks were having a good time out there.

Cliff watched her intently. Her face was mobile . . . "and damned beautiful . . ." *he thought.* You could look at her and almost figure what she was thinking. You could see it in that quick, little way she had of touching a finger against her lips, of smiling with her eyes, of pressing her lips together as though to choke back an occasional smile. Cliff could see it now as her eyes opened wider and became brighter, and then somewhat startled. He asked quietly, "What gives, Pat? A bit of a ghost perhaps?"

"Approximately." She was staring across the flood. "There's Eddie."

He followed the direction of her gaze. He saw Eddie Gordon, homely and attractive and quite obviously enjoying himself with a young, slim, vivid creature in a gown which fitted the immature figure too snugly. They were dancing close, and Cliff smiled across at Pat Mallory.

"Mucho caliente," he commented, "which is more or less accurate Spanish for 'very hot.' "

"Who is she?"

"Babs Ellison. Max Ellison's daughter."

"That's odd. . . ." Pat was trying to fit the pieces together. "I wonder where he found her?"

Cliff Halliday threw back his head and laughed. "You've got that all wrong, Pat. Babs Ellison doesn't get found. She does her own finding."

"I still don't figure it."

"She's working on him," stated Cliff. "And she seems to be getting places."

"Yes. . . ." Pat was thoughtful. Cliff studied her intently for a moment, started to ask a question, and changed his mind.

"Why should I waste my breath?" he reflected. "A blind man could see how Eddie rates with Pat."

Somehow the evening didn't pick up again after that. Once or twice Cliff and Pat almost collided with Eddie as they passed on the dance floor. Eddie flung a cool, " 'Lo, Pat," at the girl, and a very cordial, "Hi, Halliday—how you doing?" at Cliff. But he didn't stop dancing, nor did he introduce the girls to each other.

Halliday's manner changed, too. He was seeing things that didn't surprise him, but that at the same time didn't elate him, either. It was an odd setup. He figured he'd better not dwell on it too much.

He called for the check and took Pat home in a taxi. At the entrance to the apartment house she slipped her hand into his.

"Is there any way of saying 'Thanks' that doesn't sound trite?" she asked.

"Sure. Don't say it."

"I won't." She smiled. "But I mean it just the same."

"Enough to suffer through another evening with me?"

"Enough even for that."

He pressed her hand and walked off into the cold, wintry night. She crossed the lobby, inquired automatically and without interest for mail, and stepped into the elevator.

SHE entered her apartment, but did *not turn on the light. Instead she* walked across the room and flung open the window.

The wail of a ferryboat whistle came to her, and the melancholy hoot of a straining tug. From somewhere else came the faint strains of a dance orchestra.

She was thinking as she undressed and crawled into bed. She was still thinking two hours later as she stared up at the ceiling.

She was thinking of Eddie, and of a *young, vivid girl. They were dancing* . . . intimately . . . and Eddie seemed to like it.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself for being such a fool," she said miserably to the darkness. "But I can't help it. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

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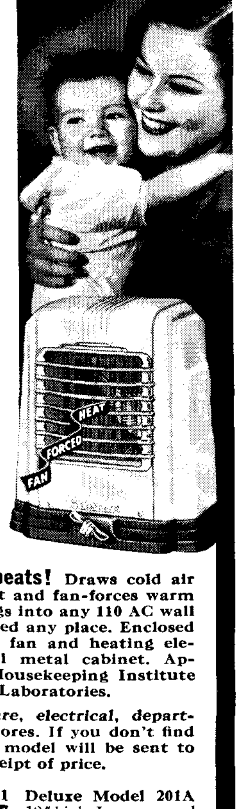

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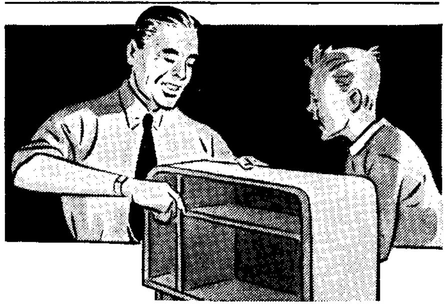

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Week End in the Country

Continued from page 20

openly with only one or two walls standing.

Finally the drab buildings of outer London were relieved by long stretches of country and then there would be a picturesque village. We were in Surrey, a county of long, rolling hills that now were mottled with the bronzes and purples of autumn. We went through Nat's village. He lived just outside.

Mrs. Nat was glad to see us. So were the two girls, Phil and Steve, whose names were really Felicity and Stephania. Their ages were fifteen and thirteen.

"Your mother and two sisters are staying with us," Mrs. Nat said. Nat looked at her questioningly.

"A bomb hit their house this morning, darling," she said. "But none of them is hurt. In fact, I think it's done Granny good. She wanted to stay and put out the fire."

Granny Takes It Calmly

We went into the house. Nat's mother was close to eighty. She was very, very annoyed at the German bombers but not at all frightened. Actually she was a bit superior to the bombs. The two children thought it a great lark—Granny's house being bombed.

"I will phone and get you both rooms at the country club," Mrs. Nat said. "You will be quite comfortable."

It was cozy sitting in front of an open fire hearing Granny tell what she'd like to do to the Germans; hearing the excited and somewhat envious wonder of the children, a little jealous because until then their house had been the only one in the vicinity that had been hit.

"It was only an incendiary that hit us," Phil said with contempt. "It came right through the roof and landed on Daddy's typewriter. It burned up all his books but that was all."

"Three other incendiaries landed in the garden," Nat said dryly. "And my gentle wife went out and extinguished the fires with a broom."

"Seems a nice quiet spot here in the country," I said.

"Now we will have a cocktail," Nat's wife said with a fine sense of the practical. "We'll celebrate Granny's getting bombed."

The problem of cocktails (important to any dweller in the suburbs) is not an easy one in England. There is a great shortage of vermouth so we don't have Martinis or Manhattans. There is a dearth, almost a famine, of lemons and there are no limes at all so we can't have rum cocktails.

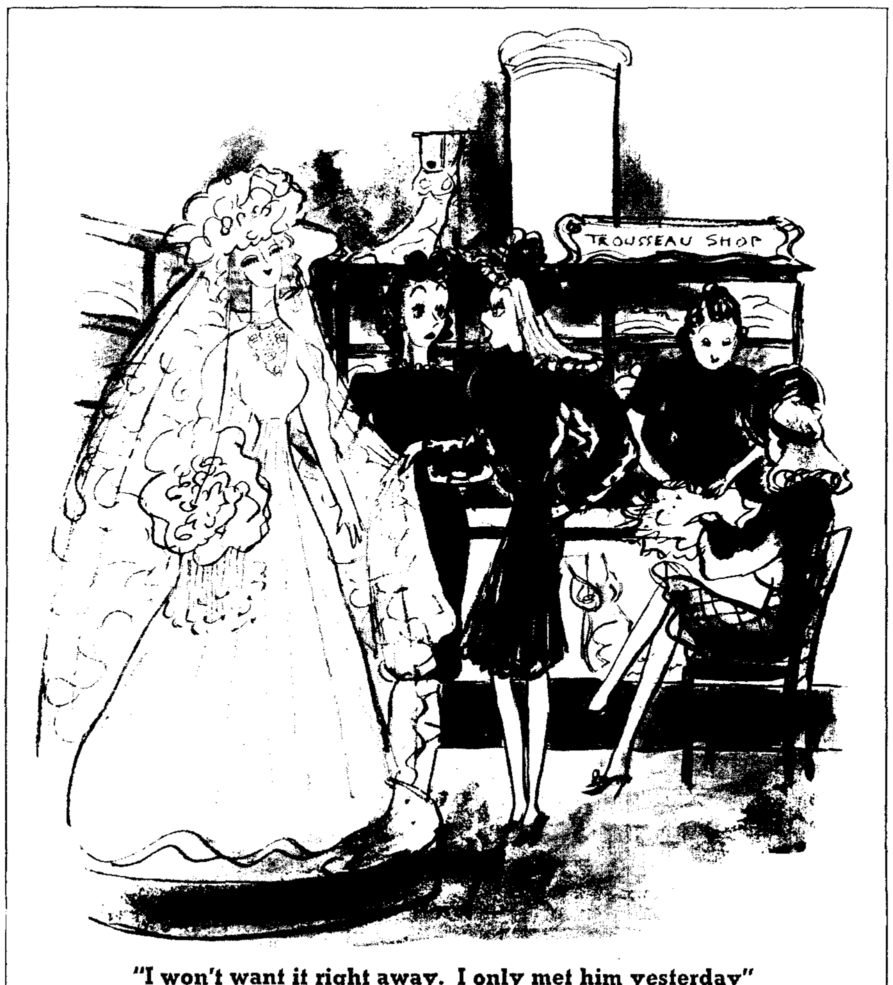
We compromised on gin and bottled lime juice.

My roast was brought out and duly admired and it was decided to have it the following day. We would have chops tonight. Nat had a small garden but cauliflower, spinach, cabbage had replaced the tulips and roses that had once blossomed there. That was equally true of every home here in suburbia.

After dinner we played games, the kind you would play in Bronxville or Scarsdale or Lake Geneva. Then the banshee wailed. The siren cut through the room and no one talked until it had died out.

"Oh, my!" thirteen-year-old Phil sighed. "They're up to their tricks again."

"Run along now," her mother said. This was a nightly routine. The children stayed up until the air warning sounded. Then they went to a shelter Nat had built outside. I went to the shelter with them. It was a fine shelter. The concrete was two feet thick. It was built into a hill that rose steeply in front of the garden. The girls were proud of their shelter. There were four bunks in it and a sleeping bag on the wooden



"I won't want it right away. I only met him yesterday"

BARBARA SHERMUND

• Posed especially by Carole Landis and John Hubbard, currently appearing in the Hal Roach comedy hit, "Road Show"

BEFORE BREAKFAST

"Dear exercise, help me reduce
Then I'll help myself
To Dole Pineapple Juice—
hmm, it rhymes!"

MRS. "This Dole Pineapple Juice is the best part of my morning exercise."

MR. "You said it. How about another glass?"

THIS PURE, unsweetened juice of sun-ripe pineapples is growing fast in popularity as the breakfast drink. It *never* tires your taste. A good source of vitamins B and C and contains vitamin A.

For Breakfast
For an appetizer at meals
For bedtime refreshment
No fuss, no muss, no waste

PINEAPPLE JUICE
FROM HAWAII, U. S. A.

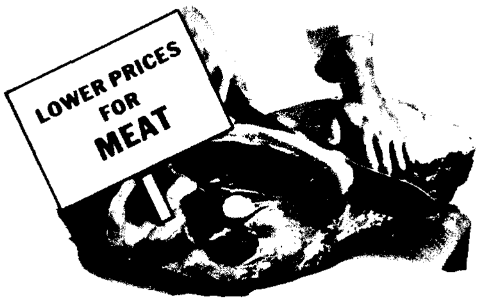
CUTTING YOUR
IS THE BEST

YOU PAY
LESS FOR
FRUIT

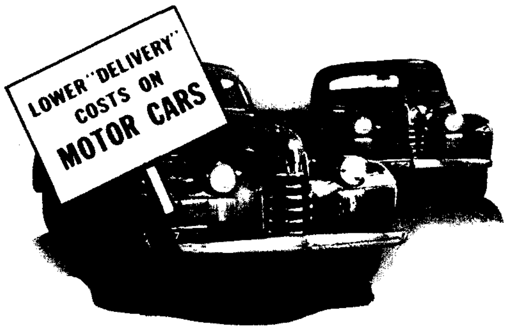
Oranges, lemons, grapefruit—denied to millions yesterday—are now enjoyed by all!

BETTER STYLES
BIGGER VALUES IN
CLOTHING

shipped direct from the nation's style centers . . . via fast, economical truck freight.


LOWER PRICES
FOR
MEAT

Cattle, hogs, sheep—lose less weight—carried by truck. Savings passed on to you.


LOWER "DELIVERY" COSTS ON
MOTOR CARS

Your new car costs you less because it's delivered to your dealer "over the road".

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Two gallons today—for price you used to pay for one. Trucks helped bring these savings.

BETTER ENTER-
TAINMENT AT THE
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The world's best, lowest cost entertainment—brought to your theatre on clock-like schedule by specially-built film trucks.

RICHER,
PURER
MILK

Glass lined milk trucks—protect your milk supply—your health—and your pocketbook, too!

SOME MORE SURPRISES FOR YOU!

Trucks employ more men than all other forms of transportation combined! 4½ million trucks—and their millions of trained trucking men—are ready to serve Uncle Sam—when and where they're needed.

Special truck taxes are enough to pay all state highway upkeep—plus enough to build 8,000 miles of new roads besides.

Most families move their furniture from one city to another *by truck* and for less than *crating* charges for shipment by rail.

Trucks make modern mass production possible — by linking production lines together.

LIVING COSTS THING WE DO!

Most things you eat – wear – or use cost you less because of AMERICA'S TRANSPORT TRUCKS

Trucks have put your home — every home — every store and factory in America — on the "main line" of the nation's speediest, most flexible transportation system. Read what that means to you!

HOURS before you cracked the eggs into the frying pan this morning, Mrs. Citizen — hours before your husband left for work — trucks had started your day for you.

All night long they came rolling into town . . . bringing the things you'll buy today.

Shoes from New England. Your new dress from New York. Light bulbs from Salem. Tooth paste from Detroit. Motor oil from Texas and Pennsylvania. Milk, butter, vegetables from the farm.

Practically everything on your day's shopping list traveled all or part of the way by truck.

That's important — because trucks make your dollars buy more.

TRUCKING CUTS WASTE

You see — trucks eliminate waste motions. They load at the door of the shipper — unload at the door of the buyer — a mile, or a thousand miles away. There's less handling in between.

Truck shipments require the simplest of packing and crating — if any at all. There's less breakage. Perishables arrive fresher — because they get there *faster*. On many long hauls — as well as short — trucks beat the U. S. Mail!

IMPROVES HEALTH

Today you get fresh fruits and vegetables — fresh fish — and other vitamin-rich perishables that were scarce — or unobtainable in most American towns a few years ago. Only larger cities could handle a refrigerated carload then.

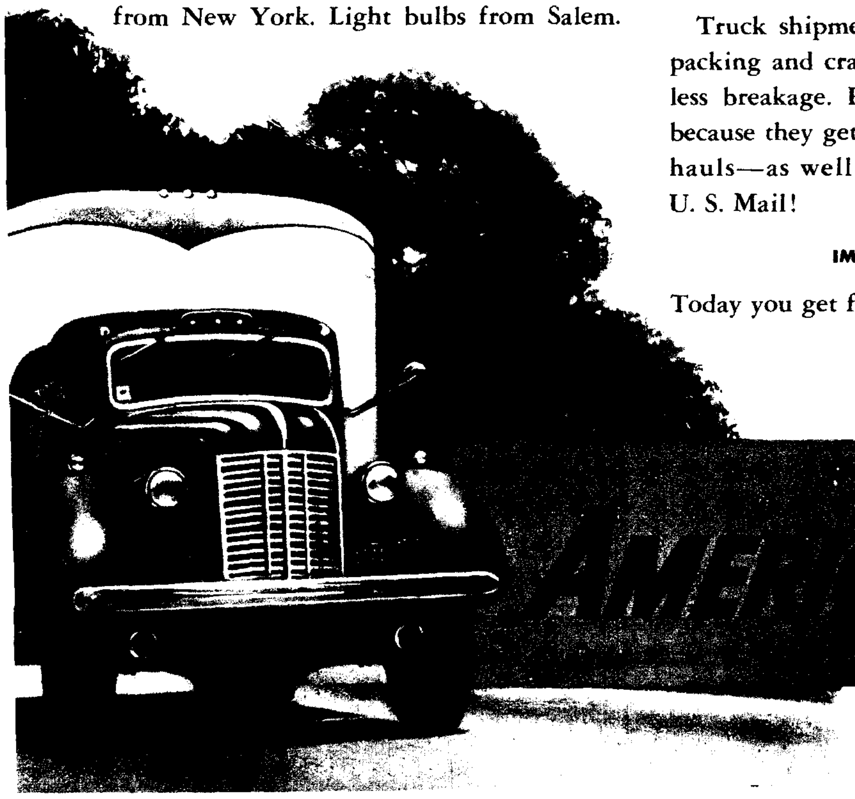
Now, trucks deliver a thousand pounds here — five hundred pounds there — distribute the load to a dozen communities.

Perhaps you've noticed the reports — how many young folks are taller, straighter-limbed, more robust than their parents. Quantity and diversity of diet has played a leading role!

* * *

Yes! We can thank trucking for helping to bring about our modern American way of life — for helping to build a stronger, healthier nation — for helping us to enjoy more, by bringing it to us for less.

So — next time you pass a truck on the road — remember what trucking is doing for you!



SAFETY
COURTESY
ATA
DISPATCH

WASHINGTON, D. C.

floor. It had electric lights and a radio and a row of books.

"Look at the funny books Daddy put in here," Stevie said.

The books were all appropriate to the occasion. There was All This and Heaven Too, From Bad to Worse, Heaven's My Destination.

"Are you coming for breakfast?" Stevie asked with a small, anxious tone in her voice. I told her that I was.

"Do you want bacon and eggs for breakfast?" and now the anxiety had deepened. I told her that I didn't and she was much relieved.

"We could only get four eggs this week," she confided. Eggs cost seven cents each when you can buy them. You seldom see an egg outside of a London hotel. Eggs and butter are scarcer than anything else. When a grocer in a village such as Nat's gets a consignment of eggs he distributes them equally to his regular customers. This week there were only four for Nat's family.

"I can tell a Spitfire from a Hurricane no matter how high they are," Stevie said proudly. "A Spitfire is low and straight and a Hurricane is a little bit humpbacked. I used to be able to tell a Heinkel from a Dornier but now Mother makes me come into the shelter and I hardly ever see any fights. Have you ever been in Hollywood?" she added.

When I told her that I had, she and her sister sat down in anticipation of a long interrogation. "Who do you know in Hollywood?" they began.

"Bill Powell is a great friend of mine. So is Herbert Marshall and Jimmy Cagney and I was at the front in France with Robert Montgomery driving in his ambulance—" These magic names brought no light to their eyes.

"Do you know Miss Shirley Temple?" Stevie asked ominously.

"I have not the pleasure of Miss Shirley Temple's acquaintance," I said with dignity. "But I know Joan Bennett and Loretta Young and Ann Sheridan—" I was pulling names out of a hat desperately.

"Funny you never met Miss Shirley Temple," Phil said a bit suspiciously.

"I guess she is too busy to see everyone who goes to Hollywood," Stevie said. "But never mind."

"Next time I am in Hollywood," I said weakly, "I will try to meet her." I felt that I had lost considerable caste.

Practicing for Parachutists

I went back into the house. Nat was now completely dressed in his home-guard uniform. He was wearing heavy boots and a huge, heavy coat and a forage hat and carried a heavy gun.

"I will be out most of the night," he said. "We're having maneuvers tonight. A group of parachutists will land on Bridley Hill just before dawn. They usually land then, you know. They did in Holland and in Belgium. Our job is to capture them."

"Bring their parachutes home, dear, and I will have them pressed," Nat's wife said. Then Nat kissed his family good night and we went to the country club. It was about a half mile away, and we walked through the black night. The Germans were overhead en route to London. They go in waves so that it seems as if thousands are always up there. Nat's village was on the direct route to London. We looked toward London. High over the city brilliant, golden stars were breaking against the black canopy of the night. But we knew these weren't stars. These were shells from the guns of London, helping to guard the people of London. We were thirty miles from the city. We couldn't hear the guns. But the stars kept appearing. London was having a tough night. Then suddenly the searchlights awoke from their sleep. Their white beams searched the skies. You had to pinch yourself to believe all this. We might be standing in Scarsdale now and watching these searchlights and bursting shells helping to guard New York. We knew that a lot of German planes were over London—the heightened activity of searchlights and shells told us that. We knew that bombs were raining down on London. For the moment I felt a bit disloyal, as though I had deserted the gallant old city. But it was only for one night. I would be back again tomorrow.

A Job for Mothers

Nat came in about five in the morning and he woke me to say that they had captured the imaginary parachutists. But he was up at ten and we walked to his home for breakfast. We had toast and coffee and fruit. We could have had bacon. A neighbor had wanted some tea so she and Nat's wife did a bit of bartering. Nat's wife got a pound of bacon in exchange for six ounces of tea. Barter is common now in English villages. The two children had been out for some time, Mrs. Nat explained, collecting money for the local Spitfire fund.

"They haven't been to school for eight months," she said. "The hard thing is to keep them busy. There are, of course, a few schools open but they have hit so many schools lately I would rather keep them home with me."

If you are a mother in a London suburban town you must be teacher, cook, fire fighter, nurse—all at once. If mothers in America are ever faced with the same problem they will undoubtedly rise to the occasion as have the mothers of England. The two girls returned happy because they had collected about six dollars.

"There are some new people down the road in the big red house," Stevie explained excitedly. "And the woman said she wouldn't give anything to the Spitfire fund because she was a pacifist. I said, 'Well, you aren't very patriotic then,' and she said, 'I certainly am. I would gladly play hockey for England.' And do you know what Phil said to her? Phil said, 'Well, if it weren't for the Spitfires you would probably be playing hockey for Germany right now.' "

"Phil, Phil!" her mother reproached, but Nat and I thought it was funny and even Mrs. Nat had to laugh. Laughter is a great weapon these days in England, and children are lucky enough to have it in abundance.

"Could I have your cigarette package when you're through with it?" Stevie asked.

I only had two cigarettes left. I took them out of the package and gave the package to Stevie. She was very happy about it.

"I have saved about four pounds of tinfoil so far," she said, separating the tinfoil from the paper. "Phil saves paper and tin. I save tinfoil and iron. Our village has sent Lord Beaverbrook enough tinfoil and iron and paper to build two Spitfires."

I didn't like to ask what part of a Spitfire was made of paper. The kids left, busy with plans to collect more iron, paper, tin. All over England youngsters are doing the same. England has eliminated waste. When we typewrite stories or letters we use both sides of the paper. Scraps of food are saved and if not usable in the kitchen are given to a farmer who owns pigs. We don't throw used matches away. The wood can be used again. It is not fashionable to be wasteful in England.

The front bell rang. Three soldiers stood there, smiling. There was a contingent of them near by. Every home in the village had been thrown open to them so that they could have hot baths every day. They'd just finished a long hike and they were muddy.

Nat's wife said cheerfully, "Go right upstairs, boys. There's lots of hot water. And there will be tea ready when you come down."

"Aren't they a nuisance?" I asked Nat's wife.

"Nuisance? I should say not!" she exploded. "They are grand lads. I sometimes have as many as twenty a day in for baths, and they're the finest boys you ever saw. God knows there's little enough we can do for them. The least we can do is to give them hot water."

"Hello, Evalyn, guess what! I've got flat feet!" JOHN A. RUGE

After their baths they came down and had their tea. We sat and talked and always they talked of going home, "after we've licked the Jerries." As they were leaving one of them said to Nat, "Your wife has been mighty kind to us. Wish there was something we could do in return. Have you a place where you could hang a heifer?"

Nat was startled. "Good heavens, no! And where would you ever get a heifer?"

The soldier was a bit embarrassed. "Well, a few miles from here there's a farmer who has more cows. . . . He'd never miss just one."

Everybody Wants to Help

Nat assured him that the household couldn't use a heifer. They left, and Nat and I got out his car and drove to the village. Ordinarily we would have walked but Nat had hiked fifteen miles during the night and his feet hurt. A lifetime of sitting in front of a typewriter hadn't exactly fitted him for long hikes. We walk a great deal in England. Nat is allowed about five gallons of gasoline a week—that was all. So the car is saved for emergency duty. We parked in front of the local pub and Nat raised the hood of the car and took out the distributor. He slipped it into his pocket. Everyone does that in England. You can get a summons for parking your car without removing the distributor. When parachutists landed in Holland, Belgium and northern France, they immediately grabbed all the automobiles in sight.

We went into the pub, which was warm and cozy. It was three hundred years old. The dignified old gentleman who stood behind the bar looked almost that old, too. His name was Mr. Adams and everyone called him Mr. Adams.

"I just heard about your mother's house being hit yesterday," he said quietly. "Now the missus and I have a large spare room upstairs with plenty of blankets and a nice fire. We would be happy, sir, to have your mother and sisters move in with us. I know your own house is pretty crowded."

Nat said, "That's good of you. But it's all right."

Two middle-aged men, obviously farm laborers, came in and one tipped his hat to Nat. "It being Saturday me and my mate are off this afternoon. I heard they made a bit of mess at your mother's house. We'd be glad to go up and straighten things out."

"It's all right," Nat said gently. "The lads have already fixed everything up."

We all drank beer in companionable silence and I was thinking of people I knew in suburban towns around New York and I was wondering if they would react under these circumstances as the men and women of Nat's town were reacting.

We walked out of the pub and stood there in the crisp autumn air. Up the road was the village school; across from it the village church and here a pub. These three things are symbols of what England is fighting to maintain. The pub in one way is more important than the other two; it is the place where men gather to speak their minds. The pub is the symbol of free speech in England.

"You English are pretty swell people, Nat," I said. "I guess you're our kind of people all right."

"Yes," Nat said thoughtfully, and then, like any Englishman afraid of sentiment, he growled, "You might have known Miss Shirley Temple though. You let the kids down badly."

Dispatch by Sea

Continued from page 18

impatience along the cobbled quay till the mayor, waddling beside him, halted at the fire. "If the brothers Gireaux cannot elude the English patrol, then no one can. The best smallboat sailors of Pildon. I confess it. These—" he made a shy, little gesture with his hands—"these are the men."

FOR the moment, Captain Lefevre did not look at them. Being Parisian, he twirled his black mustache and eyed the girl instead. It was a most natural thing to do. She had lifted her face to him, a small, round face with sunlight on it. He saw a pert little nose, red lips, laughing eyes. And that coquettish, saucy tilt of her dark head, with coils of blue-black hair like a crown. "But you said nothing—" he permitted himself a smile—"about *this!*"

"My daughter, Marie," the mayor announced with pride. "Henri and Paul have both courted her since they were all children together," he chuckled. "But Henri has the better of it, with that tongue in his head. Paul can only look at her and—"

"Papa!" Marie's laughter tinkled quickly. "You are—"

Her voice and her laughter were interrupted by the first fierce explosion of the afternoon cannonade. Lefevre jerked his head up sharply. The noise rumbled thunderously away, dense clouds of powder smoke billowing like fog to obscure the northern headland and the upper works of the rocking English ships. The captain sniffed the air like a cavalry horse, his eyes beginning to burn. The second salvo smashed against the hills before the deeper booming of his own heavy pieces, emplaced for shore batteries, took up noisy reply. Only then did the artillerist draw a deep breath, allowing a thin flicker of satisfaction to touch his taut lips.

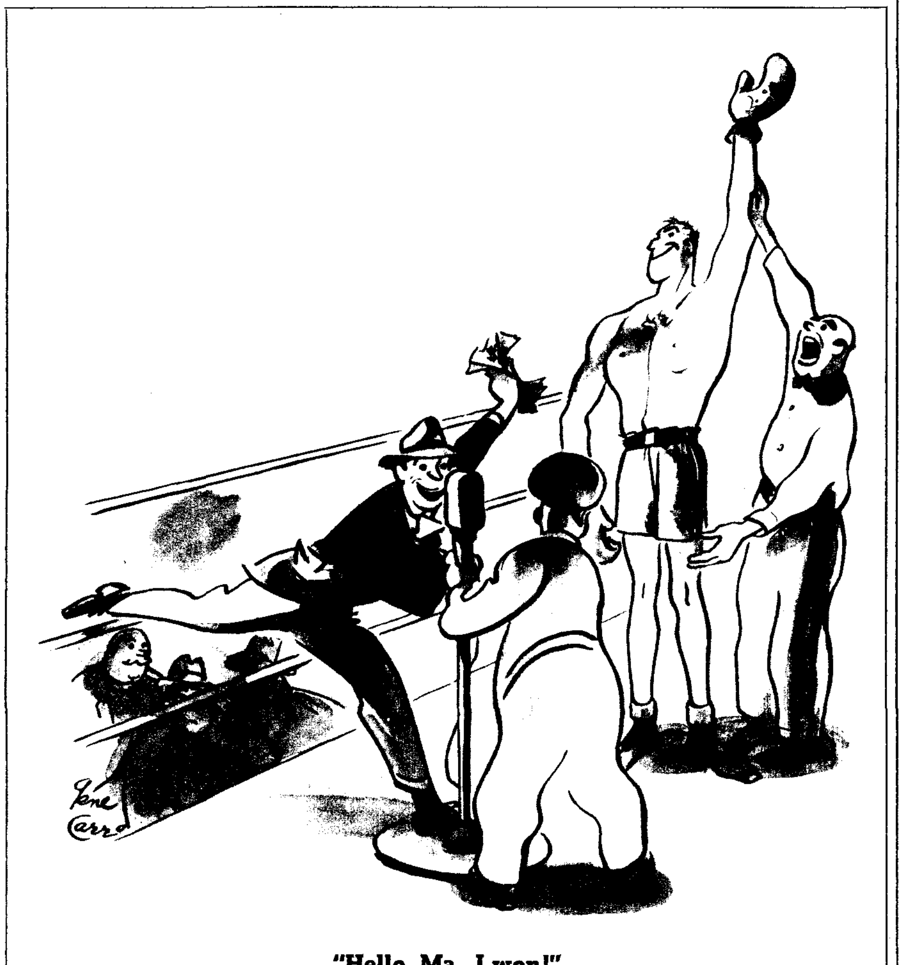
"There they go again!" The mayor sighed. "When will it end?"

Paul Gireaux, still seated on the bollard, looked up, frowning. He was a powerful young man, his rugged face burned a deep copper. He was remembering the rough, tugging work at a heavy-weighted sardine seine while Biscay clouds went swinging overhead; what pleasure there used to be in the way his little tartan could dance upon the sky-blue sea in a fine fresh wind. "If we could only fish again," he murmured, and looked down at once at his two big hands.

Henri laughed. Henri always laughed at his brother's simplicities, with that swift, carefree way of a man who is certain what he wants, and means to get it, too. "Paul and his fish!" he derided. "You see, Little Pinto!" He reached down and took the hot chestnut from the girl's hand, shelling it swiftly and munching. "You had better let us publish the banns at once. How can you consider a fellow whose soul is wrapped in nothing but his immortal fish?"

"That is not what I meant." Paul's large head came up again, grave with the effort of putting a thought into words. He could only look at that girl, shy and embarrassed, hoping she would understand, while the westering sun made his polished cheek shine. "How many thousands of tons of shining fish have we scooped from the sea these many, many years? Yet each season, when the time is right—here they are again!" The frown got deeper between his calm blue eyes. "It is like a man when he slowly ripens and dies. His sons live on. Isn't that like immortality? Because I know the wars will certainly pass away. But the fish will be here forever." He smiled sheepishly. "That's what I mean, Marie."

"Pah!" Captain Lefevre tore his professional eyes away from the fascinating distant clouds of powder smoke and the red flashing of the guns. "I am an artillerist!" he announced in his hard,



"Hello, Ma. I won!"

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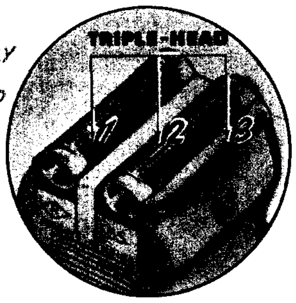

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LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

flat voice. "I have no time for your smelly sardine." He eyed the two young fishermen severely. "There is a dispatch that must be sent at once by sea." He tossed his arm seaward toward the sloop and bit off: "Can you skin past that cursed Englishman?"

Henri stuck his thumbs in the broad belt of his pantaloons. "Certainly!" And he nodded emphatically.

BUT Paul shook his head. "She has four boats on patrol across the mouth of the gulf at night. By daylight her pinnace would—"

"There is a fund of two thousand francs," the mayor put in mildly, "for anyone who takes the captain's dispatch past—"

"It is as good as done!" Henri sprang forward, eyes glowing. "Two thousand francs! Think of it, Little Pinto! We could—"

"Then attend me!" Lefevre cut in. "When the English first showed their two sail and the sloop, I sent a courier north at once. No ships can be spared from Cadiz: they are expecting Nelson there. But two French seventy-fours come down for our relief from Lorient. Yesterday, we should have caught those two English in the sweetest of cross fires. Today . . . ! With the one-hundred-gun Scorpion coming up out there—our two ships will be battered to a pulp. Perhaps some spy sent her warning! Still—"

"Perhaps it was Paul here." Henri grinned. "He is so anxious to get back to his fish!"

"I have no time for your nonsense! Two French ships of the line are in gravest danger. They must be warned away!" He brought out two iron tubes with screw caps from somewhere beneath the folds of his artillerist's cloak. "These hold the dispatches. You will each carry one. You shall go completely unarmed: I do not wish you to be shot as spies. When you are clear of the sloop, sail north as here directed to intercept Commodore Maillard in the French Fougeaux. But if you are in danger of capture"—he scowled fiercely—"throw the weighted tubes in the sea. And at once! Am I clear?"

"But, *Capitaine!*" Paul stood up in quick alarm. "If the French men-of-war are warned away, the blockade continues and—"

"And if they are *not* warned away," the captain bit off acidly, "they are destroyed!"

"But the fishing . . ." Paul's large hands came up, then dropped again to his sides.

"You and your fishing!" exploded Henri. "Glory and two thousand francs besides is better than your sardine. The dispatch tubes, Captain!" He reached out eagerly for them. "We sail the tartan before dawn toward the southern cape and pick up the land breeze with the sun. I have a plan! There must be a woman with us." He turned toward the mayor. "Ask Paulette LeClerc if she—"

Marie stood up, smoothing her skirt. "Ask no one!" she said.

"No, Marie! Not you." Paul stepped up in a movement startlingly swift for him. He held up his hand, appealing. "The plan cannot succeed. There is great danger. I could not bear to see you—"

He hesitated, stumbled in his speech, then stopped altogether, as if amazed at what he had said. She was looking at him fully with her troubling eyes again, and he had to drop his stare, awkwardly, to his feet. He heard Henri's short, dry laugh again, and he heard Marie saying softly: "It is settled. I shall go myself."

IN THE dark hour before the following dawn, the tartan slipped away from the fishing quay of Pildon. Henri held the tiller bar hooked in his arm, humming softly to himself.

"The three Englishmen will be standing on and off beyond the northern cape, waiting for their morning cannonade," he murmured lightheartedly. "We have nothing but the patrol sloop to worry about."

"The sloop is enough," Paul ventured gloomily, hauling at the sheet. "Make it fast, Marie."

The girl took a turn expertly on the wooden bitt and sat down on the thwart, her face no more than a pale radiance. Henri chuckled. "He is a chicken-hearted man, Little Pinto; this brother of mine. Now listen! I will be well in the shallows under South Cape by the time it is light. That will keep the sloop away. Her pinnace will attempt to cut us off, standing down from windward. There is a flaw gust off the cliffs, and the English cannot know it. We do. When I give the word, we go about smart and take that land breeze northward. That way we weather him before he can sneeze, and show him the tartan's heels!"

"You forget he will have a bomb gun in his bows!" Paul sighed. "Marie should never have come."

"Marie," the girl murmured brightly in the dark, "is always doing what she really should not."

Henri laughed at that. But Paul said nothing, peering intently ahead. The wind was steady and true out of north and west. The little tartan sang as she leaned on it, creaming black water to foam. That way she kept on, the stillness intensified by the rush of the sea, the thrumming of the lateen's leech, the hum of the wind in the gear. Till almost imperceptibly the darkness began to thin. Suddenly Paul threw up one hand.

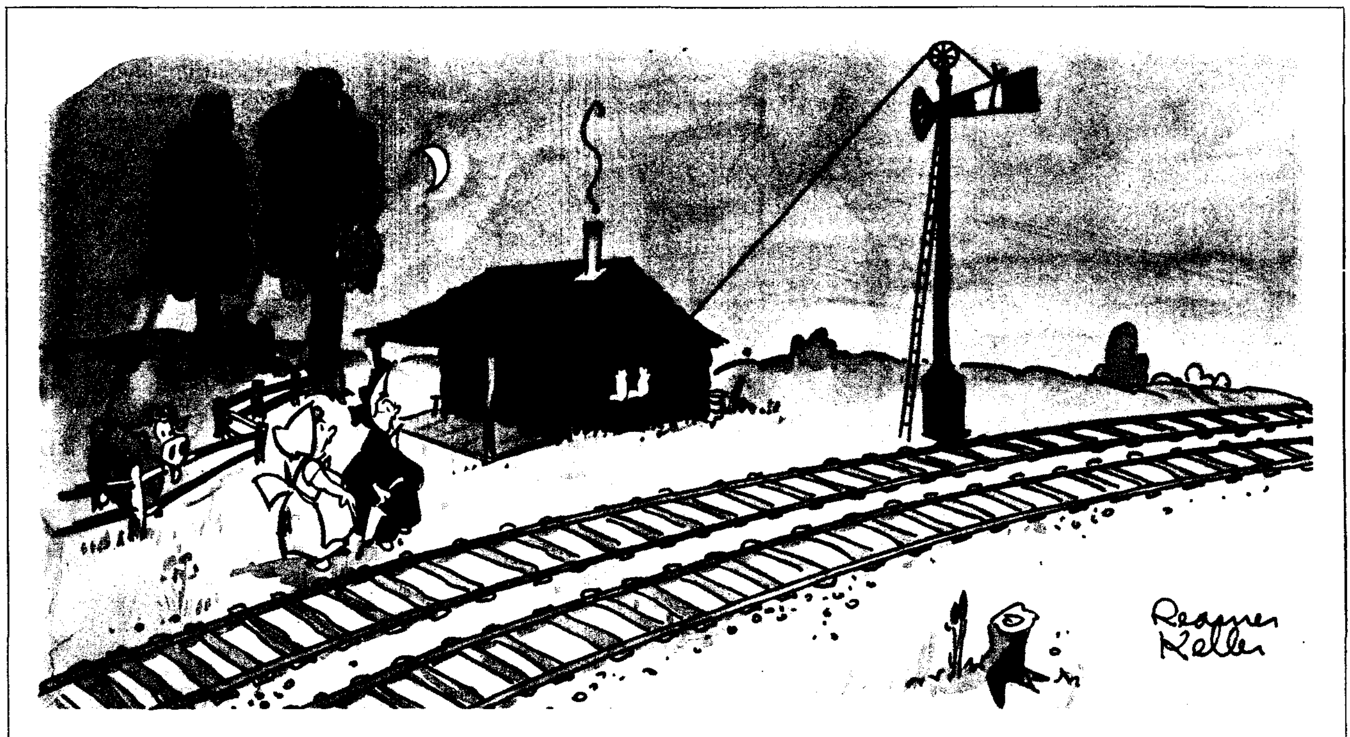
"*Voilà!*" he whispered tightly. "She is there!"

Far to windward the English sloop of war showed first as a pale and mist-hung shape, eerie in vaporous dawn, her upper canvas festooned along the yards in the gear. She emerged quickly out of dissolving gloom, her tall spars towering heavenward, gently aswing on a pearl-gray sea, her guns black and menacing along the gently tipping deck. She was collecting her night-patrol boats, lifting them aboard. Henri looked at her quickly as the tartan raced obliquely away. He saw dark specks on her quarter deck, the glint of naval lace, heard a whistle thinly piping. The next moment her pinnace shot from the shelter of her weather bow. Henri stood up, catching the tiller bar against his knee. They were discovered! The race was on.

Directly on the tartan's bows, the cliff of South Cape caught a crimson bar of dawn, white surf glittering at its base. Toward this she raced. To windward the pinnace, instantly appraising the maneuver, took the breeze on her starboard quarter, shaping angularly toward that apex. Marie started to rise.

"No!" Henri cried at once. "Stay down, Little Pinto!" His eyes burned fiercely. "They must not see you yet! Crawl aft here. Take the tiller when I give the word."

SHE looked at him, puzzled, a little puckery frown between her eyes. But she did as he asked, keeping under the gunwale till she crouched in the stern beside him. That way the two boats went rushing together toward the southern headland of the gulf, swiftly converging, the tartan hugging the wind, the white-winged pinnace sparkling in sunlight and running free across a narrowing stretch of shimmering sea. Suddenly something moved in her bows. A stab of flame in a belch of white smoke blossomed from her eyes; the loud crash of her gun exploding. The next instant a



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pluming jet of spray leaped up from the sea across the tartan's bows.

"Heave to, says he!" Henri laughed exultingly, his head thrown back, his little crisp brown beard in the wind. "To blazes with you! I will show you an extra trick at écarté!"

"You are mad!" Paul, watching the tartan's headlong rush for the spit of land, gauged the speed and run of the pinnace to windward, blocking escape. "Her next shot will be point-blank range! She will tear us to pieces! Keep down, Marie, or—"

"Marie will take the tiller when we come about!" Henri snapped harshly.

"No!" Paul cried. "She—"

"Are you ready, Little Pinto?" the other went on with ruthless unconcern. "Stand up and show yourself when I give the word. The English are sentimental fools. They will not fire on a girl. It will give us just time enough to beat her to the weather." He eyed the onrushing land keenly; tipped the tiller bar till the sail rushed full. Then: "Over she goes! Ready about!" He shoved the helm hard across. "Here, Little Pinto! Steer! Stand up and steer!"

INSTANTLY he leaped forward, casting off the sheet. The tartan spun on her heel. The big lateen shuddered in stays for an instant, then flew through the eye of the wind. By this time her way had carried her under the steep bluff of land. For the moment the pinnace was out of sight. Then the downward gust, whimpering off the high cliff, drummed the tartan's canvas full on the larboard tack. She shot away to the north and east, dancing across a lumpy cross sea. Henri was on his knees on the bottom boards, sheltered by the thick bulwark, securing the sheet. But Paul was standing erect, his feet spread to the leap of the lively hull, his eyes very wide.

"Get down, you clod!" Henri was shrieking at him. "Let them see it is a girl at the helm!"

Paul's rugged face, with the wind on his polished cheek, was turned gravely toward the sea. The pinnace leaped into brilliant view as the tartan shot clear of the point again. Taken by surprise, the Englishman was already well downwind. Ten minutes more on the present course and the tartan could steal the weather gauge. Her next tack would bring the wind on her starboard quarter. The chase would become a stern chase and Paul knew how his tartan could boil along that way. The advantage would surely be hers.

This was Henri's clever plan, using the girl as a shield. Henri was shrieking at him, crawling toward him to drag him out of sight. But Paul remained upright, solid and immobile. He saw the sails of the pinnace shudder in sunlight as she came about, her midshipman at the tiller erect in the stern sheets. He saw a seaman in a striped jersey and a stiff, tarred hat bracing his knee against the gunwale with a musket in his hands. He almost thought he saw the shining eyeballs of that man preparing to squint along the sights. Then he put his head on his shoulder. And he saw Marie.

Her lips were parted, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright with excitement. The wind had hold of her skirt, and the sun was in her hair. That way she steered, tall and slim and lovely, with a musket less than a hundred yards away pointing straight at her heart. Paul Gireaux let a slow, sobbing sound escape his throat, and started aft. Henri yanked fiercely at his leg and sent him sprawling. He turned on one knee with that appearance of slowness that was so deceiving. His blue eyes still held their look of patient gravity. "I am sorry," he said. Then his big fist slammed out; and Henri went limp. The next moment Paul was at the girl's side.

"Get down!" the girl cried fiercely at him. "You know I can take my chance as well as any man."

"No, Marie. Not you." He threw a quick look toward the pinnace. There was that musket, leveled, ominous. He could almost look down the muzzle bore. In a gesture swift and surprising he touched the dark coils of the girl's hair, almost as if in apology. Then without hesitation he shoved her from him strongly. She went spinning away to fetch up on the bottom boards in a heap. When she looked up again, he had the tiller bar against his leg, his stolid face serene and untroubled. The tartan lay over, water creaming the lee gunwale, the wind a high whine aloft. The pinnace was already losing ground astern. But then that musket spoke! Its snarling voice slapped against the cliff, reverberated over the sea and re-echoed again and again.

"Paul!" Marie gasped.

He staggered forward as if by a tremendous and unexpected shove from behind. He struggled for balance, crashing down to one knee, crimson swiftly staining his shoulder. The tiller bar cracked over. The tartan flew up in the eye of the wind, her canvas slatting furiously. Paul turned, slowly and with great labor, to put his weight on the helm again. But it was too late. That quickly it happened. She could never fall off in time and regain her pace. The pinnace rushed up, canvas let go on the run as she grappled hull to hull. A pink-cheeked midshipman grinned at them from the stern sheets, the grizzled seaman with the smoking musket calmly shifting his cud.

"Sorry, matey," he growled. "Orders is orders, you know."

Paul could not understand the Englishman. But through the red haze of pain he heard Henri's voice from forward, violent and full of savagery: "Fool! Clod with the sardine's soul! Have wit enough at least to throw overboard the tube!"

Henri did this at once, splashing Lefevre's dispatch far away into the sea. Paul fumbled for his own weighted tube. Seeing it, the English officer leaped aboard. But he was not soon enough. Paul managed to fling it from him in time. It made the little midshipman scowl. "So you were carrying dispatches after all!" He gathered his French together as best he could, looking severely at the two men, and then toward the girl who was sitting with her back against the bulwark, nursing her knee. "Well, that's two went overboard," he went on reflectively. "How about you, little pudding?"

"I have nothing!" Marie looked at him with a disdainful toss of her shapely head. "I simply came for the sail."

"So?" The midshipman hitched at his dirk belt. "And what," he murmured brightly, feeling well satisfied with himself, "what might *this* be, *ma petite?*"

HE STEPPED toward her, reached swiftly down, and plucked a folded paper from under the coils of her hair like a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat. Marie gasped in astonishment, one small white hand flying to her breast. Henri, dumfounded, looked at her with an open mouth. Paul remained motionless, breathing hard. But the midshipman, rocking to the motion of the boat in the sea, unfolded what he had found and read, frowning as if he were a full-grown man. Till quite suddenly he laughed aloud. "Damned clever!" His eyes took on a merry look, for he was already thinking of promotion. "All this business of throwing dispatches overboard, thinking I should be fooled into letting you sail peacefully to sea while here . . ." He slapped the paper with the back of his free hand and tucked it carefully inside his tunic. His thin voice took on the tone of authority. "Have a

THE DANCER GOT A KICK OUT OF THIS
BEEMAN'S

It was an off day for Mimi all right — she was rehearsing with about as much pep as a wooden Indian. "Stop!" I groaned, and hauled out a package of Beeman's to cheer myself up.

That's when Mimi came to life! She grabbed the Beeman's and did a pirouette that took even *my* breath. "Stingy!" she laughed. "Don't you know it's my favorite flavor? Beeman's! But yes! It is so delicious—so different. Smooth with a zip. Like this!" And she did that little number with the big whirl and kick—*it's been the talk of the show ever since.*

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THERE'S A DIFFERENCE, WORTH KNOWING!

RUM 89 PROOF — Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

look at that fellow you pinged, Wallering. Is he badly hurt?"

"Took 'im in the shoulder, sir, like I was told."

"Then toss over your hospital kit. It'll hold him till he gets to his surgeon ashore.... You can sail back home now, my darlings. But mind, no tricks! or we put a round shot through the bottom of this funny little tub. I ought to take you aboard, but I'm afraid I haven't time." The midshipman was grinning delightedly. "We've a rendezvous with your Commodore Maillard in his fine seventy-four Fougeux.... Cheerio!" He leaped spryly back to the stern sheets of the pinnace. "Cast off! Lively now!"

THE tartan rocked dizzily. The stretch of water between her and the English boat rapidly widened. The midshipman's thin laughter grew faint in the fresh morning air. As if from a great distance, Paul heard Henri's voice in the tartan's waist. It was icy cold.

"What means this, Marie? What—"

The girl shook her head, bewildered. "I do not know."

There was an instant of silence, loud with the chuckling noise of water, the whimper of the wind. Henri's fists clenched slowly at his sides. A strange light came into his eyes and swiftly grew. "You!" he exploded suddenly, flinging up one arm toward the stern thwart. "It was you! You betrayed—"

Paul moved his head, wearily and with great effort. "Yes," he admitted with the greatest simplicity. "It was I. I wrote the paper, and I put it in Marie's hair before I pushed her away from the helm."

Henri leaped aft. Towering above the other, his face distorted, he hurled downward the terrible fury of his scorn and his rage: "Traitor! It was you, then, who sent the English Scorpion warning, too! I spoke to Lefevre in jest, but I was right! It was you!" His voice cracked with the fierceness of its own intensity. "Now you have told them how to sail north to intercept Maillard. Three huge English ships against our two! Away from the support of Lefevre's shore batteries, they will be destroyed! Traitor! I had the pinnace beaten. I had two thousand francs as good as in my boot! This is your revenge because Marie is mine! For that you have betrayed ..." His arm went back, slashed forward. The heel of his palm crashed Paul's cheek. "She is mine!" he roared, and his arm flew back once more against the defenseless man. "Traitor! She will—"

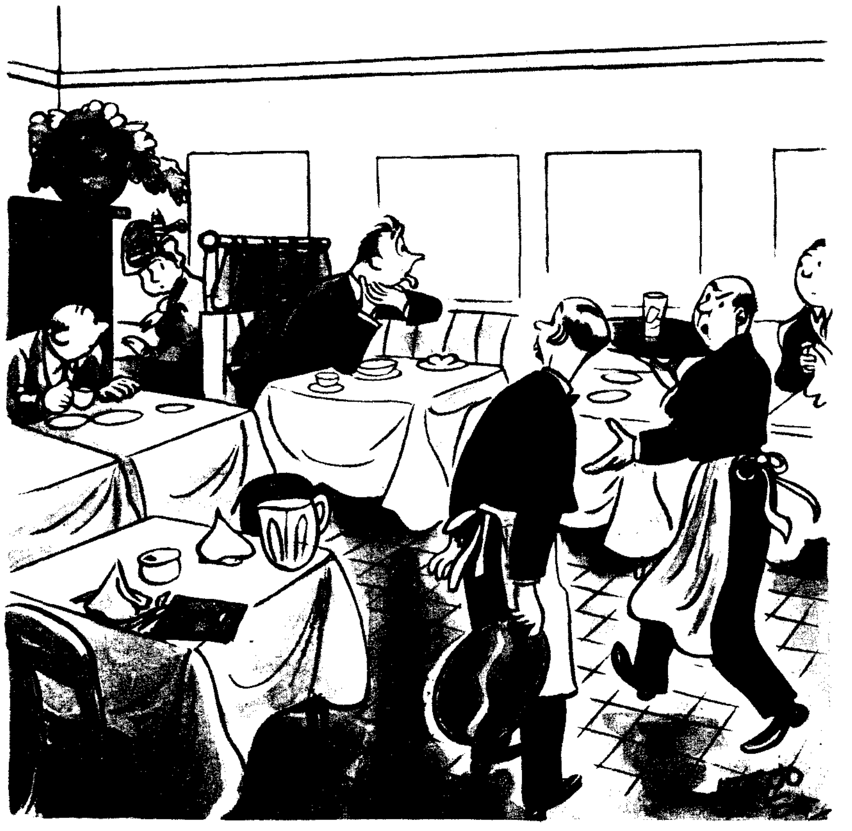
Paul was struggling desperately to rise. This offense had to be faced. This rain of blows had to be met. And there was white-hot pain stabbing at him. He got halfway up, reeling. He saw the next blow descending and did not flinch. Still, it never fell. Marie leaped like a wildcat to her feet, springing aft, her cheeks aflame. She tore at Henri's arm, held it while the tartan rocked crazily in the long, blue swell.

"You and your two thousand francs! The English could fire a dozen muskets at Marie for that: couldn't they?" Her low voice was husky, fierce with emotion. "Well, we were in it together!" she cried wildly. "Paul and I! We—"

"Marie!" Henri gasped, staggering backward.

Dully, Paul shook his head. He tried to cry out against that. Why should she shoulder a blame that was entirely his own? Why should she wish to? The blackness descended more rapidly. Then quite suddenly it closed over him.

When he came to, the tartan was closing the jetty of Pildon. There was Captain Lefevre, staring seaward with his spyglass at his eye, the Mayor Patous a mournful bulk beside him. "Marie!" he was crying in heartfelt relief. "Thank God you are safe."



"Sometimes I wish he'd just yell out, 'Water! Where the heck's my water?'"

ROLAND COE

"She is safe enough!" Henri snarled, leaping to the quay. "Captain Lefevre! Here are two traitors for your firing squad! They—"

The artillerist lowered his glass. "There is nothing traitorous in not having eluded that devil out there. I never really believed it could be done. I thought only that it was worth a desperate try. You—"

"No! I had the pinnace beat! Ten minutes longer and we were running free. It was Paul. He let her come up. Deliberately! It was his plan. Why?" He shook his finger under the captain's nose, barking: "Because they had a traitorous dispatch of their own to deliver! It was planted in Marie's hair for the Englishman to find."

Lefevre spun around. "What!"

Paul staggered to his feet, peering across the waters of the gulf. "They sail south," he murmured quietly. "Look! The Scorpion, the sloop and one of the sixty-fours besides. There they go, with all their signals flying. Presently," he said, swaying weakly, "presently we shall be able to fish again."

"*Voilà!*" snarled Henri. "For the sake of his damned sardine, he—"

"It is better sometimes to be caught," Paul interrupted, "but you must make it appear as if you did not wish to be. You must even get shot at, to make a man be certain you wish to run away." He smiled sheepishly. "It is a message to Commodore Maillard off Cape Ferret the midshipman found. The English sail to intercept him there."

"Cape Ferret?" The artillerist scowled, looking out across the sea. One ship alone remained to harass the road of military supply. The rest of the squadron was already snoring away with all sail set, ponderous and huge against the horizon. "Off Cape Ferret?" Lefevre growled again. "But ..." Then his violent laughter exploded suddenly. "You mean you *let* them catch you? To send them off on a wild-goose chase to the south? While the ships they seek come down from Lorient!" He tipped back his head. "Who would have thought of such a thing but a simple Girondist!"

Henri's jaws remained agape. Even Marie stared at Paul with astonishment. But Lefevre went on, booming: "We will catch this pretty sixty-four that is left in a most magnificent cross fire. Magnificent! I am off to see to it."

He whirled around at once, still laughing gustily. But Paul remained where he was, looking toward Marie and that thing of wonder he hardly dared believe he saw in her eyes. "You did not know that, Little Pinto," he said, frowning. "You thought me a traitor. And still you—"

"Of course!" she snapped without shame in front of all of them.

"But, Henri ... ! I thought you—"

"You are the stupidest man I have ever seen!" She stamped her small foot on the cobbles. But strangely enough, her eyes were bubbling merrily; her dark head tipped saucily on one side that coquettish way she had. "You said it yourself. Sometimes, it is better to be caught. But you must be sure to make it appear as if you did not wish to be." She looked down hastily; then up again. Full in his eyes. "Like me!"

"I'll send the surgeon to have a look at that arm!" Lefevre was booming joyfully, although Paul didn't hear that at all. "Imagine!" he told the Mayor Patous. "I—Captain Jacques Lefevre!—can think of nothing but escape. And he does a better thing by being caught! Because he is lonely for his blessed sardine!"

HE WENT off, spurs jingling, eager for his beloved guns. But he saw the solemn smile on the beaming face of the Mayor Patous. "Sometimes," he heard him murmuring, "even a war is ended like that. Just because some honest men wish to return to their fishing again."

Lefevre stopped in his tracks. That was not a thought to be entertained by a captain of Napoleon's battle guns. Still, it brought him up short. He frowned, pulling at his black mustache. "Perhaps," he conceded shortly, "perhaps you are right." Then he coughed. "You had better add the two thousand francs to the girl's dowry, Monsieur Patous. I think the man has earned it."

But Paul did not hear that, either. Because he was still looking at little Marie. And he seemed to know for certain he had earned a much better thing than that.

Great Scott

Continued from page 12

seasons at Northport, Michigan, where all the promising thespians from the university appear, and then she set out for New York. That's when she first ran into radio. It was either a question of running into radio or reporting to home relief. Yes, she sat in agents' offices for days on end; yes, she didn't eat very good; yes, she got a few small parts and the play closed.

The radio shot paid ten bucks and she got a few more and from that time till this she has always been able to snuggle herself up behind a mike and wiggle her fingers at the wolf. That's why she's still in radio.

What did her the most good was her experience with the Globe Theatre Players who did Shakespeare at the Chicago World's Fair and later at San Diego. Thomas Wood Stevens directed that group and they played steadily from eleven in the morning till eleven at night, doing half-hour shows, ten minutes intermission and then another show. Like being on a treadmill.

"Acted ourselves right into a nice purplish state," Martha says proudly.

It Had to Be Martha

After that there was another New York siege, which didn't get her anywhere particularly. She tried for a part in You Can't Take It With You and didn't get it. She was all set for Yes, My Darling Daughter but just as the contracts were to be signed they called Haila Stoddard on from the coast and gave her the role. So Martha crept back into radio as usual and kept her eye peeled on Broadway and occasionally got a road tour in a second company.

She was living with Vicki Abbott in those days, and one morning they arrived home from New England and found that their furniture was standing out on the sidewalk.

"We were living with a nice old German couple and they had been dispossessed, so we were dispossessed. We followed them right on down to a worse place on East Twenty-seventh Street and holed in again."

Then she got a part in a play called June Night. It was in rehearsal and she had one of the usual contracts which allow the actor to quit within a two weeks' period or to be fired by the management in the same interval. She had been at it four days when she went over to the Algonquin for lunch and ran into Evelyn Varden, who had acted with her in the Shakespearean orgy.

"You hiding from something?" demanded Evelyn. "I've been tracing you for two weeks. You must have had fifteen different addresses in that time. Go right over and see Jane Broder. She has a part for you."

The part was in Our Town, which Miss Broder was casting for Jed Harris. The minute she came in the door, Miss Broder said: "You're the one. Sign here."

This seemed rather foolish to Martha.

"Doesn't Mr. Harris want to see me? He might not like me."

"He'll like you," said Miss Broder. "Go back and tell those other people you're quitting."

The June Night people didn't like it at all but since they hadn't signed her definitely there was nothing they could do. However, they insisted that she keep on rehearsing, which she did until late afternoon when young Simon Legree, known as Jed Harris, began to yammer for her services. She finally reached him after dark, without dinner, without much life left in her. She had enough energy remaining to be worried about him. She asked tentatively why he was so sure she was the one for the part.

"My little people told me," said Jed. "The pixies. Now, come on here."

The experience with Harris was enough to frighten a young lady, but it was good enough because the play won the Pulitzer Prize and made Martha Scott as a personality. The worst time came on opening night. The only scenery in Our Town was a ladder, the play being presented on an empty stage against the bare back walls of the theater, but there were three sets of lighting and occasional bits of furniture. One of the stagehands insisted on pushing a chair around and that brought on a crisis. Jed said if he pushed it again he'd brain him. For the purpose he armed himself with an ax. Armed in this fashion he stood fearlessly in the wings. At one stage in the proceedings he began to prod Martha toward the footlights with this vicious-looking weapon.

"If you don't get out there I'll wallop you, too," cried Jed.

"I'll go out," said Martha, "but it isn't my cue."

That sort of halted him.

From her success in the role she got an urgent summons to come out to Selznick International and test for the part of Melanie in Gone With the Wind. That turned out to be a major disaster. George Cukor was testing Paulette Goddard at the same time. Martha got into the scenes only as incidental scenery. She looked like a wraith, her voice sounded like something coming out of a piccolo. They told her very frankly that she was not photogenic.

"That was bad enough," says Martha, "but that test stayed around to ruin me every time my name was suggested for a movie role. It was like that albatross business—always hanging around my neck."

It kept her from getting the screen role in Our Town for over a year. They saw the old test, thought she was terrible and decided to do a new one only when they couldn't find another actress for the part. That adventure also seemed jinxed because when she flew to the coast the plane was grounded three times by bad weather. It took her four days to make what otherwise is an overnight trip. When she arrived at the airport, there was nobody to meet her. She had been kept from turning back at Omaha by a stern warning that such conduct would find her in Leavenworth for life for breach of contract, but this arrival thing was the last straw.

Anyway, She's Got Something

But the picture was good and her acting was even better and now she's in Hollywood for the duration. Seeing her in the place is something for the books because she looks less like a screen star than anybody since the flickers began. She is a simple, sincere sort of girl and people are in the habit of going daft over her when they know her. Whether she is a beauty is a matter of dispute—some say she is the most ethereal, loveliest and unsurpassed lady who ever entered the premises; others say, What are you talking about? They are all rather well agreed that she brings to the screen a note of warmth and feeling which is exceptional.

She lived in a little shack at the beach at Santa Monica last summer, carefully avoiding the sun and the ocean waves. At a night club she would look like nothing but Uncle Ned's little Margie—very much out of place. She is not athletic and not intellectual. She has more trouble with prepositions and their objects than she ever had getting started on the stage. She may say, "Won't you have a drink with Carl and I?" and people will be shocked but she can take a radio script that wanders so far out into the corn that even the scarecrows are frightened and make you cry right out loud at two o'clock in the afternoon. And when you have that quality, my dear brethren, you can scorn any preposition that ever reared its ugly little head.

Whether marriage will change her is a matter for history to record. All that can be told now is that when she left New York after the ceremony she was scheduled to start work immediately in something called Cheers for Miss Bishop. With all its haste, the wedding was celebrated in a church. When some surprise was expressed at this, Martha looked up with her big eyes and said:

"You couldn't have a wedding anywhere but a church, could you?" She meant she wasn't going to have *her* wedding anywhere but in a church.

She has the least guile of anybody in the world, and that innocent look of hers doesn't mean that she's trying to put it over on you. It's merely that if anybody said BOO in the middle of that, she would have no answer. So she just puts it gentle-like with the hope that nobody is going to be offended. Hardly anybody ever is.

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

Collier's fifty-first annual team, selected by Grantland Rice and the All-America Advisory Board

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WESTFIELD WATCHES

WESTFIELD WATCH COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Backing The All-America

Continued from page 11

test at Philadelphia I saw Dave Allerdice, with an outclassed line, playing with an outclassed team, complete 23 passes for 353 yards, good for three touchdowns. On the same day Francis Reagan of Pennsylvania picked up over 400 yards running and passing, spinning on a dime and then moving at ten-second speed. It is a rare occasion when you see two backs pick up over 700 yards in a single game.

Yet a week later the same Reagan was good for only six yards against Michigan as a ball carrier and Allerdice, on a muddy field against Harvard, was weather handcuffed.

Don Scott of Ohio State is labeled by many as the star back of the season. Scott is well over six feet, weighing 215 pounds. He has been a fine kicker and a fine passer. He has also been a strong ball carrier and a good blocker. Bo McMillin told me back in September that Scott was the best back in football. Yet when Ohio State had the ball on Minnesota's one-yard line with only a minute or two to go, he called an intricate play with a wet ball in place of driving forward with the power Ohio State carried in its backfield drive.

Football coaches have been working for speed and looking for speed. The mammoths and the mastodons are still with us, many of them doing a good job. But they can't be slow. As Hagerty, Georgetown coach, said, "I have a tackle who weighs 215 pounds. His substitute weighs 255. His second substitute weighs 280. I picked the faster one."

The importance of speed—plus alertness and elusiveness—was demonstrated clearly by Steve Juzwik, Notre Dame back in the game with Army. Juzwik saved the day for Notre Dame before nearly 80,000 spectators. Before this game, Williams, Cornell, Harvard and Lafayette had piled up 89 points against what looked to be the worst Army team in West Point history. The count against the Army then was 89 to 26.

Meanwhile, Notre Dame had picked up 138 points against 27, and all 27 points had been scored against Notre Dame's second or third teams.

So Notre Dame seemed to be at least 30 or 40 points the better outfit. Yet, when they met, Notre Dame needed an 84-yard run on a forward-pass interception by Juzwik to carry the day.

How could this happen? Was it the surge of spirit on the Army side, the take-it-for-granted mental attitude on the part of Notre Dame? Possibly either, but on that 84-yard game-saving sprint it was the work of an outstanding back, Juzwik, that carried him through Mazur and Gillis, the two Army stars, who both had a clear, clean shot at his flying legs.

It Wasn't Just Luck

"There was no luck in this one run," Elmer Layden told me. "Juzwik is a masterpiece when he once gets under way. He is fast, he is strong and he is elusive. It took all this to carry him by two such defensive stars as Mazur and Gillis. But think what that one run meant!"

Two speedy backs saved the day when Harry Mehre, fired by Georgia after beating good Yale teams five years in a row, brought Mississippi back to his old stamping grounds at Athens, Georgia. Georgia was out to wreck Mehre, and Mehre was out to prove that Georgia was wrong in letting him go. That was the day in Athens when Ole Miss turned loose Hapes and Hovious with far more speed than Georgia's defense could match.

As a rule, from Collier's All-America nominating board, we have from twelve to fifteen backs highly recommended annually. This year the board has submitted the names of more than seventy!

From this long list and the observations sent in I was amazed to see the number of backs who could travel the one-hundred-yard road at speeds between 9.7 to 9.9 seconds. This is close to flying. Franck of Minnesota, Doolan of Georgetown, Jackson of Princeton are only a few who can beat ten flat by better than a stride or two.

As a rule fast trackmen do not qualify as good running backs. They lack the driving power, the football legs. They lack the ability to cut and swerve, to spin and turn. But this year backs as fast as track sprinters have had the knack of cutting in and out, of driving forward, of using their hips.

Selecting an All-America backfield is a somewhat unruly assignment when a list of seventy-odd likely candidates is submitted in midseason and fifteen or twenty nominations are finally offered on the total season's record.

Here is the list of exceptional backs, sent to me from every part of the country by the All-America board:

EAST—Reagan, Pennsylvania; Allerdice, Princeton; Eshmont, Fordham; Matuszczak and McCullough, Cornell; O'Rourke, Holovak and Maznicki, Boston College; Doolan, Georgetown; Mazur, Army; Petrella, Penn State; Kracum and Jones, Pittsburgh; Mazur, Manhattan.

SOUTH—Lalanne, North Carolina; Hovious and Hapes, Mississippi; Foxx and Butler, Tennessee; McGowen, Auburn; Bosch, Georgia Tech; Timmons and Floyd, Clemson; McAfee and Lach, Duke; Gallovich, Wake Forest; Pritchard, V.M.I.; Grygo, South Carolina; Johnson, Miss. State; Dodson, L.S.U.; Nelson, Alabama; Thibaut, Tulane; Mullins, Kentucky; Huggins, Vanderbilt.

MIDWEST—Harmon, Evashevski and Westfall, Michigan; Franck and Smith, Minnesota; Scott and Langhurst, Ohio State; Piepul, Juzwik and Saggau, Notre Dame; Paskvan, Wisconsin; Al Ghesquiere, Detroit; deCorrevont, Clawson and Hahnenstein, Northwestern; Christman, Missouri; Rohrig, Nebraska; Jacobs and Martin, Oklahoma; Duwe, Kansas State; Wilder, Iowa State.

SOUTHWEST—John Kimbrough and Thomason, Texas A. and M.; Johnston, S.M.U.; Crain, Texas; Weems, Rice; Wilson and Witt, Baylor.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN—Stasica and McClung, Colorado; Spector, Utah; Sugarman, Denver; Wing, Brigham Young.

PACIFIC COAST—McAdams and Steele, Washington; Standlee and Albert, Stanford; Johnson, Santa Clara; Kisselburgh and George Peters, Oregon State; Robinson, U.C.L.A.; Sewell, Washington State; Elmore, California; Marefos, St. Mary's.

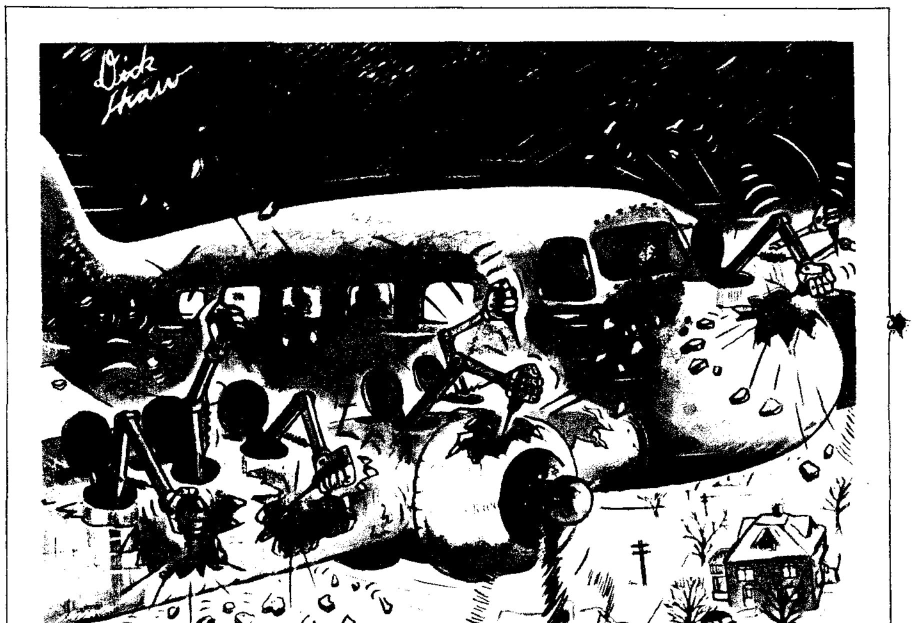
The Backfield Scramble

When the season opened the four best backs were supposed to be Scott of Ohio State, Harmon of Michigan, Kimbrough of Texas A. and M. and Piepul of Notre Dame. But from this list only Harmon held the expected pace through his first five games. Harmon held on. Standlee of Stanford came up, classed by Howard Jones as an Ernie Nevers. And Franck of Minnesota came moving along. So did Bruce Smith, another Minnesota entry.

In the meanwhile big John Kimbrough of Texas A. and M. was having a hard time taking the play from Thomason, another big, fast Texas A. and M. back. The facts are that three outstanding backs, Kimbrough of Texas A. and M., Scott of Ohio State and Piepul of Notre Dame, still had to prove their place as they swung into the stretch. And there were more than a dozen others either in front or holding their own.

If you look back over the 1940 results you will see one of the leading scoring jubilees. Among the bigger games Tennessee beat Alabama 27 to 12, Notre Dame beat Georgia Tech 26 to 20, Stanford stopped U.C.L.A. 20 to 14, Tulane beat North Carolina 14 to 13, Pennsylvania outpaced Princeton 46 to 28, Duke ran up 41 points against Georgia Tech and Alabama scored 25 points against Kentucky. Cornell piled up 93 points against Army, Ohio State and Columbia. In one of the star Midwestern games Minnesota stopped Northwestern 13 to 12. Arkansas broke up Mississippi's winning streak 21 to 20. In one of the big games of the year Minnesota stepped by Washington 19 to 14.

So far as the All-America backfield is concerned, this means the greatest scramble since Walter Camp picked his first Collier's team fifty-two years ago.



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How to Fight in Alaska

Continued from page 17

leaving LaGuardia Field. Only five more hours away is Fairbanks, geographic midpoint between Europe and Asia and America, the logical crossroads of all the big intercontinental airways of tomorrow. The plane is the answer to Alaska's future; but right now, you realize, it is even more than that. It is the guarantee of Alaska's present. Now you begin to see why the new Clipper service was okayed so hastily by an anxious government last spring, when they saw its value in pioneering a possible Army transport route in case of emergency. For the plane is not only an instrument of territorial development; it is actually Alaska's main protection today against covetous neighbors in the Far East, and the keystone of our whole Northwest defense.

Landing Fields Are Vital

Hence the big air bases that the Army is building at Anchorage and Fairbanks, the supplementary fields at Yakutat and Ketchikan. Hence the new air stations the Navy is putting in at Sitka and Kodiak and Dutch Harbor, to guard Alaska's coastal waters. Hence—equally important—the work which the Civil Aeronautics Administration is doing in Alaska's hinterland, those hundreds of thousands of miles of barren tundra which lie to the north and west, beyond the effective patrolling radius of planes based at the Army and Navy strongholds. It is from Siberia by way of the Seward Peninsula, for example, or from Europe via the Polar seas, that experts tell us the long-predicted invasion of America may come. A complete network of emergency landing fields is Alaska's only safeguard—"vital," said Major General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Corps, "to our entire scheme of air defense up there."

Granted that every fair-sized settlement in the territory has a landing place of sorts; usually these town fields are short dirt runways, lined with stumps and boulders, suitable only for the smallest and slowest planes. There is not a commercial field in the territory capable of handling the Army's big modern bombers. And so, during the past year, the C.A.A. has embarked on a full-time program to improve and enlarge existing fields—each of them to be at least 300 feet wide and 3,000 feet long, with the surrounding timber slashed for another thousand feet to allow a possible glide-angle of twenty to one—and to construct emergency strips in isolated mountains where a forced landing would be very hazardous. Designed primarily for the development of commercial airways, these new fields are obviously capable of military use in any emergency, and cross runways can be added whenever necessary to turn them into auxiliary Army bases. In addition, a complete system of directional radio beams is being installed from Nome to Ketchikan, likewise announced for commercial use, but it is no accident that at least two legs of the system bisect the main runways of important Army bases. You hear more and more of the C.A.A. in Alaska these days. You hear the spontaneous praise of old-line pilots, for instance, who tell you that the C.A.A. is the best friend Alaska flying has ever had. When you are trying to pick your way through a blinding blizzard in zero-zero weather, they say, the steady dot-dash-dash-dot of the range signal is the sweetest music in the world. The C.A.A. is eliminating the old maybe-it's-clear-on-the-other-side-of-the-mountain flying. Using his two-way radio, and checking with the nearest office, a pilot today keeps constant tabs on visibility and weather ahead; and if a sudden squall crosses him up, he can slide in safely somewhere by riding the beam. The two-way radio is like a small-town party line. This summer a pilot washed out somewhere in the Stony River country, landing unhurt but in a grove of spruce that hid the wreck. A rescue ship, having searched for an hour in vain, radiophoned back sadly to Anchorage that he could not locate the victim anywhere. At which point the victim's own voice cut in irritably: "Look down here, you jackass, you're flying over me right now."

Sometimes, to be sure, the advice of the C.A.A. office is ignored. Another pilot, flying to Bethel, phoned back in mid-flight that he was about to set down near the head of the Skwentna. "Don't land there," the operator in Anchorage replied hurriedly, "there's no field." There was a brief pause, and then the pilot's laconic voice again: "Sorry, but I think I'll land anyway. My prop fell off five miles back."

"Alaskan flying is no longer a circus," says I. K. McWilliams, Senior Aeronautical Inspector and, incidentally, just about the sweetest pilot we ever flew with, "but a serious business." Wild-eyed stuntmen of the old days are getting down to earth, literally, for the C.A.A. at once grounds pilots who break the strict air-traffic rules. Planes are inspected four times a year, tests made of alterations or added equipment such as skis—there has never been a failure of an Alaska-made ski, says McWilliams—and pilots are taught to take no unnecessary chances. Formerly a placer-operator would take a cat and 'doze off several hundred feet of tundra; nowadays the boys refuse to fly in to him unless he lengthens his field or puts it in a safer spot. Scores of new civilian pilots are developed by the C.A.A. each year, trained to operate on wheels and floats and skis—Alaska is the only place in the national C.A.A. program where pilots learn to fly with skis—and someday they may form a vital Alaskan home guard in an emergency. Last but not least, weather stations are being installed by the C.A.A. from the Gulf of Alaska to the Arctic Ocean, from the Canadian border to the Bering Sea. "Alaska brews flying weather for much of the States," says General Arnold. "When these new stations start sending in their upper-air soundings this fall, we shall have our hand on the whole continental weather pulse for the first time."

You've Got to Beat the Weather

For Alaska weather is a tricky business. Twisting williwaws sweep out of a canyon to turn you upside down and, you hope, back again before you know what has happened. Winter gales drift snow over the landing strips faster than the tractors can clear them, and you have to land in six feet of soft stuff, hoping that you can lose speed fast enough to keep from nosing over. If you set down in an isolated spot, you must be prepared to put in a couple of grueling hours tamping down a runway with your snowshoes for the take-off again. Sometimes the powdery snow is picked up by the wind and lifted up to six thousand feet into the air, forming a solid bank of white crystals ahead. A pilot, caught in such a ground storm while negotiating the treacherous Rainy Pass, made out what appeared to be the canyon wall about fifty feet from his port wing tip, and guided along this wall,

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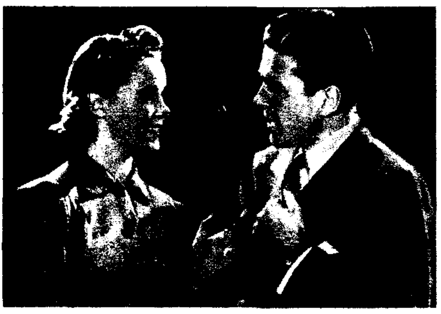

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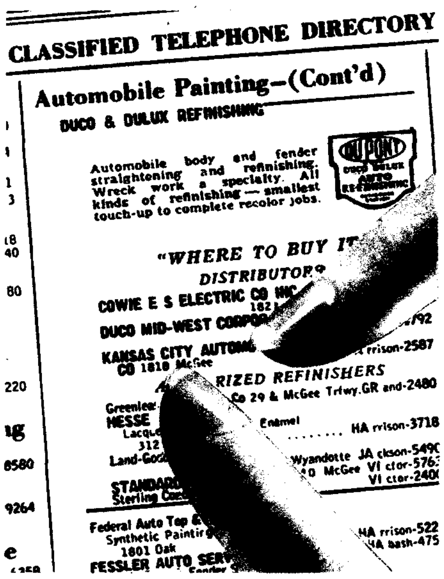

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waiting momentarily for the canyon to narrow down and the jagged canyon's end to loom out of the snow. His gas was down to the last teacupful when the squall subsided, as abruptly as it had begun, and he discovered in the nick of time that he had been flying in desperate circles around and around the peak of a mountain.

Sparkling sub-zero mornings that look ideal for flying may cause a plane's wings to ice up without warning, and the ship will pancake back to the field before it is fairly started. (At least two round-the-world fliers came to grief in Alaska this way.) Along the Bering Sea, where the shore ice is used for winter landing, a shift in wind may move the entire pan out to sea and leave only open water along the beach: a pilot approaching Golovin, and checking by radio with the ground, is apt to receive the baffling reply: "Don't land here. Our field just disappeared." Farther north, in the Arctic, the wind sometimes whips up to such galelike proportions that it is greater than your plane's landing speed; your only chance is to circle a town and wait for the tractor to come out, then give her the gun and plunge one wing tip deep into a snowbank, thus anchoring your ship for a few precious seconds till you can get your ropes out and tie to the tractor's heavy stern. And, as though these difficulties were not enough, there is always the danger that you will crack up on a herd of reindeer wandering across the landing field at Nome.

Old-timers Are Resourceful

You have to be a jack-of-all-trades, if you fly in Alaska, and a master of them, too. At breakup in the spring, and again at freeze-up in the fall, it is not unusual for a pilot to have to change from skis to wheels to floats two or three times in a month. Last spring, above the Anchorage field, three planes were observed in the air at the same time, one with wheels, one with pontoons, one with skis. The Army is conducting experiments now to perfect a landing gear for snow and water and bare ground; meantime, Alaskan fliers have to be resourceful. This summer an old-line flier was called upon to land some mining equipment high up on a snow-capped mountain peak. No problem at all, he told us later. All he did was take off on skis from a slippery mud flat, wash his skis clean by skimming like a swallow across the surface of a near-by lake, then climb nonchalantly ten thousand feet and set down in safety on a glacier at the very mountaintop.

A tricky business, this cold-weather navigation in Alaska. Flying over the tundra in midwinter, for example, the whole country is drifted with snow, your familiar landmarks are hidden beneath thirty-foot drifts, and you must barrel back and forth along a half-obliterated river bed, trying to see your way in the waning light. Add to that a seventy-mile quartering gale that shoves you off your course, the wide deviation of the compass near the Pole, and the fact that the sun in December is at best only a faint red glow on the horizon at noon; and if your radio quits—it sometimes happens—and you run out of gas, you are a cinch for a week's snowshoe trip at fifty below, with wolves your only company along the way. One veteran pilot, who cracked up on a midwinter hunting trip deep in the Chugach Range, avoided such a prospect by using his wits and anything else handy. He limped back to Anchorage a day later, with makeshift skis fashioned out of two spruce poles and some flattened gasoline tins, his rifle strapped along a broken strut like a splint and tied with his bootlaces, and his shovel serving as a tail skid in the rear.

The Army knows only too well what it is up against. Ladd field in Fairbanks, second largest Army base in Alaska, will be the Air Corps' experimental flying station this winter; a complete cold-weather detachment is en route there now, a full year ahead of schedule. Here they will develop methods of warming engines in extreme weather, and thawing movable parts—plane controls, even machine guns and metal bomb sights often need special adjustment at fifty or sixty below. Here they will devise new types of Arctic flying clothes, to be made by natives in the Indian missions, and also test the tent hangars which would have to be used, as well as the regulation heated hangars, should the whole General Headquarters Air Force be moved north in an emergency. The Army learned some things from the Finnish campaign, to be sure; but Alaska flying has problems all its own. And the only way to solve them is by practical experience.

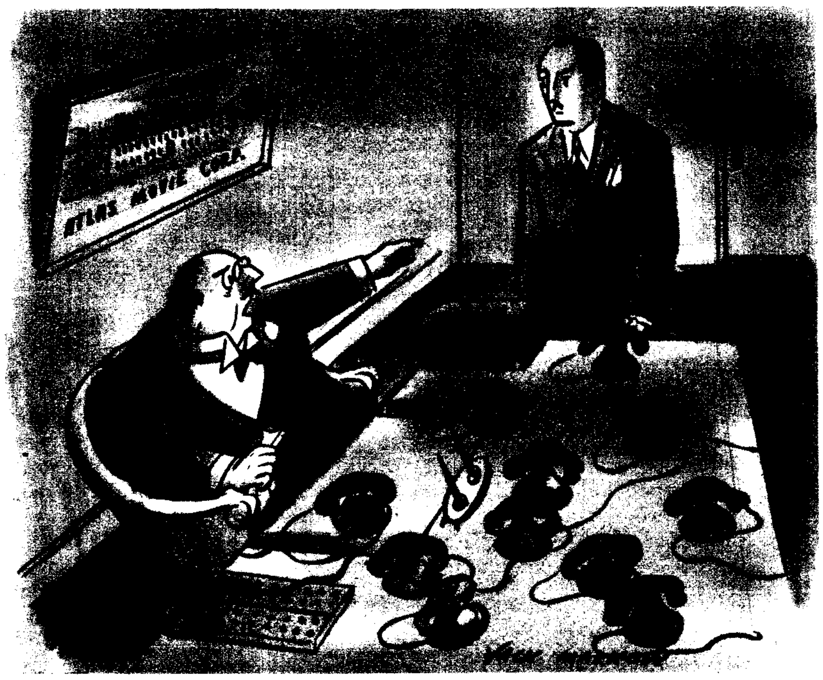
At least, they will have the advice of sourdough Alaskan pilots who have been outwitting Arctic weather ever since the late Ben Eielson flew his first Jenny over Fairbanks more than twenty years ago. Almost legendary figures like Joe Crosson, famed mercy pilot and generally acknowledged as Alaska's leading citizen of the air, who climaxed a spectacular career of Arctic rescues by bringing out the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. Or veterans like S. E. Robbins and Jerry Jones, now flying the new Alaska Clipper, or Pacific-Alaska's Al Monsen and Bill Knox and Walter Hall, or well-known independent pilots like Noel Wien and Hakon Christensen, Jack Hermann and Bill Lavery and Bert Ruoff—all of them ready to offer the Army a few cold-weather stunts from their private bags of tricks. How to avoid freezing your motor on a short stop, for instance, by covering it with a fireproof fabric motor-hood like a huge armless nightshirt, and lighting a fire pot beneath this shroud to keep the motor warm. How to drain off all the oil into cans if your stop is to be a longer one, and set them on a stove to keep the oil from solidifying. How to remove hoarfrost from your plane, after a night in the open, by tossing a rope over the wings and seesawing it back and forth. How to get rid of ice on the bottom of your skis, which makes a take-off impossible, by skidding your plane onto spruce rollers and working beneath it with fire pot and chisel. How to allow for the high mineralization of the soil, which sometimes distorts your compass and splits the directional radio beam so that the "on course" signal near Fairbanks may be heard over an area of fifteen miles.

The Army Learns to Ski

And, while the Army pilots are learning to outwit Alaskan weather in the air, the newly arrived infantrymen are being taught to buck it on the ground. At the Anchorage air base, under command of Brigadier General Simon Buckner, some 6,500 soldiers will soon face their first winter in the north—drawling cow hands from Texas or gangling farmers from Carolina and Alabama, many of them seeing snow for the first time. Already Eskimos are busy preparing for their use the biggest order for parkas and mukluks that has ever struck the Arctic—gift-shop proprietors complain that there will be no native souvenirs for tourists next year. In addition, six thousand pairs of snowshoes have just been bought by the Army, a modified form of the familiar Maine snowshoe. Pack boards will be redesigned for military use, higher and narrower than the ordinary boards. Experiments are now being made to perfect a combination marching boot and ski boot, suitable both for moderate and extreme weather, resembling a regular ski boot of oil-tanned leather but with cork insulation and a dry-tanned inner lining.

For the Army will have to learn to ski—General Buckner is planning elaborate maneuvers on skis this winter in order to teach the men to bivouac in the mountains and live amid cold and snow—and many a lanky Texan will measure his length in Alaska's drifts before he learns how to balance himself on a pair of seven-foot hickory shafts. Veteran Alaskan skiers and noted mountain climbers are volunteering as instructors in this task. One of them is Russell Dow, former star of a Dartmouth College ski team, who is now working in Anchorage, teaching these green young soldiers who have never been on skis before.

The new troops will have to learn other things this winter: how to handle a dog team, for example, for the sled will play its part in the Army's winter maneuvers in the north. This fall the forty huskies now at Chilkoot Barracks are being moved to Fairbanks, where they will be used experimentally, not only as a method of rescuing planes lost in the wilderness, but also as a pos-



ATLAS MOVIE CORP.

"Go find me some new talent. Two of our kiddie stars have been called in the draft!" JACK MARKOW sible means of transporting machine guns and mortars across deep snow—probably the first time in United States Army history that sled dogs have been employed for this purpose. Consequently, old dog mushers from the Yukon are being brought down to teach raw recruits that a ouija board is not a game but part of a sled, and that the best way to navigate in a blizzard is to follow the lead dog's nose. "What they got to learn," an old-timer explains succinctly, "is how to use the south end of a dog for a compass going north."

Meantime, General Buckner is busy day and night, knocking on the cabin doors of weather-beaten trappers and prospectors, picking up odd bits of information about Alaskan winters: hints on how to camp out safely at twenty or thirty below, how to move in the cold, how to avoid frozen faces and hands. A squirrel-fur fascinator put over the head like an aviator's helmet, the sourdoughs say, will save many a frostbitten cheek or jaw. In extreme weather, they tell you, kill a rabbit and paste a square of the still-warm fur onto the tip of your nose. Stuff dry grass down inside your mukluks to make them softer, also to absorb moisture and prevent frozen feet. Line the hood of your parka with wolverine fur—the only fur that is actually shipped north to Alaska—because your breath will not form ice on it so readily. Tie your mittens securely to either end of a long cord hung around your neck; loss of mitts in the fierce cold might be fatal. Fasten on your snowshoes Eskimo-fashion by means of a single thong looped around the heel and crossed over the instep; in case you get knocked off your feet in a dogfight, it may prove a life-or-death necessity to be able to kick them off in a hurry.

When the thermometer drops to forty or fifty below, move slowly if you want to avoid frostbitten lungs. Wear smoked glasses, or Eskimo "spectacles," made of solid wood with narrow horizontal slits; or, if you are caught without either, smear lampblack around your eyes. Snow blindness may lead you over a precipice if you are in mountain country. Soak a handful of matches in paraffin, and let the paraffin harden; that brick of matches can be carried in your pocket for days and will not get damp. Cross glacial streams at night, before the sun gets hot, when there is the least water. If you break through, toss your snowshoes out onto the crumbling ice before you and clamber up on them. If you keep slipping back and cannot get a grip, stretch both arms flat across the ice and hold them there till the wet sleeves freeze solid, giving you sufficient purchase to pull yourself out of the water. . . .

To be sure, they are cheechakos still—these Army pilots fresh from Shreveport or March field, these infantrymen from Texas or Alabama—but they are fast learning the ways of the North. And by next spring they will be ready, should the need arise, to defend the territory against any invasion in any weather: Alaska's Sourdough Army.

Hawaii Rebound

Continued from page 15

run along home because you're going to have a hard day tomorrow. Also, you have to move."

"Move? Why do I have to move?"

"Listen, sister, if you're bound to run in this race you take orders from the guy that holds the starting gun. Which same is me. You move because you have to have a good address. Where are you now?"

"At the Weverly Biltshire."

"Oh," I said. "Well, you're catching on fast. I'll be calling you."

I went home and read B. J.'s script of Hawaii Rebound. Naturally, it was the corniest hoke imaginable. There was one sequence where Our Nell gets trapped on a rock at high tide that was especially sour mash; it was B. J.'s idea of realism. I hate to have a guy play right into my hands, even a guy like B. J. who had to tie a string around his finger every morning so's he wouldn't double cross himself. But this Mary Dent would take the edge off a better conscience than I ever had.

So after breakfast I made all the arrangements, called B. J., and outlined the plot.

"Why," he said, "that's the most gripping thing I ever heard of. It practically parallels Sequence C in my next picture."

"No!" I paused in admiration. "Okay, then. I'll get the girl on the rock at low tide—3:12 this afternoon. I'll call the sheriff's office about four. At dark there ought to be a big crowd on the bluff and you, coming up the coast with the sound truck stop to see what's afoot."

"What have I been doing down the coast with a sound truck?" asked B. J.

"Why, you've had La Marca on the beach at Laguna all day seeing how she'll photograph against a marine background," I said. "In fact, being a careful producer with the studio's interest at heart, you want to see how she'll go over in Sequence C. You've shot about five thousand feet of her sitting on rocks and it's all terrible, as you'll discover when you and the boys in the front office run it tomorrow. That is, it will be terrible if your cameraman's any good."

Next I called Mary Dent and explained things. She appeared satisfied. But half an hour later she called back and said that something had come up. She couldn't possibly be marooned that afternoon. She wouldn't explain why; she was just positive. It would have to be tomorrow.

So I picked her up the next afternoon and drove her to Corona Del Mar. There's a place along the coast where the highway has nothing but a small bean field between it and the bluff facing the ocean. I felt sorry for that bean field as we crossed it and scrambled down to the water.

There wasn't any beach below the bluff, just a jumble of big rocks full of seaweed and nautical smells. Right away I spotted our set from the description given me by the location department. It was known as Fisherman's Rock and had at one time been a part of the bluff. But it had either broken off and moved a couple of hundred feet out to sea or the bluff had moved back and left it. It was half as big as a sound stage, and about forty feet high on the side facing the bean field. The other side sloped down into the water. We couldn't get to it yet because the tide wasn't all out, but I spotted the ladder some fishing enthusiast had wired against it.

When I'd picked Mary up at the hotel she'd had a big hamper and some blankets. I was for leaving them behind. I ask you, how can a girl work up a serious case of hunger and exposure by spending a few hours on a rock wrapped up with blankets and fried chicken and hot coffee and whatever else she'd brought? I wanted the setup hokey, but not that broad. She pointed out that she could ditch the stuff just before

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the rescue and, in the meantime, why not be comfortable?

"Now," said Mary, "while we're waiting for the tide you might gather a lot of driftwood. I think it would be a good idea if I built a fire up there when it gets dark. People would see the glow and it would focus their attention."

"I figured I'd focus their attention with this," I said, and tossed her a small bundle.

She shook it out and turned it this way and that. "I give up," she said. "Is it made to go over a bridge table?"

"Listen, my unsophisticated native queen. That is a hundred-and-eighty-dollar sarong, guaranteed in the correct period and tailored by René."

"Hawaiians don't wear sarongs," she objected. "Besides, this has a zipper and I don't think the natives of Borneo—or wherever they do wear sarongs—"

"Look," I said. "Please don't go educating the motion-picture industry. Hawaiians have worn sarongs ever since sound came in. And the zipper is rust-proof."

THEN I gathered a lot of driftwood. The tide was going out according to schedule, just forty minutes later than the time I had got for yesterday. Amazing how those things are handled.

I got our stuff up on the rock and stood there. She came up and stood beside me in the sarong.

"Thank you for all your trouble," she said. "When I get my contract I'll insist that B. J. puts you on the publicity staff. Or, would you rather have a writing job?"

I burned. I mean, but hot. "Oh, any little crumb, sister. When you see me on the Boulevard it'll be enough if you just drop a dime in my cap and don't take a pencil." I walked to the ladder and started down it.

"Barney—"

I stopped and looked up. She made a marvelous close shot against the sky.

"I think after you get down we'd better get rid of this ladder. I ought to be left up here absolutely helpless, regardless of the tide. The ladder won't look well in the pictures."

I nodded. "You'll be directing next." So I went down and unfastened the wires holding the ladder at the bottom. It was much wetter now. Husky little waves were chasing around the sides of the rock and smacking me wherever I stuck out. "Now," I yelled up, "untwist those wires at the top and shove her off."

She fiddled around for awhile but I could see the job was too much for her. "Hold it," I called.

I got back up the ladder and, crouching beside her, managed to get loose the wires. "Now," I said, "you hang on until I get down again."

She took hold of the top rung and felt around for a good place to brace her feet. All of a sudden she seemed to slip and go every which way. I made a desperate grab to keep her from going over the edge and got her. I was weak all over.

"The—the ladder!" she squeaked.

The ladder was down in the surf forty feet below.

"Well," I said. "You've certainly loused up your publicity now. No contract for you, little one." I felt swell.

"You mean, nobody will be interested in me with you here too?"

"Not a chance. We're just a dumb couple who climbed on a rock and had to wait until the tide went out again before we could get off."

She seemed pretty blue. But after she had looked the rock over for a few moments she brightened. "Perhaps it won't be so bad, Barney. The way this rock slopes you can't be seen from the bluff if you don't go near the upper edge. You can lie down over there."

"If you think I'm going to spend the night lying on my stomach like a horse-opera Indian—" I began.

"We've got a blanket," she replied. "Besides, when it gets dark maybe you can sit up. How about a sandwich?"

I was willing. As a matter of fact, I could have gone into a song and dance over the way things had worked out. By talking fast, I might have a chance to sell her on the idea that she was much too important for a Hollywood career; I'd show how she was designed by destiny to keep house for a medium-priced writer and a Filipino boy.

The food rather startled me. There were four large packages and pretty soon I saw that they had been neatly stamped by the hotel chef as: "Dinner," "Supper," "Breakfast," and "Lunch." Also, there were two flasks of coffee, some beer, and a quart of Scotland's finest. "I've heard Hawaiians were big eaters," I said, picking up the Scotch, "but I don't see how, between now and midnight, you could get away with—" I paused. It came to me that something was going on I didn't know about.

"I don't drink Scotch," she said, glancing at the bottle in my hand.

"But—" I looked at her for a long time without learning a thing. "Say," I said, "what goes on here?"

"Let's have a drink first," she said.

We did.

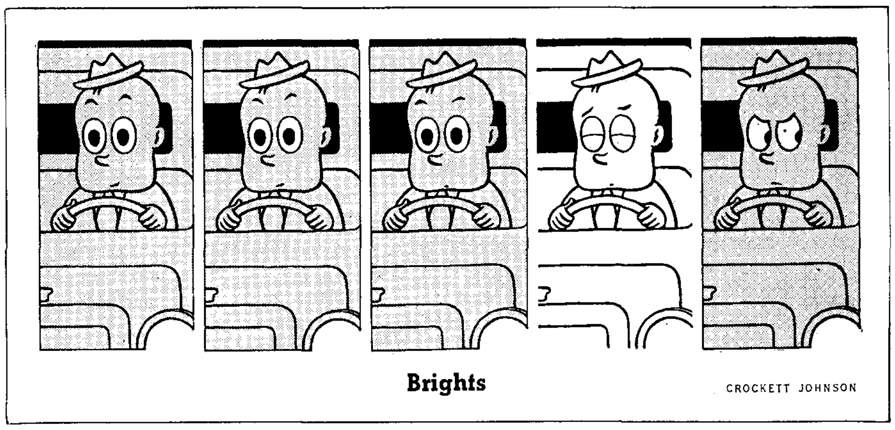
SHE set her beer down on a flat place. "Now then, Barney. First of all—I'm going to have B. J. offer me a big contract—is that clear?"

"But definitely," I said. "Didn't I sprain my brain doping out a swell publicity gag? Didn't I concoct a setup that will bring you a million dollars' worth of advertising, make your name a *household word—haven't I done my utmost all?*"

"Perhaps you have, up to now. But it was so obviously phony, Barney."

I started a terrific burn but it went out on me. "Come on, give," I said.

"All right. Barney, I think you cooked this all up because it was the most fakey thing imaginable. You wanted the newspapermen, even the police who rescued me, to know instantly that this was a crude publicity stunt. The papers would laugh at me, if they wrote anything at all, and I never would get a chance at a contract. It's all been quite plain to me from the beginning,



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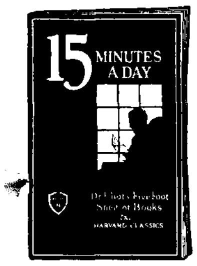

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except one thing. Now, Barney, why?"

"You're losing your buttons," I said. "What's so unbelievable about being accidentally marooned up here? I certainly was."

"I think," she said, "that you intended to handle that when you reported my trouble at the sheriff's office. You would start convincing them that this wasn't a publicity stunt before they asked you if it was. And once they learned you were a studio writer and that I was wearing a sarong the matter would be settled. Doesn't that about cover everything?"

"I'm admitting nothing," I said. "But where are we now? You won't get any publicity, good or bad, if nobody reports to the authorities."

"Somebody will," she said calmly. "A chauffeur from the hotel should be here any time now."

"Mary," I said, getting to my feet, "did you push that ladder?"

"No, Barney," she said, shaking her head, "I just—let go of it."

"But why should I double-cross you? Do you think I'm a heel?"

"I'll know that when you tell me why you don't want me to have a contract."

"Oh, I just couldn't see you in the business," I said.

SHE thought this over for a moment, her eyes very level on mine, and I got the impression of a smile trying to work its way out. But the going was too tough for it.

An auto horn sounded, long and steady, from the highway. Mary pulled me down on the rock. "You wouldn't be so mean as to jump up and let people see you right in the middle of things?" she asked.

I shook my head. "No, Mary. If I double-cross you again I'll be more subtle than that."

The smile broke and she ran to the edge of the rock and waved. I crawled to where I could see the highway. The chauffeur had parked and was already walking across the bean field toward the cliff. He saw Mary and hurried. On reaching the bluff he took a look into the boiling surf and made a big take.

"I can't get off," wailed Mary.

He made gestures to show that he couldn't understand her; then he turned and sprinted back to the highway.

"You see," said Mary to me, "nobody will detect any phony overtones in *his* voice when he reports to the sheriff."

The chauffeur stopped a passing car, and tried, I suppose, to get them to go into town and report while he stayed at the scene of disaster. But the people in the car had to have a look first. The chauffeur followed them, driving the limousine across the bean field and up to the edge of the bluff. Other cars began turning off the highway to see what was up, and in half an hour I was wishing I had arranged for the parking concession. Then a highway patrol car arrived. Everybody explained the situation to the cops and I saw one of them begin talking into his radio microphone.

Mary exchanged waves with the people on the bluff and then came down the rock toward me. There was a big yell from the crowd who doubtless thought she'd fallen off some place and Mary had to go back to reassure them. We built a fire. The crowd would see the smoke and know she was all right.

We had a drink or two and some more food. It was getting dark and I didn't have to keep my head down. "Look," I said, while tearing a stuffed squab, "what was the idea of all this food? This dinner, supper, breakfast, lunch routine? It'll be low tide at midnight and there's five hundred people over there, any one of whom would be glad to put up the ladder again."

"There won't be any more low tides until sometime late tomorrow afternoon," she said. "That's why I postponed our trip twenty-four hours—after finding out about tides."

"What are you giving me? There's always a low tide after a high tide."

"Not when there's a neap," she said, "and we have one tonight. A neap tide just comes in and stays. I thought everything would look less faked if I stayed here quite a while."

We could hear the sirens when the fire departments arrived. Mary went up and waved a lighted stick. They hit her with a searchlight and I ducked just in time.

Five more searchlights went on in a blaze of glory and B. J.'s voice boomed out of a loud-speaker. He explained how he had been down the coast photographing La Marca and put in a couple of good plugs for himself and Hawaii Rebound. He then offered the facilities of the studio in the way of sound and illumination. La Marca stepped to the mike and encouraged dear Miss Dent and put in a few plugs for herself and got off a poor pun. The crowd liked it, though, and I could see some fireman getting her autograph.

After a while somebody announced that a kite was being flown toward the rock. It came over like a charm and Mary grabbed it by the tail amid deafening applause. "Now pull the string slowly," said the voice.

Mary pulled and got to a cord and then to a quarter-inch rope.

"Now, pull again," called the voice.

Mary pulled and presently discovered she had a microphone on a rubber cable. She held it up and said, "Good evening, everyone," and the crowd roared.

I saw La Marca's big white sports model charge across the bean field and hit the highway. No star will hang around to watch somebody else get all the attention.

By now, of course, dozens of fires were going along the bluff and venders had come out from town with hot dogs and beer. And I could see four Jap farmers clawing the air in front of B. J. on account of damages to their beans.

More lights were set up and Mary was requested to hold various poses for still photographs. Then B. J. took charge of the public-address system and began directing her from the script of Hawaii Rebound, and I knew he had telephoto cameras grinding.

THREE chimes sounded from the loud-speaker on the bluff and we knew that Mary was on a network. The announcer described the situation so vividly that I got scared myself.

Mary went up to the front of the rock and took a bow. "I—I really haven't much to talk about," she said to thirty million people. "Naturally, I hope I'm rescued before the water gets much higher. I'm safe now and I have a small driftwood fire going in a hollow."

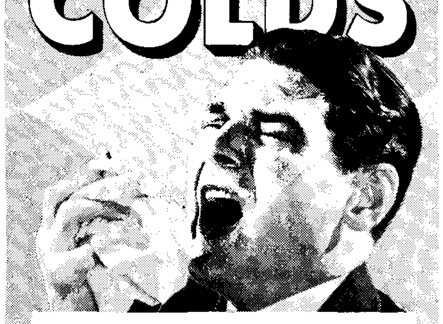
"Good for you, Mary," yelled the announcer. "Miss Dent has some Hawaiian blood, folks, and if anyone ever needed primitive fortitude it is that little girl. Tell us, Mary, did you light your fire by rubbing two sticks together?"

"Yes, I did," said Mary. "Of course, one of them was a match. This got a big laugh from the crowd, which was acting as studio audience, and the announcer had some nice things to say about Mary's pluck and sense of humor.

"And now," said the announcer, "we're going to cut in Mary's father from his plantation in Hawaii. You all know of Major Dent, the famed explorer and pineapple planter of the Islands. Take it away, Hawaii—"

Mary's father sounded rather old and anxious and I could see she hadn't figured on this. "Mary, child," he said, "can you hear me?"

Miseries of HEAD COLDS



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"Yes, Dad, you're coming over fine."

He got a little crustier. "Well, what's all this nonsense about your being stuck on a rock? Swim off."

"Oh, but, Dad—I wouldn't want to try that." She thought a moment. "Do you know that big rock off Mana Mana Point? Well, this rock is a good deal like it."

There was quite a pause during which the major cleared his throat once or twice. "Then don't try it, daughter. Stay where you are. I'm sure the good people helping you won't let you drown. Have you anything to eat?"

"Well," laughed Mary, "I could certainly use a can of Dent's Superior Pineapple right now. A big can."

Mary asked after friends and about the plantation and the factory. The major came back with the latest news. "I don't suppose it would interest anybody but you, Mary, but we've finished installing the new canning process—"

"Go right ahead, Major Dent," said some announcer somewhere. "Talk to her, keep her spirits up—anything to hold her interest before that deadly fatigue brought on by hunger and exposure sets in."

SO THE major described a new process for canning pineapples and Mary asked a lot of questions that might have been interesting to anybody interested in pineapples. Then a new searchlight smacked into us.

I fell flat on my face and crawled into a crack full of kelp and sea water. This light came from the ocean.

"The coast guard," yelled the announcer. "Folks, the United States Coast Guard is on the job."

It was. A cannon went off with a bang that lifted me a foot and something whistled over the rock and socked into the bluff. Whatever it was had a rope behind it.

The people on the cliff pulled and pretty soon a breeches buoy arrived. Mary got into it, after first shoving the blankets and stuff on top of me with her foot. I already had the Scotch.

B. J. bawled to the captain to hold it so's he could grind out a few more feet of film with the telephoto. But the Coast Guard didn't hold anything. In fifteen minutes they were out of sight with Mary safe aboard. B. J. and all the people had gone. Everybody had gone. Everybody but me and the crabs. Even the Scotch was gone.

Very late the next afternoon I was rescued by two Japs.

In town I parked in front of the first Finnish bath and crawled across the sidewalk. There was a newsstand by the light post but I didn't buy any papers. You could get the general idea from the headlines. Also, La Marca was suing the studio for a million on account of breach of contract.

I gave the Finn's kid four bits to take Mary's stuff to the hotel, then the Finn picked me up and carried me into the steam room. I tried to tell him I didn't need the hang-over treatment but you can't explain anything to a Finn so I let it go.

A long time later I was being tapered off with a coarse salt rub when Hymie barged in. "Barney, where have you been?"

I just sighed.

"You're holding up everything. Come on! Miss Dent refuses to sign until she's seen you."

"Oh, so B. J. can sign her now?"

Hymie looked puzzled. "I'm talking about *Mary Dent*. Haven't you seen the papers? She's a sensation. And does she photograph! Every studio in town wants to sign her. Hawaii Rebound is definitely out along with La Marca. B. J.'s just blocked out a new script starring Dent if he can get her."

"What's the story?"

Hymie shook his head. "Oh, something about the romance of the pineapple."

Well, I let him talk me into going over to the hotel. There were about forty people in her parlor. Four, including B. J., had legal papers in their hands. The rest were reporters and photographers and two kids who wanted Mary's autograph on a can of pineapple. The ten-cent size. I was practically pushed through a door into the next room.

MARY was telephoning. "All right, Dad. But you want to remember that Wall Street doesn't move as quickly as Hollywood. Still, a twenty-point rise ought to pay for the new process. Yes—yes, darling, I think I have it already arranged. Goodby, dear."

She hung up, saw me, and bounced into my arms before either of us had time to think. "Oh, Barney, I was so worried about you! But I just couldn't do a thing without spoiling it all. I knew the neap tide would go down eventually."

I took a squashed crab from my pocket and dropped him into an ash tray. "It did," I said.

She looked at me a long time, smiling. "Barney, are you still against my going into pictures?"

I nodded toward the front room. "So if I am, what?"

She opened the door and stepped out. "Gentlemen," she said very calmly, "I have just talked to my father. We feel that, while I may make some money in pictures, the interests of Dent's Superior Pineapple demand that I return to the Islands."

The newsboys turned handsprings. They'd come to get a big story about which studio cashed in on Mary's publicity—now they really had a story—a story that had never happened in the history of the industry. Just think of a girl turning down all those contracts for a pineapple!

"You see," she explained, "father and I own the business in partnership. He's generous enough to say that I've helped toward Dent's success. For instance, I wrote our recipe book—'1,000 Ways to Serve Dent's Superior Pineapple' which we give away on request. I've got a lot of new ideas since coming to Hollywood and so I'm going home and bring out a new edition."

She gave them all the pineapple information they asked for, which was plenty. It began to dawn on the picture people that they were superfluous and B. J. dashed for a phone to make a deal with La Marca.

Finally Mary smiled sweetly, wished everybody all the luck in the world, and closed the door.

I reached for her. "You double-crosser," I said. "You never wanted a contract in the first place."

"Of course not. I wouldn't quit Dad for anything. I only wanted to get to the place where I would be offered a contract. Naturally, I put in a few plugs for Dent's Superior on the way."

"And how! Like that hour commercial you had on two networks last night. And now Dent's Superior is really going to cash in, if I can read a reporter's eye."

She smiled. "You see, Dad went a little overboard on that new process and I thought I should do what I could for our stockholders. Besides, I haven't any other birthday present for him. It's next Wednesday. I'm leaving on the Clipper in the morning."

I JUMPED for the phone but before I got Frisco Mary came over and pushed the bar down with her finger. "There is no point in phoning for another reservation on the Clipper, Barney."

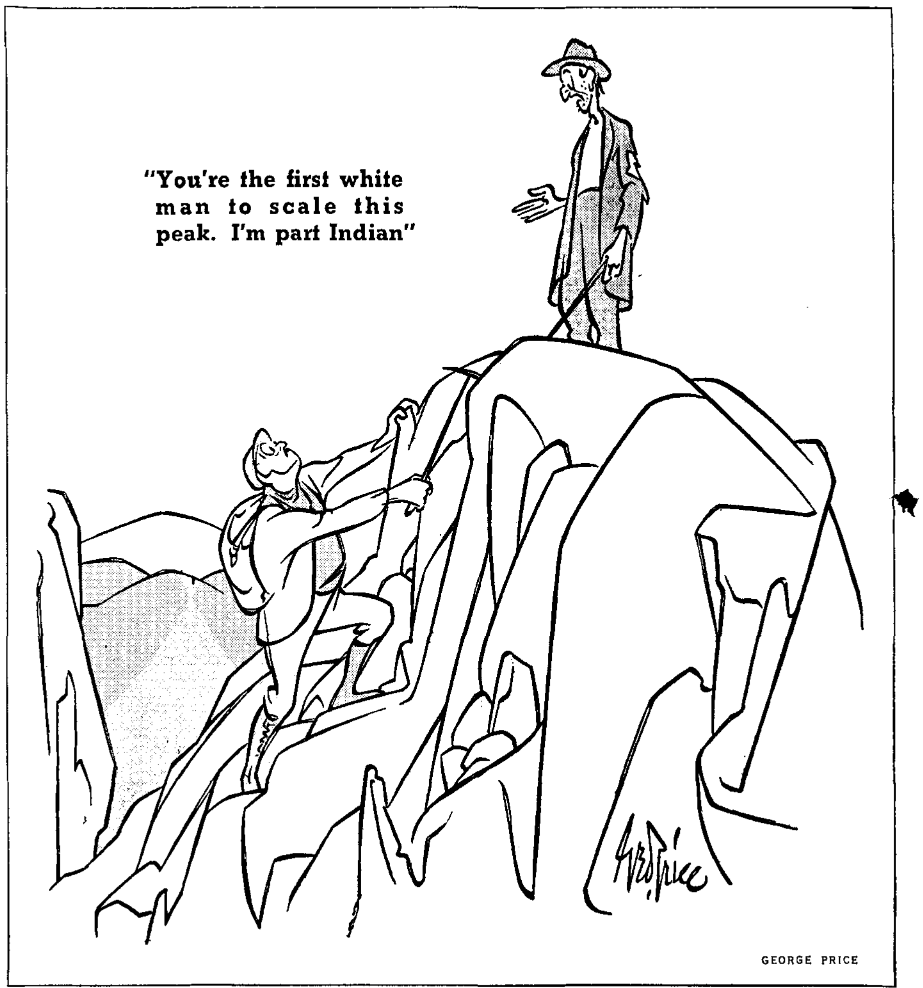
Everything caved in. "But, Mary, I thought—I mean, I was going to ask you but I just took it for granted that we—"

"So did I," she smiled.

I had to wait a moment before I dared to ask, "Did you—that is, could you by any chance have already made reservations for two?"

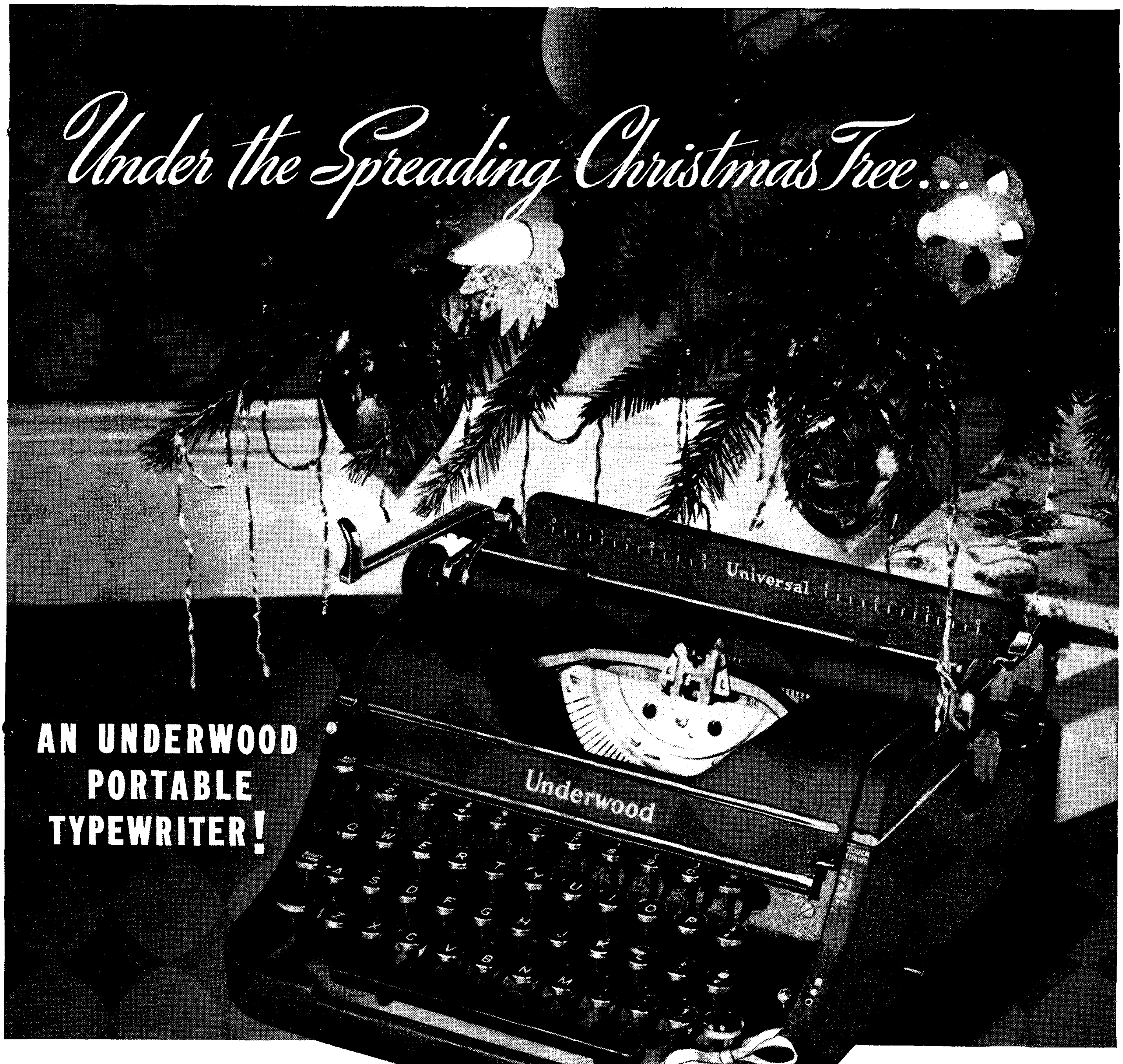
"You're catching on fast," she said.

So that's how I came to be on the Clipper. We can see the Islands now and Mary has pointed out the big rock off Mana Mana Point. There's a small cottage on it that Mary's father had put up instead of giving her a hope chest. Through the glasses it looks like a swell honeymoon spot.



"You're the first white man to scale this peak. I'm part Indian"

GEORGE PRICE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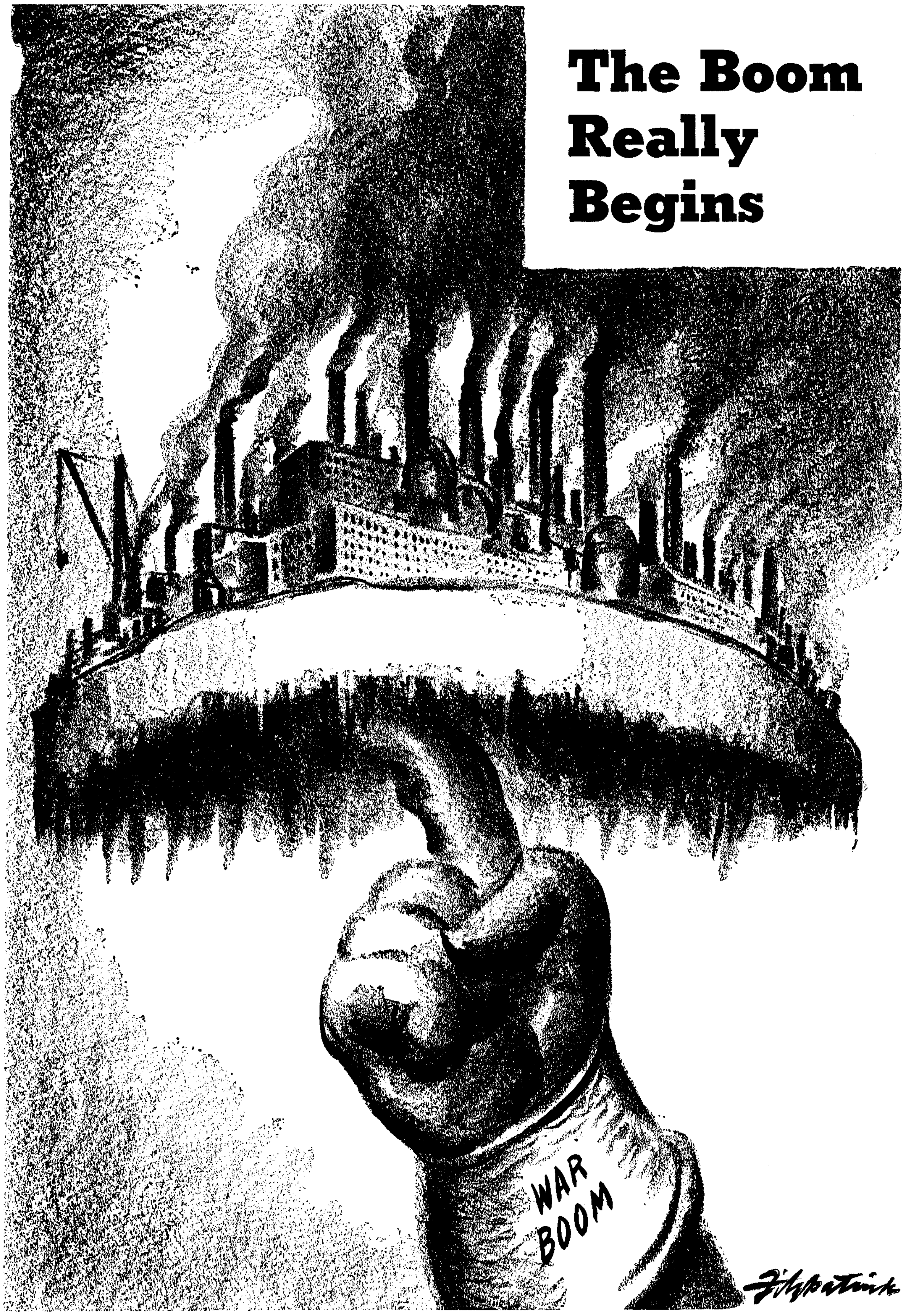
The Boom Really Begins



SECRETARY OF COMMERCE JESSE H. JONES speaking:

Industrial production passed the previous high record of last December. Activity in the construction industry is at a new peak for the past ten years. Rising trend of income payments shared in by all groups of American population. Substantial increase in employment and pay rolls. Large consumer purchasing of recent months reflects steadily rising buying power. Electric power output at a new record.

There seems to be no longer any doubt that the boom really has begun, and is building up rapidly as government billions for defense roll out across the land. Barring accidents, we ought to have at least two or three years of good business.

What are we going to do about it?

The customary fair-weather warnings are going out, about how we'd better resist all temptation to take prosperity for granted this time, step up the savings and hold down the silk-shirt purchases and remember that a boom based on large-scale production of nonproductive war goods is an artificial boom.

All these warnings are sound. We hope we'll all heed them as assiduously as human nature can.

Especially sound seems the advice of various economists to buy government bonds—baby bonds now, defense bonds in case some 1940 or '41 Liberty Bond issues should be floated—with what funds you can spare. Such bond purchases help provide the government with defense money, and will help to cushion you financially if something snaps. They also help to keep prices from skyrocketing.

It seems to us that the politicians have a duty, too.

Most of us know by now that President Coolidge discouraged Federal Reserve Board measures to damper down the boom of the '20's. We know, too, that Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon's main ambition was to cut income taxes to the bone, though he did make substantial payments on the national debt hanging over from the World War. Congress strung along pretty consistently.

When hard times came, taxes had to go up, and huge borrowings filled the gaps that the politicians hadn't the nerve to fill with even higher taxes.

It does seem that the sounder policy would be to have high taxes in good times and lower taxes in hard times. If the taxes were high enough in good times, the government ought seldom to have to do any big long-term borrowing at all. It might even—stupefying thought—make systematic payments on the principal of the national debt.

But it has been one weakness of our democracy that we haven't done things that way. The politicians have habitually feared to put on any brakes in boom times, lest they lose the next election for having been spoilsports.

In consequence we've always been, as a nation, either prince or pauper. We've never hit the happy medium and stayed there a while.

We don't expect to draw many cheers for this editorial. But we think these sentiments will be highly popular after this boom subsides—as it inevitably will.

CHALLENGE TO SLAVE DRIVERS

CONGRATULATIONS to a well-known hat manufacturing company, on a recent advertisement reading in part as follows:

> Can American industry maintain American living standards and still sell its products in competition with the products of totalitarian nations? . . .
>
> Certain types of foreign hats have found a substantial market in America. These are types of felt which involve an exceptionally high amount of low-cost labor. Good hats, yes, but no better than American types . . .
>
> Now American ingenuity has found ways to overcome the wage differential even on these very types where low wages gave the greatest advantage. Today, hats of these identical types are being made . . . by American workmen, at American wages, working American hours, under American working conditions . . . And we will sell these hats in direct competition with any hats in the world wherever made —quality for quality, dollar for dollar, lira for lira.

To us, this seems an inspiring and heartening utterance. We've all had more than an earful in the last six or eight months of defeatist talk about how American high wages and decent working conditions can never compete with the enslaved labor of the dictator nations. Things are going to be especially tough for us, we've been told over and over, if the dictators ever throttle the British Lion.

And now this American hat company steps out with the challenge above quoted. The episode vastly stimulates our hunch that American efficiency, ingenuity and per capita electric power output can give any slave-driving dictator anywhere a run for his ersatz money.

How about giving the defeatist talk a rest and American efficiency, etc., a workout?

Pour GLENMORE *..you get more*

Gentlemen, there's a sight more in a bottle of Glenmore than meets your eye. There's a heritage and character distilled into this fine whiskey that's been favored with the same family management for 68 uninterrupted years. And it's this tradition of quality that makes Glenmore the smoothest, richest Bourbon out of Old Kentucky. If you want more for your whiskey dollar, try Glenmore. Its distinctive flavor will be sure to please you. And I'll wager you will be mighty pleased with its price, too.

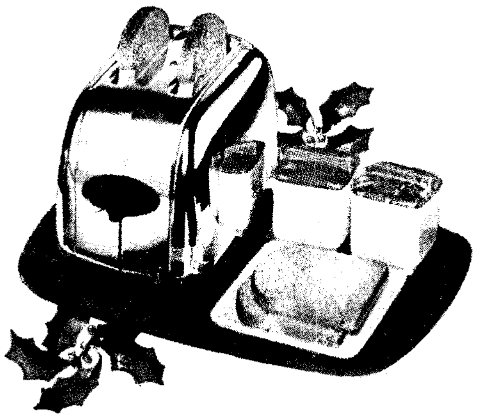
GOLD LABEL
SILVER LABEL
This Whiskey is
4 YEARS OLD
90 PROOF
ONE QUART 100 PROOF
GOLD LABEL
Glenmore
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART 90 PROOF
SILVER LABEL
Glenmore
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

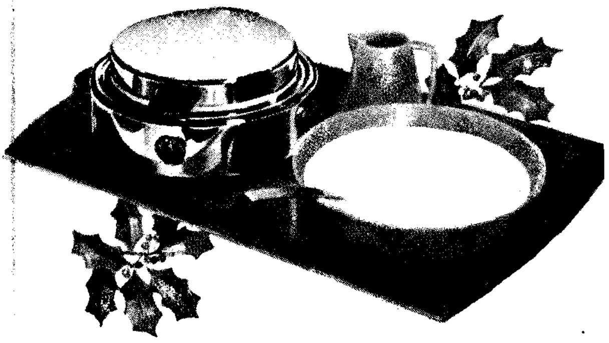
MERRY ✶ CHRISTMAS ✶ MERRY ✶ CHRISTMAS

THE GIFTS THAT SAY Merry Christmas! OVER AND OVER AGAIN

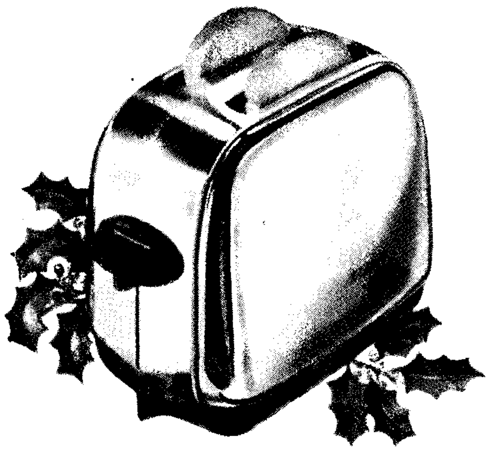
GIFT OF GIFTS! The De Luxe Hospitality Set by *Toastmaster*. Walnut tray, four lap trays, automatic toaster, toast-trimmer, and four appetizer dishes in the new heavy crystal by Imperial. $23.95. Standard Hospitality Set, $19.95.



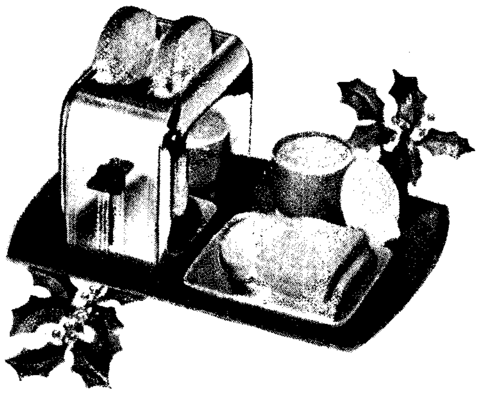
TOAST 'N JAM! The perfect breakfast, between-meals, and midnight-feast combination. This De Luxe Toast 'n Jam Set has walnut tray, automatic toaster, and Franciscan Ware toast plate and covered jam and marmalade jars. $17.95.



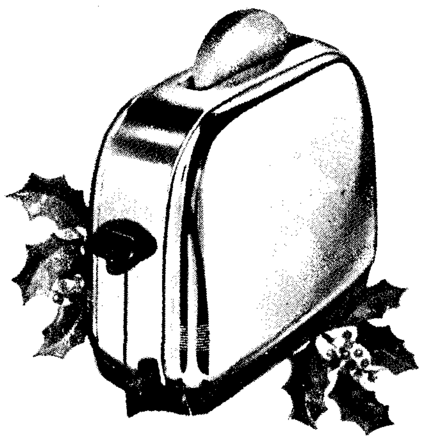
HIT OF THE SEASON! Gay waffle parties call for this *Toastmaster* Waffle Service, with walnut tray, Franciscan Ware batter bowl and syrup pitcher, chromium ladle, and automatic Waffle Baker. $16.95. Waffle Baker alone, $12.95.



HAPPY BREAKFASTS! Years of them are wrapped up in this stunning fully automatic toaster. Set the button for light, dark, or in-between; *your kind* of perfect toast pops up every time. No watching, turning, or burning. $16.00.



A PRIZE AND A PRICE! It's the Junior Toast 'n Jam Set, with clever, speedy, non-automatic Junior toaster. Walnut tray, with Franciscan Ware toast plate and covered jam jar. Complete set, only $8.50. Toaster alone, $7.50.



STREAMLINED BEAUTY! This 1-slice *Toastmaster** automatic toaster is just what the smaller family has been waiting for. It pops up perfect toast every time, exactly like the famous 2-slice model. Finest chromium finish. $9.95.

CHRISTMAS ✶ MERRY ✶ CHRISTMAS ✶ MERRY
TOASTMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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